

CLASS R051 BOOK 25

VOL 67

FREE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
DECATUR

ILLINOIS

ACCESSION 42397

From the collection of the



San Francisco, California
2006

OVERLAND MONTHLY



FOUNDED 1868

BY F·BRET HARTE

10¢ JANUARY 1916 \$1.20
PER YEAR



Anticipating Telephone Needs

When a new subscriber is handed his telephone, there is given over to his use a share in the pole lines, underground conduits and cables, switchboards, exchange buildings, and in every other part of the complex mechanism of the telephone plant.

It is obvious that this equipment could not be installed for each new connection. It would mean constantly rebuilding the plant, with enormous expense and delay. Therefore, practically everything but the telephone instrument must be in place at the time service is demanded.

Consider what this involves. The telephone company must forecast the needs of the public. It must calculate increases in population in city and country.

It must figure the growth of business districts. It must estimate the number of possible telephone users and their approximate location everywhere.

The plant must be so designed that it may be added to in order to meet the estimated requirements of five, ten and even twenty years. And these additions must be ready in advance of the demand for them—as far in advance as it is economical to make them.

Thus, by constantly planning for the future and making expenditures for far-ahead requirements when they can be most advantageously made, the Bell System conserves the economic interest of the whole country while furnishing a telephone service which in its perfection is the model for all the world.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

The Overland Monthly

Vol. LXVII—Second Series

January-June 1916

R 051
25
67



OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

21 SUTTER STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

INDEX

A BEAR HUNT. Story	J. R. FRUIT	221
A BLESSING OF THE NEW YEAR. Verse	ELIZABETH VORE	64
ABOVE US. Verse	FRANCES BEERS	83
A BORDERTOWN BARBECUE	DAISY KESSLER BIERMANN	18
Illustrated from photographs.		
A CALIFORNIA SCULPTRESS	MARION TAYLOR	365
Illustrated from photographs.		

26827
42397

INDEX

A CASE OF SUPPOSITION. Story . . .	ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH	287
A CORNER OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY . . .	ROGER SPRAGUE	273
Illustrated from photographs.		
ACTS OF THE REDCOAT APOSTLES . . .	W. McD. TAIT	480
A DAUGHTER OF THE SUN. Continued Story . . .	BILLEE GLYNN	215
A DAUGHTER OF THE SUN. Story (Continued) . . .	BILLEE GLYNN	306
A DAUGHTER OF THE SUN. Story (Concluded) . . .	BILLEE GLYNN	384
A DEAL IN COTTON LAND. Story . . .	REV. GABRIEL BIEL	398
A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE. Story . . .	ELIZABETH VORE	293
AFTERWARD. Verse . . .	EVERIL WORRELL	157
A JAPANESE FINANCIER'S VIEWS ON THE UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE . . .	GEORGE T. MARSH	25
A LANDMARK OF SAN FRANCISCO'S BOHEMIA . . .	JEAN WHITE	186
Illustrated from photographs.		
ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK. Story . . .	ALDER ANDERSON	202
A LUCKY PROSPECTOR. Story . . .	CHARLES ELLENVAIL	507
Illustrated from photographs.		
AMOR INVICTUS. Verse . . .	R. R. GREENWOOD	301
A MOTHER OF SUFFRAGE IN THE WEST . . .	FRED LOCKLEY	498
Illustrated from a photograph.		
A MOUNTAIN REVERIE. Verse . . .	E. V. MILLER	33
A REDISCOVERED RIVER . . .	EDWARD C. CROSSMAN	327
Illustrated from photographs.		
A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD STAGE LINE . . .	BERNETTA A. ATKINSON	501
Illustrated from photographs.		
ARIZONA'S MOTHERS OF LAW . . .	GEROID ROBINSON	158
Illustrated from photographs.		
A WISH. Verse . . .	CEDELIA BARTHOLOMEW	298
A WOMAN'S HEART. Story . . .	BILLEE GLYNN	122
A WOMAN THE WEST HAS GIVEN . . .	M. N. BUNKER	338
A YELLOW ANGEL. Story . . .	JESSLYN HOWELL HULL	189
BISHOP-APOSTLES' COSTLY MISTAKE . . .	C. T. RUSSELL	256
BY OX-TEAM TO CALIFORNIA . . .		317
Personal Narrative of Nancy A. Hunt.		
Illustrated from photographs.		
CALIFORNIA . . .	WILLIAM GREER HARRISON	430
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—VIEWED IN ITS OWN . . .		
LIGHT AND THAT OF THE BIBLE . . .	F. W. PLAENKER	253
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALS THE SICK AND . . .		
REFORMS THE SINNER . . .	THOMAS F. WATSON	459
COMMANDEERED. Verse . . .	CHARLOTTE MOBERLY	333
CONDITIONS OF ACCEPTABLE, EFFECTIVE . . .		
PRAYER . . .	C. T. RUSSELL	344
CONROY'S LUCKY STRIKE. Story . . .	DR. JUSTUS M. WHEATE	461
COYOTE. Verse . . .	BRET HARTE	15
CROSSING THE PLAINS IN A 1915 MODEL . . .		
PRAIRIE SCHOONER . . .	PAUL H. DOWLING	91
Illustrated from photographs.		
DARE YOU FORGET? Verse . . .	CLARENCE H. URNER	416
DUTCH GUIANA . . .	J. BARKLEY PERCIVAL	301
EAST IS EAST. Story . . .	MARY CAROLYN DAVIES	196
ENGLAND'S LANDHOLDERS AFTER THE WAR . . .	F. W. H.	512
FROM A SCHOOLROOM TO A MONTANA RANCH . . .	METTA M. LOOMIS	59
Illustrated from photographs.		
FROM THE HOSPITAL. Verse . . .	SARAH H. KELLY	511
FRONTISPIECES:		
A Winter Visit to the Big Tree Groves in the High Sierras . . .		1
A Forest Ranger Crew on an Inspection trip to the Big Tree Groves . . .		2
Relics of an Old Pioneer Mill . . .		3
Redwood Grove Within 30 Miles of San Francisco . . .		4
One Tree Proved more than a load for nine long cars. It was 16 feet in diameter . . .		5
The Lily of Poverty Flat, from a Recent dramatization of Bret Harte's story . . .		6
FRONTISPIECE. Passing an Old-Time Indian Village in Arizona . . .		90
FRONTISPIECES. Mt. Rainier from Mirror Lake. Lifeboat Practice Riding the Breakers . . .		
Off the Coast. A Typical Lake Scene in the Mountains. Log Impounded in the Saw-Mill Dam. . .		
FRONTISPIECES: M. C. Harrison. Apollo in the Hamadryads . . .		259-260
FRONTISPIECES		
L. A. FRIEDMAN, President and General Manager Rochester Mines Co. (See p. 407.)		
A Charming Bit of Water Pictured on the Route.		

INDEX

FRONTISPIECE—On the Roof of Alaska	438
GENERAL AVERAGE	M. C. HARRISON 341
GIANT TREES OF SEQUOIA	HOWARD RANKIN 74
Illustrated from photographs.	
"GIVE US THIS DAY." Verse	RUTH E. HENDERSON 211
GLORIETTA. Verse	S. H. M. BYERS 225
With Illustrations.	
GOD'S JUSTICE AND LOVE PERFECTLY POISED	C. T. RUSSELL 432
GOLDEN GATE AT SUNSET. Verse	M. C. DAVIES 140
GOOD-MORNING. Verse	AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES 379
HILLS OF MEMORY. Verse	SARA E. McDONNALD 492
IN A FOREST SERVICE CAMP	CECIL EDWARD O'BRIEN 147
Illustrated from photographs.	
IN THE LYNX HOME. Story	LYMAN SEELYE 212
IN THE REALM OF BOOKLAND	517
IS THE OLD WEST PASSING?	WALDO R. SMITH 243
Illustrated from photographs.	
JOHN MUIR. Verse	E. S. GOODHUE 80
JOHN MUIR. Verse	JOHN VANCE CHENEY 397
JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCrackin	MARIAN TAYLOR 134
LA FAYETTE, WASHINGTON AND BELGIUM LAGUNA-BY-THE-SEA	JEAN DELPIT 168
Illustrated from photographs.	MARGARET A. WILSON 493
LIFE'S STRONGHOLD. Verse	MABEL E. AMES 36
MADAM. Story	STELLA WALTHALL 401
MEMORY. Verse	LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN 127
MODERN TREATIES OF PEACE	JOHN MACDONELL 100
MOTORING ABOVE THE CLOUDS ON THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK	347-348
Illustrated from photographs.	N. L. DREW 349
MUTABILITAS AMORIS. Verse	R. R. GREENWOOD 161
MY NEIGHBOR. Verse	DOROTHY DE JAGERS 312
NIGHT IN LOUISIANA. Verse	HELEN CHRISTENE HOERLE 191
ONE O' THEM GREEKS. Story	SARAH H. KELLY 285
ON FICKLE HILL. Verse	VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON 89
OUTLINE OF THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN IN THE LAST SIXTY YEARS	ANNIE MARTIN TYLER 299
OVERLAND STAMPEDE OF 1849	FRANK M. VANCIL 313
PSEUDO APOSTLES OF THE PRESENT DAY	PASTOR RUSSELL 514
RECOGNITION. Verse	ARTHUR POWELL 392
RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTEMUS WARD	CLIFTON JOHNSON 28
REMINISCENCES OF BRET HARTE (Concluded)	JOSEPHINE C. McCrackin 7
Illustrated from photographs.	
RESURGAM. Verse	HENRY MEADE BLAND 340
RETROSPECTION. Verse	HERBERT BASHFORD 497
RICHARD BRET HARTE	BRET HARTE'S GRANDSON 370
Illustrated from a photograph.	
ROMANY SONG. Verse	VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON 116
SEATTLE TO SKAGWAY	MARGARET HOLLINSHEAD 439
Illustrated from photographs.	
SEEN' THINGS IN AMERICA. IMPRESSIONS OF NEW YORK	RICHARD BRET HARTE 455
Illustrated with sketches.	
SEEING WITHOUT EYES	ALVIN E. DYER 373
SENTINEL OF HAWAII. Verse	RUTH WHEELER MANNIX 506
SKIP-A-LONG. Story	RUTH HUNTOON 131
SOWING TO SELF AND SIN	C. T. RUSSELL 175
"SPRING FEVER MONTH." Verse	EDNA HEALD MCCOY 473
STABBED. Story	WILLIAM DE RYEE 475
STORM BOUND IN BALBOA	DELLA PHILLIPS 335
Illustrated from photographs.	
SUNSET. Verse	VERA HEATHMAN COLE 305
SUPPLICATION. Verse	MABEL PORTER PITTS 383
TALES OF THE BLACKFEET	MAX McD. 37
THE BLACK OPAL. Verse	FRED EMERSON BROOKS 185
THE CALIFORNIA CABALLERO AND HIS CABALLO	M. C. FREDERICK 107
Illustrated from photographs.	

INDEX

THE CHOICE. Verse	SUZETTE G. STUART	145
THE DAY. Verse	STILLMAN WILLIAMS	286
THE DEVIL'S DAY. Verse	R. L. G.	376
THE DREAM GARDEN. Verse	R. R. GREENWOOD	405
THE FAITH OF "MORTAR" JIM. Story	RALPH CUMMINS	289
THE FREE LANCE. Story	JESSIE LOUISE GOERNER	417
THE GRAND CANYON AND ITS WONDERFUL CAVES	HAROLD DEAN MASON	113
THE HEEL OF ACHILLES. Story	CARROLL VAN COURT	128
THE HOLINESS OF MOUNTAINS. Verse Illustrated.	EVERETT EARLE STANARD	437
THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT Illustrated from photographs.	FELIX J. KOCH	70
THE LESSER PRINCES. Verse	LLEWELLYN B. PECK	429
THE MAID OF THE MOONSTONE. Story	BILLEE GLYNN	52
THE MAKING OF A MAN AND A COUNTRY Illustrated from photographs.	F. E. BECKER	407
THE MIST. Verse	ELEANOR MYERS	436
THE NAVY'S GREAT AMMUNITION PLANT Illustrated from photographs.	LILLIAN E. ZEH	65
"THE ONE WHO CARED." Story	FRANK NEWTON HOLMAN	201
THE ONLY WAY TO LASTING PEACE	A. SHADWELL	422
THE PARTING HOUR. Verse	WM. D. POLLOCK	166
THE PARTHENEIA OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA Illustrated from photographs.	JEAN Q. WATSON and FRANCES L. BROWN	359
THE "PERFECT FOOL." Story	RUTH HUNTOON	49
THE PICNIC. Verse	SADIE BELLE NEER	42
THE PIONEER BELLE OF LONG AGO. Verse	ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD	500
THE PROBLEM. Story	RALPH CUMMINS	43
THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY	MARGARET HOLLINSHEAD	171
THE REGENERATION OF HICK McCOY. Story Illustrated from photographs.	FRANK THUNEN	467
THERMOPYLAE. Verse	HARRY COWELL	400
THE SACRED WOODS. Verse Illustrated.	ALFRED E. ACKLOM	98
THE SANDALWOOD BOX. Story	MAUDE IRENE HAERE	393
THE SEA-CALL. Verse	SARAH HAMMOND KELLY	316
THE SENSIBLE THING. Story	JOE HARTMAN	478
THE SOCIAL THEATRE AND ITS POSSIBILITIES Illustrated from photographs.	HELEN STOCKING	261
THE SOLDIER OF THE SOUTH. Verse	GEORGE GREENLAND	431
THE SONG OF NETZAHUALCOYTL		16
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY	MINNA IRVING	474
THE STUBBS FOUNDATION	BOLTON HALL	34
THE SUBMARINE NOT AN INNOVATION	ARTHUR H. DUTTON	143
THE SUN DANCE	MAX McD.	138
Translated by H. C. Theobald.		
THE VOICE OF RACHEL WEeping. Verse	BEATRICE CREGAN	421
THE WOLF-DOG. Story	DOROTHY MILLER	210
THE WONDERFUL VOYAGE OF EGADAHGEER Illustrated from photographs.	HENRY W. ELLIOTT	153
THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AND THE IMMIGRANT	FRANK B. LENZ	162
THREE DAYS. Story Illustrated from a photograph.	JOHN PEALE BISHOP	206
TRAPPED. Story	ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH	377
TRYST SONG. Verse	THEODORE SHAW	24
TWENTY BILLION SLAVES TO BE FREED	C. T. RUSSELL	84
UNSTAYED. Verse	ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH	112
VASQUEZ ON SAN JUAN HILL. Story	W. C.	135
WHAT MAKES AND MARS. Verse	ARTHUR POWELL	226
WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?	CORNETT T. STARK	304
WHEN BETTY GREW UP. Story	JESSIE B. WOOD	141
WHEN THE GOVERNOR LEFT THE STATE	PIERRE DORION	380
"WHEN THERE IS PEACE." Verse	AUSTIN DOBSON	466
"WILD BILL" HICKOK	FRANK M. VANCIL	81
WOMEN DOCTORS: AN HISTORIC RETROSPECT	DR. MELANIE LAPINSKA and LADY MUIR MACKENZIE	117
WOMAN'S SHARE IN THE WAR'S WORK	MARY FRANCES BELLINGTON	485

VIC
REC

and tells you exactly
what a Victor or Victrola
will bring into your home

Ca

Emma Calvé, half French, half Span-
descended from a nobleman, and a



Carmina - Habanera	No.	Size
Carmina - Chanson Bohème (Les Tringles des Surtout) (The Surtout)	Biser 80005	12 3/00
Cavalleria - Tambourino	Biser 81224	12 3/00
Cavalleria - Il est parti - Vrai to aspete (Santuzza's Air, "Well You Know, Good Mother") - Italian	80006	12 3/00
Herodias - Il est doux, il est bon (He is Kind, He is Good) <i>In French</i>	Maxy 8130	12 3/00
Old Folks at Home (Swanee River) <i>In English</i>	Maxy 8130	12 3/00
On the Beach (The Grand Briliant Bird) <i>Flute obbligato</i>	80009	12 3/00
Serenade - Chantey, rev. dormez-vous (Sweet Sleep) <i>Flute obbligato</i>	80057	12 3/00
Carmina - La baa dans le manoir (Away to Yonder Manors)	85119	12 3/00

Giuseppe Campanari, one of the most famous baritones of the modern opera stage, was born in Venice, and in early life played the "villain" parts. Young Campanari was ambitious, however, and endeavored to improve his naturally good voice at every opportunity. In 1884 he was engaged to sing in the *Symphony Orchestra*, and after learning in America to look up vocal studies, making his first appearance as a singer in 1890, he inserted under the direction of the *Water Garden* Company with Francis's Philadelphia Opera Company. He caught the attention of Mr. Abber, and he was promptly engaged for the *Water Garden*, where he continued to sing for many years. The record of his performance of *Song* he has made for the Victor exhibits, well, his splendid voice, intelligent

Ca

Caruso's success is the greatest ever attained



Caruso made his debut in 1894 in Naples, in a now forgotten opera, *L'amico Francesco*, afterward singing in various Italian cities and in Cairo. A South American engagement followed, and on his return, after a season in Milan, it was clear that here was

THE CARUSO RECORDS		(Sung in Italian unless otherwise noted)		No.	Size
Africana—O Paradiso (Oh, Paradise)		Meyerbeer	88054	12	\$1.00
Avenue Du Soleil (Avenue of Clouds, La Lette)		Bucci	88475	12	1.00

Africana—O Paradiso (Oh, Paradise)	Meyerbeer	88054	12	\$3.00
Agnus Dei (Lamb of God). In 2 parts	Doane	88475	13	3.00

	840514	\$3.00
Myersberg	840514	2.00
Bisnet	840425	1.00
Verdi	84127	1.00
Gaetano Ricciardi	840514	2.00
Umberto Giordano	840620	1.00
Kahn	840605	1.00
Schmehcher-De'Almeida	840514	2.00
Leonaavale	841315	1.00
Puccini	840602	1.00
Bovo-de-Cunha	840792	1.00
Bisnet	840509	2.00
Mascagni	840454	1.00
Mascagni	841063	1.00
Mascagni	841030	1.00
Mascagni	840712	2.00
Cardinali	840514	2.00
Light)	850448	1.00
Bylin by Elmas	850985	1.00
Donizetti	841063	2.00
Caruso	840736	1.00
Massenet	840606	1.00
Carroll	840720	1.00
Act II Donizetti	840339	1.00
Donizetti-Macchioni	840514	1.00
Donizetti	840501	1.00
Donizetti	840604	1.00
Song	840514	2.00
O'Reilly	840710	2.00
Geeth	840514	2.00

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 23th of each month



OVERLAND MONTHLY

An Illustrated Magazine of the West

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1916

FRONTISPIECES:

A Winter Visit to the Big Tree Groves in the High Sierras	1
A Forest Ranger Crew on an Inspection trip to the Big Tree Groves	2
Relics of an Old Pioneer Mill	3
Redwood Grove Within 30 Miles of San Francisco	4
One Tree Proved more than a load for nine long cars. It was 16 feet in diameter	5
The Lily of Poverty Flat, from a Recent dramatization of Bret Harte's story	6
REMINISCENCES OF BRET HARTE (Concluded) JOSEPHINE C. McCRACKIN	7
Illustrated from photographs.	
COYOTE. Verse	BRET HARTE 15
THE SONG OF NETZAHUALCOYTL	16
Translated by H. C. Theobald.	
A BORDERTOWN BARBECUE	DAISY KESSLER BIERMANN 18
Illustrated from photographs.	
TRYST SONG. Verse	THEODORE SHAW 24
A JAPANESE FINANCIER'S VIEWS ON THE UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE	25
RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTEMUS WARD	28
A MOUNTAIN REVERIE. Verse	CLIFTON JOHNSON 28
THE STUBBS FOUNDATION	E. V. MILLER 33
LIFE'S STRONGHOLD. Verse	BOLTON HALL 34
TALES OF THE BLACKFEET	MABEL E. AMES 36
THE PICNIC. Verse	MAX McD. 37
THE PROBLEM. Story	SADIE BELLE NEER 42
THE "PERFECT FOOL." Story	RALPH CUMMINS 43
THE MAID OF THE MOONSTONE. Story	RUTH HUNTOON 49
FROM A SCHOOLROOM TO A MONTANA RANCH	BILLEE GLYNN 52
Illustrated from photographs.	METTA M. LOOMIS 59
A BLESSING OF THE NEW YEAR. Verse	ELIZABETH VORE 64
THE NAVY'S GREAT AMMUNITION PLANT	LILLIAN E. ZEH 65
Illustrated from photographs.	
THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT	FELIX J. KOCH 70
Illustrated from photographs.	
GIANT TREES OF SEQUOIA	HOWARD RANKIN 74
Illustrated from photographs.	
JOHN MUIR. Verse	E. S. GOODHUE 80
"WILD BILL" HICKOK	FRANK M. VANCIL 81
ABOVE US. Verse	FRANCES BEERS 83
TWENTY BILLION SLAVES TO BE FREED	C. T. RUSSELL 84
N THE REALM OF BOOKLAND	89

NOTICE.—Contributions to the Overland Monthly should be typewritten, accompanied by full return postage and with the author's name and address plainly written in upper corner of first page.

Manuscripts should never be rolled.

The publisher of the Overland Monthly will not be responsible for the preservation of unsolicited contributions and photographs.

Issued Monthly. \$1.20 per year in advance. Ten cents per copy

Copyrighted, 1914, by the Overland Monthly Company.

Entered at the San Francisco, Cal., Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Published by the OVERLAND MONTHLY COMPANY, San Francisco, California.

21 SUTTER STREET.

COLUMBIA



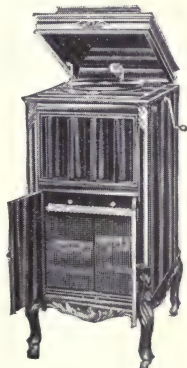
RECORDS

Double-Disc

THE finest silver thread of music spun by the wizard bow of Ysaye—the tears and feeling in the tender depths of Fremstad's noble voice—the sheer magnificence of a thrilling orchestral *finale*—all these elusive tonal beauties are caught and expressed in Columbia Records, from the faintest whisper to the vastest tidal wave of sound.

Volume—TONE—feeling—the most delicate shading of a theme are perfectly preserved and supremely present in every Columbia Record—an exquisite tone-perfection that does not vanish with use.

You can test these exclusive qualities in a series of home recitals such as no concert audience is ever privileged to hear. Arrange your first recital *to-day*.



Grafonola 110
Price \$110

Columbia Graphophone Company

Woolworth Building, New York

Prices in Canada Plus Duty



Choice of Routes
and
Choice of 8
DAILY TRAINS
to



FIRST IN SAFETY

Los Angeles

Down the Coast Line--

Through the rich Santa Clara and Salinas Valleys, over the beautiful Santa Lucia Mountains, and for one hundred miles along the Pacific Ocean via Santa Barbara and Ventura, following all the way the old Trail of the Padres—one of the most picturesque trips in the world.

Down the San Joaquin Valley--

Skirting for 40 miles the shore of San Francisco Bay, with views of the Golden Gate, Mt. Tamalpais and Mt. Diablo; traversing fertile plains bounded on the East by the Sierra Nevada and on the West by the Coast Range; past thriving valley cities and across the Tehachapi Mountains, circling the noted Loop.

OIL-BURNING ENGINES—NO CINDERS, NO SMUDGE, NO ANNOYING SMOKE

Awarded Grand Prize for Railway Track, Equipment, Motive Power and Safety-First Appliances, San Francisco Exposition, 1915

HOTEL CUMBERLAND

NEW YORK

Broadway at 54th Street



Broadway cars from
Grand
Central Depot
7th Ave. Cars from
Penna. Station

New and Fireproof

Strictly First-Class

Rates Reasonable

**\$2.50 with Bath
and up**

Send for Booklet

10 Minutes Walk to
40 Theatres

H. P. STIMSON

Formerly with Hotel Imperial

Only N. Y. Hotel Window-Screened Throughout

HOTEL LENOX

North St., at Delaware Ave.

Buffalo, N. Y.



Patrons who visit this hotel once invariably tell their friends that—for **Fair Rates**, complete and perfect equipment and unflinching courtesy

BUFFALO'S LEADING TOURIST HOTEL

unquestionably excels. Beautifully located in exclusive section—North St. at Delaware Ave. Thoroughly modern—fireproof. Best obtainable cuisine—quiet, efficient service.

EUROPEAN PLAN—\$1.50 per day and up

Special weekly and monthly rates. Take Elmwood Ave. car to North St. Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls," also for Special Taxicab Arrangement. C. A. MINER, Manager



HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

SAN FRANCISCO

1,000 Rooms—Largest Hotel in Western America

MANAGEMENT—JAMES WOODS

The Hotel Plaza

*overlooking the beautiful Plaza
of Union Square, the Hotel of
refinement and service, is offer-
ing special rates to permanent
guests :- :- :- :-*

HOTEL PLAZA COMPANY

**400 Rooms
400 Baths**

HOTEL ADELPHIA

Chestnut at 13th Street

(Next to Wanamaker's)

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

For all purposes the most conveniently located hotel.

MODERATE TARIFF

DAVID B. PROVEN, Managing Director

Two Beautiful Calendars FREE

Distinctly different and artistically better than any calendars we have seen. These two girl subjects from the brush of W. Haskell Coffin are so cleverly reproduced in eight colors that it is difficult to distinguish them from the original water color. Please let us

send you this set. Enclose 5c. to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

The Beauty

of these girls lies in the soft, clear skin the artist has given them. Such an appearance is within the reach of every woman who will use

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

It renders the skin like the softness of velvet, leaving it clear and pearly white. In use for nearly three quarters of a century.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON

37 Great Jones Street
New York City



HOTEL POWHATAN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Pennsylvania Avenue, 18th and H Streets, N. W.

Overlooking White House grounds

*European, Fire Proof,
Close to State, War and
Navy Departments*

EUROPEAN PLAN

Rooms, detached bath, \$1.50, \$2.00 up.

Rooms, private bath, \$2.50, \$3.00 up.

E. C. OWEN, Manager

Descriptive booklet will be sent
on request

The Three Wonders

— OF THE —

Horticultural Age

Luther Burbank's Rose "The Burbank"

THE "BURBANK" ROSE is the freest flowering Rose in Cultivation. The Plants begin to bloom when only a few inches high, and flowers most profusely all through the spring and summer until stopped by late winter frosts. The flowers are double, of fine form, color deep pink, shading to a beautiful soft rose at the center. In the fall the outer petals change to a deep, rich carmine. Price 75 cents each; \$5 per 10 Strong Rooted Plants.

Luther Burbank's Rose "Corona"

THE "CORONA" ROSE is a semi-climber of Crimson Rambler Type, with magnificent single blooms growing in immense clusters. The flowers are rosy crimson, very much resembling Chinese Primroses, yet are unlike any rose grown. The most unique of all rose creations. Its bloom, when cut, will last for over a week. This rose graces Mr. Burbank's own veranda, where it has occasioned more comment than any rose in the past decade. The plants are hardy, and will thrive with little or no attention. Price 75 cents each, \$5 per 10 strong rooted plants.

Luther Burbank's "Spineless Blackberry"

THE NEW BURBANK "SPINELESS BLACKBERRY" is the wonder of the century. Absolutely thornless. Tremendous bearer, strong grower. The berries are borne in immense clusters. Fruit best quality, plump, firm and uniform in size. It being thornless, many more quarts of berries can be gathered each day by berry-pickers. Price \$1.00 each; \$7.50 per 10 well rooted plants.

Special Offer

As an Introductory Combination offer, we will send post-paid any place in the United States the two roses named above, and 1 Rooted Spineless Blackberry Plant for \$2.00. Let us have your order while our supply lasts.

We Are Distributers Also

OF LUTHER BURBANK'S NEW VARIETIES OF PLUMS, APPLES, CHERRIES, PLUMCOTS, PEACHES, PRUNES, QUINCES, BERRIES, SEEDS, BULBS, ETC. ETC.

We can also figure on your wants for all varieties of FRUIT, NUT and CITRUS TREES, other than Burbank varieties. We sell everything that grows.

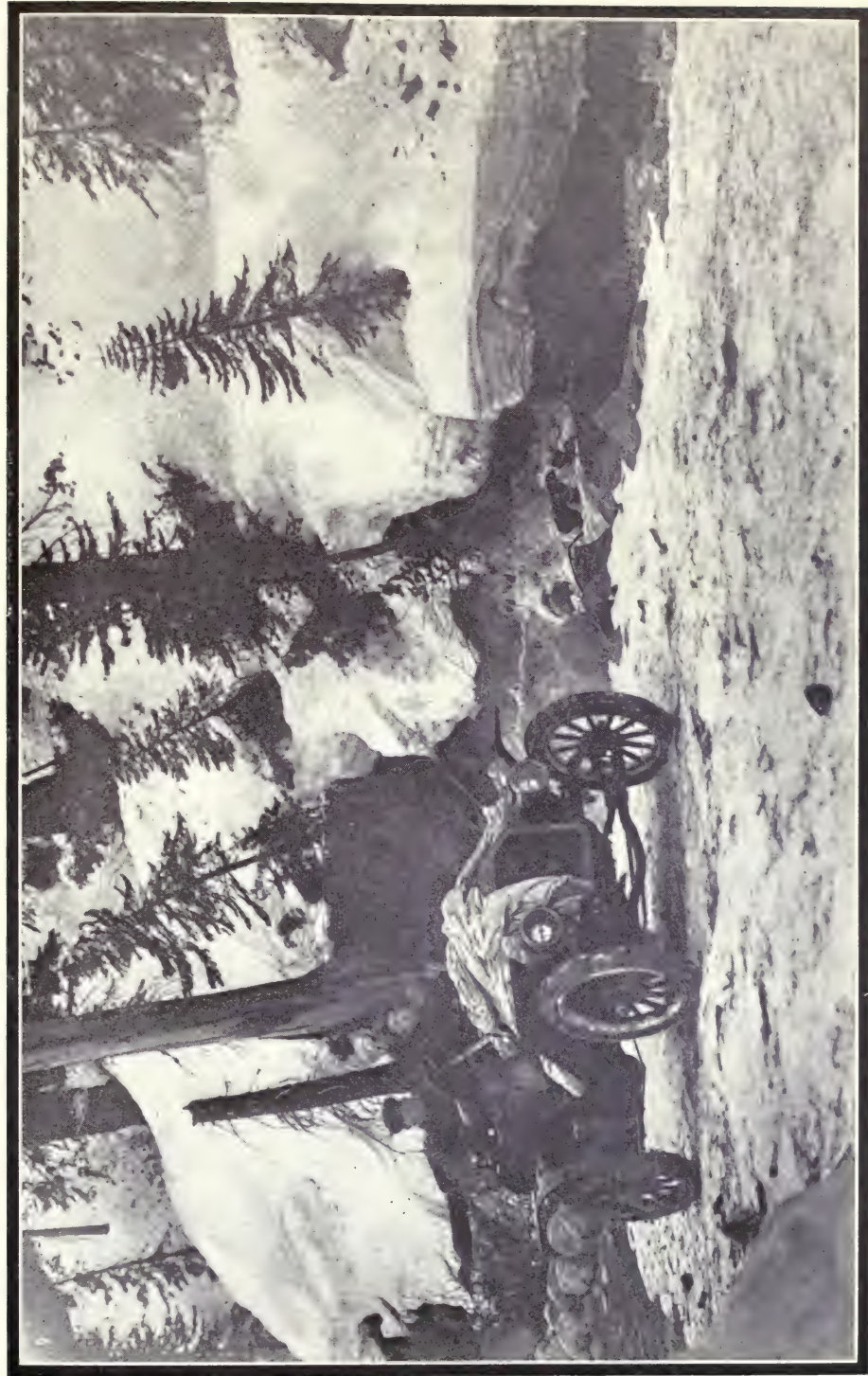
Send List of Wants for quotations. Catalogue mailed free upon request. Address:

THE LUTHER BURBANK CO.

DEPT. "N"

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., U. S. A.

Burbank's 40 Page Book "Garden Culture" free with orders



A winter visit to the big tree groves in the high Sierras.



A forest ranger crew on an inspection trip to the big tree groves

—See page 75



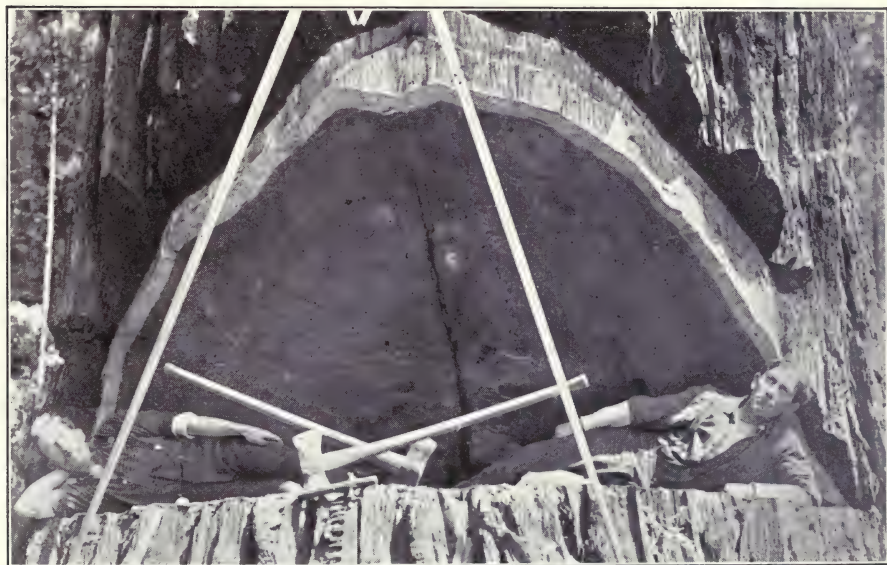
Relic of an old pioneer mill where big redwood trees were sawed into boards.

—See page 75



A redwood grove within thirty miles of San Francisco

—See page 75



*Top—One tree proved more than a load for nine long cars
Bottom—This tree was more than sixteen feet in diameter*

See page 75



The Lily of Poverty Flat, from a recent dramatization of Bret Harte's Story.

JAN 20 1916
DECATUR, ILL.

OVERLAND

Founded 1868



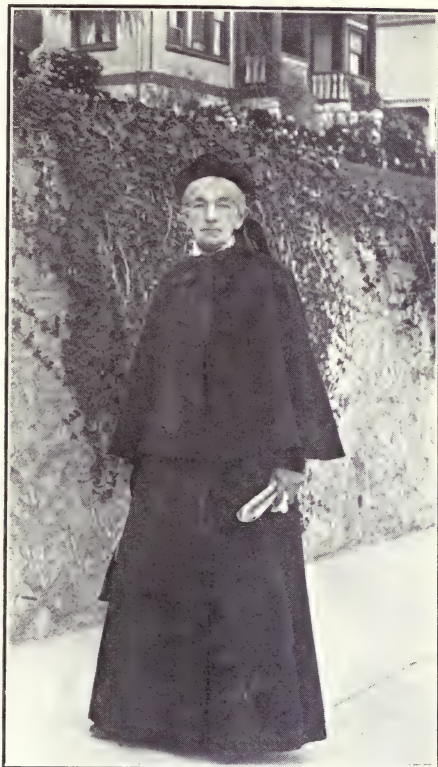
MONTHLY

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXVII

San Francisco, January 1916

No. 1



Mrs. McCrackin on business bent

Reminiscences of Bret Harte and Pioneer Days in the West

By Mrs. Josephine
Clifford McCrackin

(Concluded)

AS A CHILD I was raised a pet of a German of noble estate, Ern Wopner, a younger son of an old patrician family of Hanover. My father fought at the battle of Waterloo, not under Blucher, who commanded the German troops of the allied forces, but directly under Wellington. In those days the King of England was also the King of Han-

over, and therefore the Hanoverian troops were under the command of the King. My father, then eighteen years of age, was made a lieutenant on the field of Waterloo for bravery. When he married my mother later he wore the scarlet uniform of an English officer. My mother was a daughter of the younger branch of the Hessian family of Von Ende (Ende von Wolf-



"Jack Hamlin" from a recent dramatization of Bret Harte's Story.

sprun.) More correctly speaking, the title was Freiherr Von Wolfsprung, Count von Ende, for one of the far off ancestors had been created baron by Emperor Karl the Fourth. My mother was educated with a view to becoming maid of honor to Princess Maria of Hesse-Kassel, and my grandfather died while he was commandant of the old fortress of Ziegenhain, after having been, during King Jerome's reign, while Napoleon occupied

with his large staff of assistants he re-transferred the whole country from the French system of measurement back to the German. But the spirit of unrest was rife then. My father was seized with the growing spirit of democracy, and accordingly he brought his family to the United States and became a fully naturalized citizen.

If I have written of things supernatural, things that seem so, remember there are many phenomena not



Ambrose Bierce, August 29, 1913

Germany, commandant at Brunswick.

At the close of the Napoleonic wars my father, tired of the demoralizing life of the army, and entered the Prussian civil service. He was made chief of the district surveying corps, and the castle of Petershagen, then in part ruins, as the result of the constant battling for its possession, was assigned to him as his residence and office. Here

yet explained—not yet reduced to common understanding.

Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, one of the Overland Monthly contributors, with whom I lived at the Alameda home of the Bissetts, where the Bret Hartes, too, passed one summer, was the first to encourage me to write of the Red Earth superstitions.

For I was born of the "red earth"



The bird's-nest home of Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin, Santa Cruz, Cal. She named it Gedenkheim, after memories of her old home in Germany.

of Westphalia, in one of the oldest inhabitable castles of Europe, Petershagen on the Weser. It dates from the year 1280, grim and squat looking, perched high above the banks of the Weser, with stone statues of saints in niches of the eleven feet thick wall, on the upper terrace, and splendid stone carving gracing door arches and window frames in the interior. But there was the ghost, naturally, the White Lady; and what mother could have prevented nurse girl or house maid from telling the children in their charge all about the ghost? Early impressions are the most lasting; and instead of learning my multiplication table at school, I found it more to my taste to "think up" ghost stories.

And they stayed with me, even when the old castle and the old country had been left behind, and father had realized his dream of bringing his family to the United States, and making good American citizens of his children. To be sure, he had overlooked some slight particulars, in his ardent

desire to secure liberty and freedom from tyranny, not only for himself, but for any number of poor black slaves, to whom his heart went out. The more particular of these particulars being that twenty thousand thalers was not an inexhaustible fortune in the great free America of which every German dreams.

Perhaps this little miscalculation in regard to the little thalers might have been set straight when our family reached New Orleans in January, 1846, had father not been so anxious to reach St. Louis; for in Missouri he meant to purchase the territory on which were to live, not his own family, but the families of the poor black slaves whom he meant to buy of their cruel masters.

Mother could see more clearly that the family coffers would soon need replenishing; and she begged father to remain in New Orleans, and at least investigate what we had known for years to be an estate in litigation in the courts of Louisiana, because the

heirs could not be found in the United States. It was a grand-uncle of mother's who had come with the English troops from Hesse, in the year 1776; had quit the service, acquired vast stretches of land in the then French territory along what was later the border of Texas and Louisiana, and lived the life of a lord, changing the "von" of his name to the French "de," so that instead of being Freiherr von Ende, he became Baron D'Ende. He had never married, and those who claimed the estate, were not legitimate heirs.

After father died—perhaps a little disillusionized—mother lacked the means to prosecute the search for the treasure. But long after mother's death, and when the Beaumont Oil Wells were spouting their best, some man in Texas, who called himself Dandy, and claimed descent, said he had papers which could establish the Von Ende claim. It was before the death of my cousin, to whom I addressed my letters: "Seiner Excellenz General Lieutenant Freiherr von Ende, Kommandant zn Berlin," and as he was the Military Commandant, of course all the old archives were open to him. I still have the papers he sent me, establishing the identity of our prize grand-grand-uncle, but "Dandy" did not appear again.

I was educated privately and then in a convent school. In 1854 father died; an older brother, George, had left for California in the days of the gold excitement, and my mother, sister and I were alone. Then Lt. Jas. A. Clifford, of the Third Cavalry, U. S. A., came into my life, and I married him. The close of the Civil War found us at Carlisle Barracks, Penn. From there we were ordered to Fort Union, New Mexico, then a frontier post, to report to General Carlton, who was to meet the various troops sent there and assign them to the different posts, camps and stations in his department. Then came a rarely vivid period in my life, when I traveled over the wild and desolate portion of

Arizona and New Mexico, and finally to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Besides the 1,200 mules in the wagons there were some 200 head extra, and large bands of horses for the officers. It was on this trip I met and rode my famous white horse Toby, my affectionate companion of the plains who almost talked to me, so companionable did we become. On this trip I met, a few miles above the present bustling city of Trinidad, Colorado, and near the Raton Tunnel on the Santa Fe transcontinental line, the old pioneer Dick Wooton, and at Albuquerque, New Mexico, the famous scout of General Fremont, Kit Carson, and the less renowned, but equally brave Colonel Pfeiffer.

Several times on this trip, with the troops, we came upon mutilated corpses of civilians and soldiers who had been killed by the merciless Apaches. Just at the foot of a rough, endless mountain, the men who had come under the protection of our train from Fort Cummings, pointed out where the two mail riders coming from Fort Bayard, our destination, had been ambushed and killed by Apaches only the week before. I had heard of these two men while at the fort, one of those was a young man barely twenty, and very popular with the men. When smoking his farewell pipe before mounting his mule for the trip to Camp Bayard, he said: "Boys, this is my last trip. Mother writes me that she is getting old and feeble; she wants me to come home. So I've thrown up my contract with Uncle Sam, and I'm going straight back to Booneville, just as straight as God will let me, when I get back to Bayard. This mail riding is hard work and small pay anyhow—\$60 a month, and your scalp at the mercy of these murderous Apaches." His mother's letter was found in the boy's pocket when his mutilated body was brought into camp.

On another occasion, after we had left Fort Craig, we saw what proved to be a party of soldiers. They drew



Joaquin Miller at his home, The Hights, on the sloping hills of Fruitvale, California, overlooking the bay of San Francisco.

up in line as they saw our captain approach. Perhaps they had not discovered my presence in time; before the sergeant could throw a blanket over the cold, stark form lying on a pile of rocks by the roadside, I had already seen the ghastly face and mutilated limbs of the wretched man who had met a cruel death only the day before. It was the usual story of two men, mounted civilians, who were crossing the desert. They were almost crazy with thirst, and attempted to turn down to the river for water for their canteens when they were attacked by Indians. One of them escaped to Fort Selden; the other was captured and tortured to death. The soldiers buried him in the sands of the lonely desert. There were many such scenes in following the army in those days.

After I left Lieutenant Clifford I came to California, where my mother, brother and sister were already lo-

cated, and shortly after learned of the founding of a new magazine in San Francisco, the *Overland Monthly*, with Bret Harte as editor. I was anxious to earn my independence, and so decided upon writing some of my experiences. My first article was entitled "Down Among the Dead Letters;" it appeared in the December number, 1869. Bret Harte liked it so well he urged me to write more, and especially some of my army experiences, and stories based upon them. So I did, and in due time four of them appeared, and others followed. Somewhat later I branched out in the literary field, and by degrees my work was published in the East, Middle West and here, both in magazines and in book form.

In 1881 I went to Arizona to visit old army friends, and there chanced to meet, among others, Jackson McCrackin, a South Carolinian, who had developed into a thorough-going Westerner. He was the first white man to

set foot where Prescott now stands. He had discovered a famous gold mine and was the speaker of the first legislature ever convened in Arizona. We were married the following year. We purchased a ranch in the beautiful Santa Cruz Mountains, which we named Monte Paraiso, Mountain Paradise, and there for seventeen years we lived, surrounded with all we desired. During this period I continued my literary work and published a number of books. A big forest fire, in October, 1899, swept away everything on the ranch, and was the end of the happiest period of my life, for Mr. McCrackin did not die till December 14, 1904. Then I left the mountains and offered what was left of the ranch for sale.

The ranch, with its natural attractions and growing memories, held a rare charm for us and our many friends. It was the headquarters of all our army comrades, who passed anywhere near Santa Cruz. Ambrose Bierce, the most hated and the best loved man in California, was a frequent guest, and spent many vacations there. Renown followed him wherever the fear of his name penetrated. Yet he could be kind, good and companionable. He was merciless in his sarcasm, hated hypocrisy, and was without fear. He wrote his manuscripts nearby, some of the copy embodying his experience in army days, paragraphs of a pathetic strain from the depths of his heart. Bierce had been an army officer, and though no one was permitted to address him as "Major Bierce," I had always maintained that the army lost an excellent officer where the world gained an extraordinarily brilliant writer.

Herman Scheffauer, now of London, was a protege of Bierce's, and was with him when the fire swept away our mountain home. Both of them hurried to our assistance. It was this sudden calamity to myself that awakened me to the great necessity of inaugurating a movement to preserve the forest groves of the State from fires of this character.

When I left the ruins of the ranch I

came to Santa Cruz, where I was greeted with great kindness and the gift of a very pretty bungalow, prettily furnished, by the Saturday Afternoon Club. Beside being reporter and writer on the "Sentinel," I am writing for magazines and other papers.

Busy as I am, I have still time to make myself disagreeable to people who have no love for any of the creatures God gave us to protect, the wild life of the forest, or the animals who serve us and guard us, and would love us if we would but let them. In other words, I belong to every protective society and league, and believe myself to be working for the best interests of California.

Since that great catastrophe of our destroyed mountain home, I have never discovered a picture of Bret Harte that looked like him. Like the Bret Harte of the "Overland" period, when, to quote his own expression, he was "seated on the editorial tripod in the sanctum on Clay street." The photograph was taken at that time; he himself pronounced it good, and he wrote a few charming words on it for me.

But it went up in fire and flames that dreadful October day in 1899, when I saw the greedy flames devour my two white doves, Polly and Paloma, as they escaped from the burning barn to seek protection with me.

Bret Harte could be altogether charming; it was his nature to be amiable and sympathetic; but there was about him an aloofness which grew to stony coldness when brought into contact with those who had antagonized him or illy used him. As I have said elsewhere, to Miss Dolson and myself, who were homesick and forlorn, he showed special kindness by encouraging us to visit the editorial rooms on Clay street, and finding for us always some manuscript to look over, or copy, for there were no typewriters in use those days, and some of the manuscripts needed close attention. Mr. Harte and I both knew that Miss Dolson had a young stepmother in the East, and we discussed the matter without hesitation.

But the sorrow that was in my heart lay deeper, and for years I could not bear to speak of it, much less write about it. And Mr. Harte did not urge it; he knew the sore spot in my heart and respected my wish to hide it.

The Clay street sanctum was a pleasant room in which to foregather; and a great attraction to all the staff were the paintings which the artist, Munger, had left on the walls for his friend to enjoy. Bret Harte fitted so well in these really elegant surroundings; and when by chance a number of the brightest stars of the "Overland" constellation met here, when wit and satire flashed and sparkled, and the editor merged into the genial companion, there was fascination never to be forgotten by the fortunate witness of the scene.

I think this singular man was happier with men than with women. That the woman nearest him, his wife, was not always a pleasant companion for him is not a secret. Never has it been a secret since the days she was in the habit of coming to the Clay street sanctum, to order her husband for escort on a shopping expedition. It seemed so utterly ridiculous that this high-strung, sensitive man should be at the order of a woman who seemed to share no aspiration with him, but simply regarded him as an agent for her convenience. Mr. Harte used to say that he did not want to "make points," but would assert himself when the time came. He did not. For the fiasco in Chicago, where he had gone, expecting his admirers to purchase the "Lakeside Monthly" for him, was due to the fact that Mrs. Harte forbade him to attend the dinner, where the \$14,000 check had been laid under his plate. The cousin of Mrs. Harte, the lady with whom they were staying, had not been invited to the dinner party.

Still, Bret Harte could be very firm, even vindictive. We all know the name of the very particular lady who refused to read proof on Harte's first story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," because, she said, it was indecent. The



Charles Warren Stoddard, one of the early group of prominent writers in San Francisco.

lady was active in church and Sunday school circles, and she later prepared a number of papers on "Childhood,"

"Womanhood," "Motherhood," and kindred topics, and about once a month she would offer her manuscript to the editor of the "Overland." Unfortunately, both Miss Dolson and I were present on several occasions; and Bret Harte always went through the same routine. The lady would hand him her manuscript; he would look at the title, return it with a polite bow, and say: "I will not trouble you to leave the manuscript; I am not publishing a Sunday-school paper: I am publishing the 'Overland Monthly.'"

COYOTE

Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
Half bold and half timid—yet lazy all through.
Loth ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,
He limps in the clearing—an outcast in gray.

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,
Now leaping—now limping—now risking a fall.
Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever alway
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

Here, Carlo, old fellow—he's one of your kind—
Go seek him and bring him in out of the wind.
What! snarling—my Carlo. So—even dogs may
Deny their own kin in the outcast in gray.

Well, take what you will—though it be on the sly,
Marauding, or begging—I shall not ask why;
But will call it a dole, just to help on his way
A four-footed friar in orders of gray!

BRET HARTE.



The Song of Netzahualcoytl

(An Aztec "Thanatopsis")

Translated By H. C. Theobald

At the wedding feast of Netzahualcoytl, who was Emperor of Texcoco, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, the ruler recited to his guests a poem which has been translated from the Nahuatl dialect of the Aztecs and turned into melodious Spanish verse by Juan Villalon, a modern Mexican poet. In sentiment closely resembling Bryant's "Thanatopsis," these lines reveal the philosopher king's belief in immortality and in a Supreme Being. The following translation from the Spanish represents an endeavor to keep close to the literal rendering by Villalon of this rather serious wedding poem:

Swift fades the pomp and trappings of this world,
E'en as the borders of the brooks are parched
When fierce the flames invade the forest shade,
Or as the warrior sinks in all his might,
His forehead rent by battle-axe of power.

The purple of the throne fades like the rose
Who vaunts her lovely petals for a day,
And lo! all withered by the blazing sun,
Blighted and colorless to earth she falls,
Like dolorous virgin, desolate, betrayed!

Brief is the reign of mortals, brief as flowers!
That which at dawn its beauty lifts to heaven
At eve lies dying—soon its race is run!
Glory and honors pass with mortal speed;
Fate urges on unto the dark abyss.
Earth is one vast, stupendous pantheon
That piteously inters all those she bore.

The rivers, brooks and streamlets onward rush,
But backward to their course none may return:
They onward rush unto the gloomy deep,
There hurl themselves into their tomb and rest.
So is our human life; lo, yesterday
Was not that which to-day doth seem to be;
Nor shall to-morrow's vision be to-day's.

Full is the vault of sad remains: those forms
Rejoicing yesterday in health and life,
Were warriors, lusty youth, and monarchs wise.
Great riches, wisdom, and command were theirs,
But power, and wealth, and high estate soon passed,
Quick vanishing as pestilential fumes
Which Popocapetl boiling vomits forth.

Rend now the shadows of the hollow crypt,
Of those forgotten, register each trace:
Where is Chalchiutlanet, the Chichimecan?
Mitr, cherisher of the gods, say, whither gone?
Of Tolpiltzin, last of the ancient Toltecs,
And beauteous Xiutnal, tell me, what of them?
Where is Xolotl, great and favored monarch?
Where now Ixtlilxochitl, my unhappy sire?

Ah, idle, vain desire! Ah, useless search!
Who shall know more than He, who knoweth all?
From clay, by His omnipotence, they came,
And mingled with the clay their bones repose.
Such course shall our existence run, and such
Shall be the fate of our posterity.
Aye! and in none other manner, also they
Shall end their course in dust of nothingness!

To life immortal, oh, noble Texocanos,
To life of the high heavens let us aspire!
The mortal perishes 'mid worms, but not the soul.
Toward God, released, it wings aloft its flight.
In yonder sovereign fields of the eternal,
Glory and love attend consoling peace.
And yonder planets, dazzling mortal eyes,
Are but the lamps His palace that illumine!



Carrying the pit-roasted meat to the serving tables.

A Bordertown Barbecue

By Daisy Kessler Biermann

A SINGLE star hung low in the luminous amethyst above the Eastern horizon, trembling in liquid radiance above the silent hills. The Western sky was still flooded with a vivid saffron glow, and the studded oaks were black blotches etched in clear-cut silhouette through the dry mountain air. A stretch of pasture, gray-green in a fast gathering twilight dimness spread as a carpet from the sloping hills on either side.

In this expanse of gray-green merging into the darkening silhouettes of the hedging Southern California mountains, a group of men gathered, a spot of darker grey, about the mouth of a deeply dug pit. Within its depths—ruddily glowing—sturdy oaks were

transforming into a bed of palpitating living coals, and imbedded in the fiery mass lay rounded stones dully glowing with an intense heat. Campo was preparing for the barbecue.

The men lounged lazily about the pit, their idle gaze held by the age-old fascination of the fire. Pricking the darkness here and there about the circle glowed the point of a cigarette, and its thin blue smoke mingled its fragrance with the pungent odor of the drifting wood smoke. The men spoke in low tones, desultory remarks in mingled American and Mexican. In the silences that marked the lapses in conversation the stillness of the mountain night seemed freighted with the weight of desert solitudes pressing

from the east, the loneliness of the wilds of old Mexico to the south, and of all the peaks and valleys stretching down to the ocean seventy miles to the west.

Finally the smoke ceased drifting from the pit. In its yawning throat the clear air vibrated with the red heat of the coals. The group of waiting men stirred casually. From the darkness beyond the rim of firelight were brought huge pieces of raw beef, a quarter or a half a beef in a chunk. These were wrapped in burlap sacking, soured in tubs of water, and flung dripping upon the sizzling stones. Clouds of white steam rose densely. An old square of tent canvas was soaked with water and battened down over the steaming mass, and earth was heaped over all, hermetically sealing the feast which was to be the central feature of to-morrow's festivities. The little band of workers faded into the night beneath the now brilliantly star-set sky, plodding toward the village lights. From the distance a lone auto truck following the highway from the sea to the desert shrilled its harsh,

strident call across the deserted dreaming pastures.

The next morning the sun rolled up, a burning ball in a sky of fleckless blue. With its early rays came the first arrivals. Jingling spurs, leathern chaps, coils of rawhide riata hanging from their saddle pommels, the cow-punchers from the desert edge and the higher pine-clad mountains, trailed in in groups of two and threes. Lazily lounging in their saddles, they clustered about the bottled soda and ice-cream cone stand erected in front of the stone-built frontier store, and imbibed copiously.

As the sun grew higher the crowds about the store thickened, and drifted up to the barbecue grounds in the pasture beyond the settlement. A strangely assorted mixture met and stared and greeted on this common ground. Smart automobiles, now dust covered from the long climb up heavy grades from the seaside city, filled with curious pleasure-seekers; dilapidated wagons, drawn by a pair of shaggy burros or dejected horses, overflowing with dark-skinned, black-



Taking the barbecue from the roasting pit of hot ashes.



Lining up for the horse races.

eyed half-breeds or Mexicans, of all sizes, from the wabbling, shapeless grandmother to the latest lively heir to the name of Ortega or Ruiz or La Chapa, all chattering gaily in the high-pitched, musically inflected mongrel Spanish which is their common dialect; Mexicans from "below the line," with swart, yellow, crafty faces and beady, furtive eyes, their "chuck-a-luck" and "peon" outfits ready to hand, and their tough, wiry ponies all attuned to the pleasant business of separating the impulsive Gringos and their money. Horse racing and gambling are two prime diversions at a border-town barbecue.

Another class strongly in evidence to whom the barbecue is the great social event of the year, the annual meeting of forty mile distant neighbors and friends, the mountain ranchers, came in family groups, the farmer in store clothes, the mother and growing daughters in stiffly starched white gowns and rustling skirts, the younger children gaily be-ribboned and painfully scrubbed, with neat braids and plastered locks.

Groups of trim khaki-clad soldiers from the encampment nearby emphasized the fact that this was indeed the borderland, and that beneath the surface mingling of Mexican and white, there was a sharply defined line, a line which was daily growing more tautly drawn with the development of international complications. Another touch of this accenting coloring was the presence of the immigration and customs officers—two permanent residents guarding the winding highroad to Mexico, three miles below. These, with their corps of "line riders," were to-day among the prominent guests at the big countryside fiesta.

The Indians, primal owners of the oak-studded mountains and spreading pastures of the region, were the guests on sufferance. From their small reservation down toward the desert the handful came, their broad, good-natured faces beaming as they squatted in the scant shade of scrub willows, or against the stone wall of the store, adorned with their best cerise or scarlet handkerchiefs, knotted about their throats, or in the case of the older

ones, bound about their heads—a vividly picturesque and pathetic touch to the conglomerate picture.

High noon approached and the sun's rays beat vertically upon the clump of willows beneath whose shade rough tables and benches of lumber had been constructed. Across the open pasture where the racing course had been laid out, and where the barbecue was now being unearthed, the heat shimmered in blurred waves, rising from the baking stubble ground. Fox-tail and tarweed distilled a warm, pungent fragrance under the ardent rays, and to step into the gray pools of shade beneath the green, drooping willows was a grateful relief from the glare.

The crowds were gathered thickly in this kindly shelter, packed about the rough tables, all who were able to, providing themselves from the generous supply of tin cups and paper plates piled high upon the boards. The beef, succulently dripping in its own juices, falling delectably from the bones in sheer tenderness, and smoking hot, was being brought from the pit in tubs, borne each by two stalwart carriers.

At the head of each table, the chief server, a genial frontiersman, with shirtsleeves rolled to his shoulders and sombrero pushed back from his damp forehead, wielded a huge carving knife with delightfully generous and impartial decision. As each plate came before him it was piled with browned and juicy cuts, and his corps of volunteer assistants added "slabs" of bread cut with the same generosity, and a handful of salt. Cups were filled from pails of steaming fragrant brown coffee—and, from the withered old Mexican crone, to the fastidious city visitor, the multitude was lavishly and impartially fed, without money and without price.

The early afternoon saw all filled to repletion, and the men, cowboys, soldiers, Indians, ranchers and Mexicans flocked to the race course for the big event of the day, drawing up close to the sides in two long lines. Every variety of emotion ranged down the rows of watching faces, from the crafty cupidity of the gambler to the nonchalance and bravado of the cowpuncher, tentatively jingling his six



On the way to the barbecue.



Old Customs House, a relic of the pioneer days of Campo.

months' wages in his pocket, as his eye appraises the favorites in the running.

To tune up the crowd, preliminary races were put on—foot races, sack races, burro races, rough and tumble affairs, made up three parts of crude good-natured fun and one part skill. Money on small bets changed hands with laughing wrangling, and finally the tracks were cleared for the crowning event of the afternoon.

"Twenty dollars on the buckskin!" came a lusty challenge from an American, whose clenched fist was raised above his head and held gold and greenbacks. "Twenty dollars on the buckskin."

The other horse, a black, was ridden by a Mexican, and mounted on the buckskin, by far the better animal, was a boy.

"Twenty dollars on the buckskin!" but a smile, flashing across the swarthy features of a long line of Mexican riders, was the only answer.

The horses started, and the Mexicans leaned from their saddles. They

were impassive, all but the intensity of their eyes. As the starting point was approached, the black horse seemed to fall behind while the buckskin shot across the line, and half way down the field before he was checked, to try again.

"Forty dollars on the buckskin!" cried the lusty American.

"Si, Senor," answered a Mexican, softly, and covered the money.

"Twenty more on the buckskin!" shouted the American. "You ain't game to take it. Twenty on the buckskin!"

Again and again the starter at the other end of the field had to call the racers back, the nervous buckskin apparently running away from her black rival before the starting point was reached. And each time the American renewed his bet, and each time too some smiling Mexican covered the money with a soft "Si, Senor."

"You want to lose your whole fool wad?" remarked a lanky cowpuncher to the other American. "You're bettin' on the best horse, but them Mexicans

know how to ride."

"Twenty more on the buckskin!" was the defiant answer.

"Si, Senor," and the Mexican who took the bet remarked to his companion in Spanish: "The buckskin's sides heave."

"Here they come," cried the American contingent.

The horses had started together and came down the field like tearing demons. They ran nose and nose until a few feet from the finishing line when the black was spurred ahead but a few inches and won the race. The buckskin was blowing.

* * * *

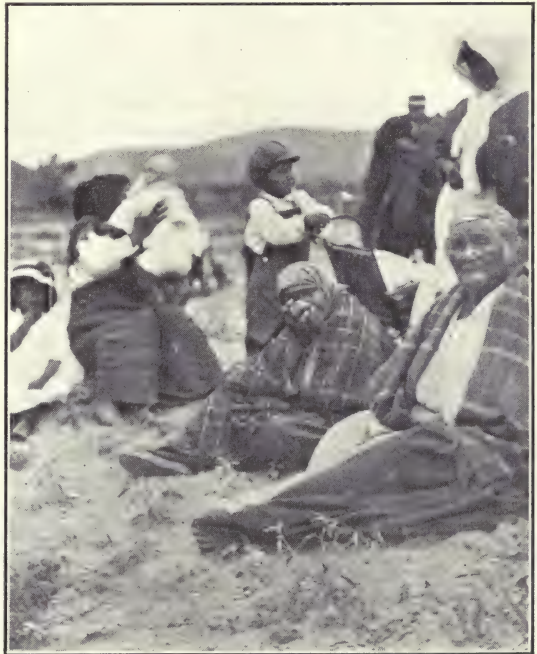
The lowering sun again cast a flood of saffron light across the sky, its golden glamour tinging the air with a mellow glow. As it sank, the cool east wind crept across the greying pasture and flowed a steady stream toward the sea. The ruddy mountains turned deeply purple in the clear mountain air, and camp fires here and there began to send up small columns of smoke, their crackling flames gathering brightness with the waning of the day. Losers and winners alike, with cheerful acceptance of the day's chances, separated into small strolling groups, joining those who, loth to leave the merry-making, were preparing camp-fire suppers before a more leisurely departure, or were planning to tempt Dame Fortune through the night.

For with the night came the most absorbing sport of all. The "chuck-a-luck" tables had been spread with the fateful six greasy cards, and dice were seductively rattling, as the sing-song voices of the gamblers called to the idlers to "Come and take a chance. Break the bank—break the bank!"

Already the tables were being surrounded by a motley gathering. Here an old Mexican, placing carefully on this

reaped an unexpected harvest, which he pocketed and walked away with, unconcerned by the gambler's black looks. By his side a young Indian, a boy of fifteen, was tentatively "trying the ice," on his first venture into the fascinations of the game. His nickel had won another, and he was balancing the pair in his hands, in two minds as to whether risking his fortune to double it, with the chance of losing all. Behind him, a nonchalant citizen of the seaside city below, in shirt-sleeves and with panama hat shoved well back on his head, his round face smiling, played the game with an easy indifference, his original gold piece split into ten half-dollars, which he placed here and there with the same rapidity that the gambler doubled or absorbed them—and according to the turn of the dice his holdings ran from twenty dollars to one, until, when the exact original five was again in his possession, he turned away with a laugh, seeking fresh diversion.

As the purple gloom of the night settled down the peon games were



Indian women chanters at the peon games.

started, and the flaring lure of the chuck-a-luck torches was rivaled by the glow of the peon camp fires. In this most primitive of Indian games, age-old custom holds strongly. Mystery, superstition, subtle craft, all mingle in the contest, the glow of the primeval camp-fire lighting brown, chiseled faces schooled to wooden impassivity, or purposely worked into deceptive mad excitement. The wailing wild chant of the women, singing the peon song, now rising to a concerted shriek, now drifting to a moan; the cautious gestures, the weary gleaming eyes of the crouching players, the in-

ward invocations to the Saints one feels in the muttered breathings, and the sublime faith one knows they are holding in the charms purchased from their "Hechiceros," the tribal medicine men, furnish the most characteristic touch in the whole varied picture of the barbecue. It is the last hold on a fast-slipping past, of a people soon to be themselves swallowed up in that past.

Through all the reckless and joyous turmoil of the day, this deeper note strikes through, and rings as the dominant memory of a bordertown barbecue.

TRYST SONG

There is a place
Where golden sunlight stealing,
Through leafy green a quiet nook revealing,
There may I lie
Watching the lazy clouds drift over,
Their shadows brown above the clover,
While breezes sigh.

There is a bird
Whose golden notes come ringing
Clearly and sweet, the happy message bringing
That you are nigh,
That you are nigh, while soft clouds hover
Bending tender, sweet my lover,
As here I lie.

THEODORE SHAW.



A Japanese Financier's Views on the United States Merchant Marine

By George T. Marsh

HAVING discussed the question of our Merchant Marine with many European diplomats and others, I was anxious to obtain the views which a pure Oriental might have upon the subject.

Accordingly, upon a recent interview with my Japanese friend, Tokiyori—for obvious reasons I shall omit his full name—I opened the subject by asking him: "Do you remember a meeting we had many years ago when we debated the question of the future comparative standing of Japan's and America's Merchant Marine? At that time you claimed that if the American Government did not materially change its policy on ship ownership that within twenty-five years Japan would be mistress of the Pacific Ocean, and that America would be without a trans-Pacific mail steamship line. With the withdrawal of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company your prediction has about come true."

"Yes," replied Tokoyori, "it was during the second term of your last Democratic President Mr. Cleveland, at a time when our Merchant Marine was in its infancy, and we were discussing the probable growth of Oriental trade to a point where Japan would sell more goods to the United States than she would buy from her. The question then came up as to which country would gain the most by the transporting of the great future trading of the Pacific, whether America, England or Japan."

"Coming to the present day question, I would like to know," I said, "what you think of Andrew Furuseh's statement before the Federal Trade

Commission, "that an Oriental nation would control the Commercial Marine—claiming that if Orientals continue to drive the English speaking sailor off the sea, 'the time will come when they will be on the bridge in command of British ships'?"

"He is wrong," said Tokiyori, "in the sense in which he would have Americans take his argument, for he would have you believe that, if Chinese sailors are employed on American owned ships in place of American sailors, that in time Chinese officers would be engaged to command those ships. Not within a century, at least, could such an improbability occur, but on the other hand a more vital result, the wiping out of your Commercial Marine on the Pacific will be brought about within a few months by the passing of the very 'sailor act' which he advocates—a law granting to a few privileged citizens the sole right to work your sea-going ships, with the power to name their own rate of wages, thereby tying the hands of American ship owners from competing with other nations, so that the Pacific Ocean, at least, is left open to us Orientals, and we would be foolishly blind if we did not take advantage of it."

"Then you do not think it is to the best interests of the nation at large for our Congress to pass laws for the betterment of our sailors," I said.

"I could understand," replied Tokiyori, "your nation's Fathers in their wisdom possibly granting a privileged few the sole right of sailing coast port ships, and thereby you are only competing among yourselves—taking money from one pocket and putting it

into the other—without taking from, or adding to, the nation's finances. We, of Japan, have adopted a similar law to that of the United States governing coastwise shipping, and exclude all foreign vessels from carrying freight or passengers between local parts, but I feel that the wisdom of our governing Fathers would never permit the granting of any special privileges to our over-sea sailors that would tend to block our merchants from competing for the world's sea-going trade or in any way prevent us from delivering our own products to the port of our customer, well knowing that if we were dependent upon another nation's shipping facilities to transport our nation's products, that something might happen to prevent the foreign vessels from being on hand at a time most needed to transport our wares, thereby causing us a probable loss of customers, with possible gain to our competitors, besides deteriorating to our non-shipped produce, added to which would be the national financial loss, for even though we sell our merchandise for export, if transported to its final destination by foreign shipping, the nation loses what the foreign consumer would have had to pay to us for delivering the merchandise."

"How do you come to figure 'that' a national financial loss?" I asked.

"I will explain by showing what we Japanese do not consider a financial gain to the nation. "If," said Tokiyori, "a merchant in one of our most northerly ports makes a large sale of merchandise at great profit to another merchant in the most southerly port of Japan for home consumption, and it is transported the entire way by our own steamship or rail, the completion of the transaction does not create a national financial gain, for nationally we are not one sen better off. On the other hand, if that merchandise is sold for foreign consumption, even though it may not be sold at a profit—we have nationally gained the amount it was sold for, and if we can add to its price the cost of transporting it in our own ships to the point of delivery for the foreign con-

sumer, our nation has financially gained just that much more; whilst if we had allowed him to take delivery of his purchases at our port, to be transported in his own ships, the foreigner would have saved his nation just that much; thus it is that though we have not a national ship ownership our nation's Fathers, in their wisdom, have offered every inducement, to tempt our people to become ship owners, no matter by what means nor at how great the cost, well knowing that all returns either by sale of our export products or saving on transporting imports is a national gain.

"A nation can well afford to offer a premium on exports because every dollar the nation takes in for her surplus products is a national gain; whilst if it is held for internal consumption there is no financial gain to the nation. It is like a farmer, who consumes all he produces. He may increase his physical powers or dimensions, but not his bank account. The trading in home products between the people of a nation is like the farmer who exchanges his product with his country storekeeper for all his requirements; unless he has an excess on which he receives payment, he fails to better himself financially, and the nation, like the farmer that economizes, if there is a surplus to sell, no matter how little it may bring, it is a financial gain.

"A further likening of the farmer to the national trader may be made in the matter of transportation. If the farmer has to hire a team to carry his produce to and from his farm to the storekeeper he reduces his monetary gain by that much, whilst on the other hand if he transported his surplus produce with his own team irrespective of whether he originally bought or raised them—provided he maintained them from the output of the farm—all the money he realized from the sale of his excess produce would be financial gain."

"Do you think," I asked, "that a Merchant Marine is a national necessity to the United States? Can we not become solely a producing nation and rely upon the other countries who re-

quire our products to transport them themselves, and would not the nation's money be better spent in increasing our naval power rather than by putting it into a Merchant Marine?"

"One question at a time," said Tokiyori. "I will answer your last first. A navy in time of peace without a merchant marine is about as useless as a Merchant Marine would be in time of war without a navy. Both your first and second questions are largely answered by the position that the United States finds herself placed in since the outbreak of the present great European war, through the inability of her producers to find means for the transportation of their export products, owing to the scarcity of shipping and excessive charter rates. This has at last awakened your thinking class to a knowledge of your greatest weakness as a world nation—showing clearly your inability to stand alone, and that you are dependent upon the national aid and support of other nations to-day, for your existence as a world trader.

"America to-day is a hermit nation as much as we of Japan were sixty years ago, for your people cannot get out of your country unless some of the active nations of the world send their ships to your coast to transport you, and though your nation claims neutrality, the lives of your people are not safe outside of your own lands. To-day your President finds himself in the difficult position of trying to force the Teutons to respect the ships of their warring opponents, in order to protect any American subjects who may find it necessary to leave their own shores. From a humanitarian standpoint it is a just demand for your nation to make on Germany, but it seems to me that it should be in the name of *all* world civilians, for it is asking much to expect a warring nation to agree to a retardment of its movements in order to protect a would-be privileged nation—for the required act of signaling a merchantman to stop necessitates the exposure of a submarine, and the time consumed in search causes delay

of action that may possibly endanger its movements. Had Japan been a neutral nation at this time—we are in a position to be truly neutral, free to traverse the world's seas, from having a Merchant Marine sufficiently large to transport both our subjects and merchandise to any corner of the globe, without asking favor of any of the warring powers—satisfied to obey the direction of our Mikado to travel by our own ships."

Coming back to the question of commercial marine, I said: "Do you think the United States would be best served by a National Merchant Marine rather than an individually owned one?"

"Under your Republican form of Government—both," replied Tokiyori. "Nationally owned Marine for your overseas trade and individually owned for your coastwise trade. Undoubtedly your Secretary of Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, and the members of the Cabinet who advocate the creation of a National Commercial Marine see the futility under your form of Government of endeavoring to induce the people to individually invest in ships, well knowing the national weakness of the generally advocated remedy—that of subsidy with its consequent danger of inviting foreign investors and possible control by them of your steamship companies, resulting in the majority of the profits—made possible by national subsidy—flowing into the coffers of foreign nations.

"The present European war has shown up the weakness of your navy unbacked by a Merchant Marine. To every nation each is equally dependent on the other. If to-day Japan was engaged in transporting her troops to Europe, and the United States found it necessary to land an army in either of her possessions—the Philippines or the Hawaiian Islands—where would she get the ships to carry her troops? But if she possessed a naval reserve commercial fleet sufficiently large, she would be independent.

"National ownership for your overseas trade will, I believe, solve the problem."

Recollections of Artemus Ward

By Clifton Johnson

IT is always interesting to consider what effect environment has in the development of those whom the world honors. Were the home surroundings a stimulus or a handicap? What kind of people were the relatives, friends and neighbors? What influence did nature exert? I was curious to see Waterford, Me., the birth-place and boyhood home of Artemus Ward, to get answers to just such questions, and I had the feeling that I ought to discover in the inhabitants and region something to account for the peculiar qualities of his humor. The town is about 50 miles north of Portland and a half-dozen miles from the nearest railway station. I arrived at this station one morning in early October, and went on to Waterford. For much of the way the road was through woodland, and though the country had been long settled it still retained something of rawness and wildness.

There are several Waterfords—North, South and East, and Waterford Flat. The last was the village of Artemus Ward. Its name sounds unpromising, but just there the region, which for the most part is rather monotonous, crumples up into a rugged picturesqueness that has real charm, and that seemed very well calculated to nurture a genius. Lakes, ponds and streams abound, and one of these streams, known as Crooked River, runs 18 miles in its erratic course across the nine-mile width of the town. It afforded just the kind of navigation to draw volumes of profanity from the old-time raftsmen.

Waterford Flat is a nook among the hills fronting on a body of water which is called Keoka Lake, but which formerly had the more vigorously nat-

ural name of Tom Pond. The latter was acquired away back in the days when Paugus, the chief of an Indian tribe in the vicinity, made himself a terror of the frontiers. He and his followers committed so many depredations that Massachusetts offered a bounty of \$500 for every Indian scalp. Captain Lovewell led an expedition against Paugus in the spring of 1725, but was attacked by the Indians, and only 14 out of 34 in the English party survived to return to their friends. One of these was Thomas Chamberlain, who, after killing Paugus in the fight, saved his own life by swimming across the pond at Waterford and hiding under a shelving rock on its borders. This episode gave the pond its early name, and the shore where he hid is still called Tom Rock beach.

One of the wooded hills back of the village is known as Mt. Tirem, a name supposed to have originated with some Indians, who, in speaking to the early settlers of climbing its steep sides, said: "Tire 'em Injuns." Another hight is Bald Pate, so called by the pioneer because its top was then entirely denuded of trees, the result of a fire that had recently swept it. Loftiest of all is Bear mountain, which owes its name to the killing of a bear that attempted to swim across Tom Pond from its base.

Waterford Village is a comfortable, sleepy little place, whose homes cluster around a small, tree-shadowed common. The houses are nearly all wooden, are painted white, and have green blinds. The village supports two stores and a church. At one end of the common is a signboard, which reads, "10 miles to Norway." Other places roundabout are Sweden, Den-

mark, Paris and Naples. Do not these indicate a sense of humor in the original settlers of the wilderness? Waterford itself has a Punkin street, and what is now Fern avenue was formerly Skunk alley, and there is an outlying district called Blackguard, which took its name from the character of the people who used to live there.

I found the village delightful in its quiet serenity, and it particularly appealed to the fancy in the evening when the cows were driven from the outlying pastures to their home stables and came pacing along under the elms of the common, while the cowbells hung on their necks gave forth a dull-toned music. It was a much livelier place at the time Charles Farrar Brown, better known as Artemus Ward, was born there in 1834. Many emigrants passed through it on their way to the West, and the stages were crowded with passengers in pursuit of business or pleasure. The hotels presented an especially busy scene on the arrival of the stage, and the several stores had a large trade in furnishing supplies to lumbermen. One of these stores was kept by Artemus Ward's father, who died in 1847.

The humorist himself died in 1867, which is not so long ago but that people can be found in his home region who remember him distinctly. One of the village women said to me: "The place has not changed a great deal since he was a boy here. It is about the same size, there is the same white church, and many of the same houses stand around the common. The old 'Brown house,' where Charles was born, was burned in 1871, but 'Aunt Car'line,' as his mother was called in Waterford, had long before moved to what had been her father's house. That is here yet, a substantial, two-story building, under the elms on the borders of the common, and is still owned in the family.

"Mrs. Brown had four children, but only Charles and Cyrus grew to manhood. Charles was her favorite, I think. Cyrus, who was about seven years older than Charles, became a

newspaper man and was successful. People here considered him the smartest man of the two, but he didn't happen to strike it so lucky. I remember he was at home here sick abed when I was a school girl. The village school-house was just beyond a brook at the north end of the common. It was an old weather-beaten building that at some time had been painted white, but not much of the paint was left. Inside were primitive box desks much hand-carved. The teacher's desk was on a platform, and its sides were boarded up like a pulpit.

"The children came in from the farms and filled the school house. They were of all ages from 5 up to 20, when the big boys attended in the winter. Then we had a lyceum with debates and a paper mostly made up of local hits that was regularly prepared. It came my turn to edit the paper, and Cyrus sent word to have me come to see him, and he would help me write up some things. I was glad of his help, for I was quite a little girl to be the editor. The matter we wrote together was humorous, but I don't know now just what it was about.

"After Charles had left Waterford and became famous he usually returned every year to spend the summer with his mother. He wasn't very strong. He was tubercular. His hands were whiter than any woman's almost. They were small and long, and I recall hearing my father say that Charles couldn't wear bracelets because his wrists were as large as his hands, and the bracelets would slip off. Father and he were great cronies. They were own cousins and were said to look alike.

"Charles was always funny, even in his ordinary talk. He bought a house near New York at Yonkers, and invited his mother to go there and make him a visit.

" 'Charlie,' she said, 'if I do go sometime, how shall I know your house?'

" 'Oh, you'll know it by the cupola and the mortgage that are on it,' he told her.

" 'Well, I'll never stop in the house

if there's a mortgage on it,' she declared.

"He used to carry a good deal of money about with him, and he spent it freely. Being lionized as he was, he had to live up to his reputation. He owned considerable jewelry. For one thing there was a very beautiful gold chain which had been given him by the miners in California. It was so heavy that he said he only wore it in the afternoon. That was his funny way of speaking."

Another contemporary of Artemus Ward's whom I met was a stooping, elderly village man who walked with a cane. I called at his house in the evening, and I called early because I had been told that he "went to bed with the chickens." We sat in his kitchen in the gradually increasing dusk of the twilight.

"Yes, I knew Charles Brown," he said, "and I helped lower him into the ground. His body was brought here about the beginning of summer from England in a metallic casket all sealed and soldered up. The casket was cut open at his mother's request, and we see it was Charles inside. There was a funeral at the house, attended by a few of the neighbors, and then we went to the cemetery at South Waterford. We didn't have a hearse, but used a two-seated spring wagon, as was the custom here. By taking out the seats room was made for the box, and the driver would sit up on that. The others went in their own teams.

"When Charles was here on his summer visits he didn't do nothin' except have a good time. He was a lazy critter, and he would lay around on the grass or go to ride or do anything he see fit. It was a kind of a restful vacation, I should call it, but after he went into the show business I guess he may have worked some getting ready for the winter campaign. He was a bright, witty feller—no mistake about that. He had a vein of wit that all the Browns had. Cyrus, his brother, he was pretty cute, too.

"To go from here back to New York Charles would drive 11 miles to the

railroad and go by train down to Portland, where he'd take the boat for Boston. Once he was going on board the boat after he'd been having a little too festive a time, and he ran down the gangplank and across the deck and threw up over the rail. When he'd relieved himself he said to the feller who was with him, 'It always makes me sick to be on shipboard.'

"Another time he went on to the boat in the evening, just before the time for it to start. He'd been eating heartily and celebrating some with his friends, and he went right to bed in his stateroom. The next morning a man who was traveling with him asked him how he'd slept.

"'Not very well,' he said. 'I'm always sick going around Cape Elizabeth.'

"But the boat hadn't left the dock on account of the weather being rough.

"Charles was a poor, sick feller when he left here to go to England, and he hadn't ought to have made such a trip. That wound him up in the show business.

"We thought he'd have considerable property, and he did will away a good deal, but nobody could find it. Where it had gone to I don't know, but there was roughish fellers in those days as well as now. They'd steal the eyes out of your head if they could.

"The trouble with both Charles and Cyrus was that they drank. Whisky ruined 'em. That was what was the matter with 'em. I tell you, whisky is good in some cases, but I don't believe it helped them fellers any. They'd have lived longer without it.

"You'd better see Mr. Wheeler. He was raised here on the Flat right beside of Charles, and knew him well. He's a feller well booked up, too, and can give some light on this subject."

The next morning I found Mr. Wheeler in his barn getting out some barrels in preparation for apple-picking, and there I interviwed him. "I ain't any chicken," he said, "and it is a long time since Charles Brown and I were boys together. One thing he used to do was to get up a circus in their barn.

They had an old crumple-horn cow that he'd dress up in great shape in blankets of different colors for an elephant, and he'd tell us the elephant's good qualities. The cow didn't like it, but the rest of us did. The calves and the dogs and cats served for other strange animals. Charles acted as clown, and he made a pretty good one. He had some assistants who were acrobats, or thought they were.

"He was full of his fun, but there was nothing vicious about him. He simply liked to do things that would raise a laugh. At school he was always playing jokes on the rest of the scholars, and was a terrible torment to them. Of course he'd get called down once in a while for his pranks, but the teachers liked him. Every one liked him all through life.

"William Allen sat in the seat right in front of him. William was a good scholar, but kind of a sleepy fellow. He'd sit with his head bowed forward studying. Charles was always dabbling with ink, and one day he took up his ink bottle and poured the contents down the back of William's neck. I saw that performance. The ink ran down on the floor into the cracks under the seats, and when I was in the old school house as much as 25 years later the stains were still there. The building stands yet up here side of the road, but is now a carpenter's shop.

"There were 56 of us in the school the last winter I went. A man taught in winter and a woman in summer. We learned more than the children do now—get more practical information. I won a book once as a prize for spelling, and I've kept it ever since. The 12 or 15 in the class would line up, and if one missed a word and the next one below spelled it right they'd change places. The best speller was at the head of the line most of the time, and the poorest at the foot. We didn't have a janitor, but did the work ourselves. There was a fire list of the boys, and they took turns making the fire; and there was a sweeping list of the girls, and they took turns doing the sweeping. When there was snow we

slid down the steep hill that was close by, and in the warm months we'd play in the brook.

"Charles wasn't out at recess tearing around with the other boys in their rough sports. He was different in his tastes from most of us, though, generally, when any fun was on hand in town he was there early and stayed late. We used to have school exhibitions, and if we acted the incidents in William Tell where the apple was shot off the boy's head, or anything in that line, Charles was sure to be it. He'd play baseball with us on the common, and he'd get up in the middle of the night to shoot off some powder and celebrate the Fourth of July.

"As for work, he didn't take to farming at all. He never hankered after manual labor. In his later life, when he was at home on his vacations, he just loafed around and smoked. He didn't get up very early in the morning. Yes, he was quite a fellow to lie abed—at least his mother thought he was.

"I went to New York when he was about 25. At that time he was editing a little humorous paper called Vanity Fair. I was there two days, and was with him quite a little. He was a good entertainer. We took in the shipping wharves and the big vessels and Central Park, and went around to the dance halls. One of these halls was a room 60 feet square, with the walls all mirrors. I'd never seen anything like it before, and I haven't since."

The home of the humorist's mother, now called "Wheelbarrow farm," is owned by a woman relative who has this to say of him: "He led a gay life, I think, but though he sometimes drank to excess, he did not have protracted speers. He was tall, slim, and bony, and he easily assumed on the platform a manner that was awkward and made him appear sort of green looking. But if you met him you found him genial, courteous and charming, and his talk full of witty nonsense. I heard him lecture once, and just before he began my mother and I went around to speak to him. He insisted that we should sit on the stage. What he said

was mostly foreign to his subject. He spoke anything that came into his mind, and he was so absurd that I nearly rolled under my chair. Mother said she never laughed so much in her life."

At the age of 14 the humorist's school days ended, and he left home to make his own way in the world. For a time he worked in the neighboring town of Norway, and thither I followed on his trail. As I entered the town I made some inquiries of a man I met on the street, who responded: "Yes, Artemus was a devil here in a newspaper printing office. He learned the printing trade and contributed to the paper. He was a mischievous cuss, you know, and when he went to school people thought he was a dunce and didn't amount to anything, but when he grew up he played to the crowned heads of Europe.

"There was a rivalry between the paper here and the one in the adjoining town of Paris, and each one always bragged about any improvements it made and crowed over the other one. The Paris paper for one while seemed to be having much the most to crow about, and Artemus wrote this paragraph: 'A large improvement has been made in our office. We have bored a hole in the bottom of our sink and set a slop-pail under it. What will the hell hounds over to Paris think now?'"

"He was a funny fellow, Artemus Ward was. Once he was somewhere and got strapped. He found a man he knew, and said: 'If it's not too much out of place, I wish you'd loan me some money.'

"The man was willing and handed over what Artemus said he needed, and then asked him when he would pay it back.

"'Well,' Artemus answered, 'I'll be pretty busy on the Resurrection Day. Let's call it the day after.'

"If he was lecturing here in Maine he'd refer to a time when he 'spoke before a refined and intelligent audience in East Stoneham.' The fun of that was that East Stoneham was a jumping off place. It was the end of the road,

and the people there couldn't read or write.

"But the greatest joke he ever perpetrated was the will he made over in England. He called in all the nobility to witness it, and disposed of his property as if he was a millionaire. Really, he didn't have a darn cent."

From a Norway lawyer I got further information. "When I started to practice I opened an office down at Waterford," he said. "I had plenty of time on my hands, for I didn't have much to do except to make out occasional deeds at 50 cents apiece. Once Artemus brought me a boy that he'd picked up somewhere, and he hired me to teach him. He didn't value money, and he'd have given away his last dollar to a friend in need.

"When he was at home he smoked and strolled around and joked with the boys. Every morning along about 10 o'clock, after he'd eaten breakfast, he would get his mail and bring it to my office to read.

"One time he was telling me about his visiting Los Angeles. 'It was nothing but a village,' he said. 'I'd heard there was a river running through the place, and I wanted to see it 'Twasn't much of a river. I hunted for it quite a while before I found it, and then I was thirsty and drank it up.'

"He was droll not only in what he said, but in his manner. Many of the things he said which people would go into a perfect hurrah over would have attracted no notice if another person had said them. It is claimed that he is the only person who could make every one laugh in an English audience."

What I had heard of Artemus Ward's will made me desirous to see it, and I sought the country courthouse. Artemus died in England on March 6, 1867, and the will is dated February 23d of the same year. It is not the extraordinary document that the popular imagination pictures, and its most interesting portions are these:

"I desire that my body may be buried in Waterford, Me. I give the library of books bequeathed to me by

my late Uncle Calvin Farrar and those that have been added by me to the boy or girl who at an examination to be held between the first day of January and the first day of April immediately succeeding my decease shall be declared to be the best scholar in Waterford Upper Village, such scholar to be a native of that last mentioned place and under the age of 18 years.

"I bequeath the residue of my estate toward forming a fund for the founding of an asylum for worn-out printers in

the United States, and I direct that the same be paid to Mr. Horace Greeley of New York."

Whatever personal property the humorist had in his possession in England at the time he died, mysteriously disappeared, but a few thousand dollars were realized on his house at Yonkers. This went to children who were relatives in his home town. His mother had enough property of her own to supply her own simple wants as long as she lived.

A MOUNTAIN REVERIE

Enlarged my vision as I outward gaze
Far as the eye can see. A greater soul
Seems born within me as I look upon
The wonders wrapped around the Rocky Heights.
This magic veil which hides from me its woof
Needs stronger lens than human retina
To read the message written in the scene.

To merely see and feel the message not
Would be to miss its vibrant wonder-song
That, hushed and trembling with the urge of life
Is breaking from my soul its narrowed bonds.
Here, I am poised on wings of larger thought—
My ears are open to the Whisp'ring Voice—
For God alone in silence comes; in calm, in rest,
In thousand shades of coloring that blend
Into the song of songs—His harmony.
These glory tints are but the finishing,
The after-thought expressions of the soul;
An echo-tone of all creative power.

Enraptured with this artistry which builds
Unseen, unceasing, through unending time,
I lose myself in vastnesses of space—
Then feel anew the oneness of the all.
I feel the throbbing melody of life
Vibrating through and through a nameless law—
The same that marks the tide's strong ebb and flow
And causes meteors to flash and fall,
And makes the sun to throw off rays of light—
Makes tiny dew-drops glisten on the grass
And rainbows blend in seven shades
Of seven mysteries, and mother-love—
Another ray reflecting law divine.

Alone in contemplation thus I dream
Nor know nor care the hours are slipping by,
For I am lost; by soul has wandered far.
The upland trail which brings eternal peace
Leads ever out and on tow'rd the Supreme.

E. V. MILLER.

The Stubbs Foundation

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH IT?

By Bolton Hall

COUNT it, please," I said to the teller of the Night & Day Bank, as I thrust the mass of crumpled bills into the little window.

"Eighty-seven thousand one hundred and one dollars," said he, as he straightened out the yellow ten and twenty thousand dollar notes, while my companion began to snore on the settee.

"Put it to my credit and (here I consulted the letter I had taken from the man's pocket) Shooter Stubbs—to be drawn on either name," I added.

The cashier stared at me. "Oh, a friend of mine," I explained, "a mining man, you know, got a lump of money and went off on a bat. I picked it up and I want it kept safe."

"Oh, all right, anything you say, Mr. Seton; just give me your signature and Mr. —"

"Stumps—Stubbs, I mean," I said; "he'll come in to-morrow and leave you his signature."

While the book was being made out I shook Stubbs into a half conscious condition and then bundled him off in a cab to the Buckingham Hotel, and gave the night watchman charge concerning him.

I thought Stubbs might have been drugged. The fact is, I had just met him in the cafe of the Buckingham, and he told me I was a "good fella—see that in a minit," he said, and gave me the roll. "Got plenty money," he said; "you take that."

"Why, you'll be robbed, man," I said.

"Robbed! Not much." He showed me the handle of a Colt's 45. "They don't rob Shooter Stubbs," he mum-

bled. "You'll know what to do with that money—give it away, or keep it; it's yours." So to save it, I took it to the bank.

In the morning the watchman told me a weird tale of how he was alone toward morning when Stubbs came down, fired at a devil he saw in the mirror back of the office (that part was true: it was a good shot) and ran out of the hotel. The night watchman was afraid to follow; besides he was alone in the corridor.

That was the last that ever was heard of Stubbs. Of course I advertised to find him, but though I did state the amount of the money, a reporter got part of the story, and it was a headliner for a few days.

The letter I took from his pocket was addressed General Delivery, from Coleman C. Briggs, an attorney in Billings, Montana; but inquiry there brought nothing but that Stubbs had given him ten thousand dollars some months before, and directed him to buy a U. P. bond (he gave me the number), and to give ten dollars a week, every Monday, to a young man who would call for it. If he failed to call for it the allowance was to stop, and "D—— it, give the bond to the Mormons or to the Devil."

Briggs wrote me he asked him why not leave the bond to the State, but Stubbs got mad and said that would only lighten the taxes for the land-owners, whom he hated. I judge he leased his mines.

A trip to Billings made after a year had passed brought no other result than that Shooter's protege was supposed to be an illegitimate son, though

he called himself Stubbs. He was quite a different sort of man from Shooter—a weakling, always half-drunk. He talked wildly of killing his mother, if he could only get away to Mexico—or to Brazil, he sometimes said. “Remittance men,” we used to call such fellows, paid to stay away from home.

Briggs said that Shooter had talked a little—saying he was “against the church and the charities and all such grafters,” but revealed nothing more personal of himself at Billings.

Seventeen years had passed and the money had grown to near a quarter of a million dollars.

Now, what was I to do with that money? Coates, my lawyer, said I should turn it over to the State, but I pointed out that at best this would pay part of the taxes, and so relieve the land speculators.

“Nonsense,” said Coates, “that’s the law. You have nothing to do with it.”

“But is it the law? Haven’t I something to do with it? And if I did turn it over, should I turn it over to Mexico or Montana? Besides, the man had given it to me. To be sure, I neither needed it nor wanted it, then or now. I had always puzzled over what to do with my own money. Relief in the form of philanthropy seemed to me to be only prolonging misery; like the Irishman who cut off the dog’s tail one inch a day.

“Now you know,” I said to Coates, “that every improvement in the condition of the earth, whether agricultural, mechanical, political, ethical, educational or even religious, goes eventually and mainly to the benefit of the owners of the earth; and just as far as you lighten the burden of the land owner, the price of land goes up. What benefit is that to the State or to anybody, perhaps not even to the land owners?”

“I see. But you’ve always got some new idea about everything,” said Coates. “Why aren’t you satisfied with things as they are?”

“The idea isn’t new,” I told him. “You know Thorold Rogers says,

‘Every highway, every bridge, every permanent improvement of the soil raises rent.’”

“Yes,” acknowledged Coates, “I know how the Brooklyn bridge raised rent in Brooklyn, all right. I made money on that.”

“I wish I knew where he got the money,” I said. “Probably a mine or some concession, or robbed somebody of it. If we knew, maybe we could make restitution, or at least know what to do with it.”

“Well, charities?” suggested Coates.

“You know our munificent donor did not like charities any more than he liked the church. Now come, Coates, how much do you give to the charities yourself?”

“I? I don’t give much; what I think I can spare I give to those that I care for. You know it seems to me that all our charities haven’t lessened poverty—they only demoralize people. They certainly lower wages by helping people to live cheap, and they subsidize the unfit, and I suppose they multiply them.”

“And they raise rents, too, don’t they?” I asked.

“Yes, I suppose they do—though sometimes they save lives anyhow.”

“That increases population and raises the rents some more,” I urged; “and prolongs the agony.”

“It does; you can’t help that; but I guess the landlords should take care of the charities. But you might build a library or a hospital.”

“My dear man, don’t you see that the very presence of a library raises rents? And if I build hospitals the city won’t have to. That lightens taxes again. Besides——”

Coates interrupted. “Yes, I know, you can show all that of any good thing. Are you going to stop good doings on that account?”

“Certainly not,” I answered; “but I am going to let the people do the good that get the good out of it—in their rents.”

Briggs, the Montana man, wrote me later that the Remittance Man in his drunken babble had revealed the fact

that Stubbs had taken up with a woman at Billings, a decent creature enough, with a child to support—whose we could not tell. After Shooter left she had made some kind of alliance with a ranch man who subsequently

died. Should I give the money to her? You see, I can't get any glory out of it. The quarter of a million is still growing.

I write this in the hope that some one will tell me what shall I do with it.

LIFE'S STRONGHOLD

Did the time ever come to you, my friend,
 When Fortune's face was pale,
 When the world looked blue and didn't ring true
 And the taste of life was stale;
 When you longed for a friend that understood,
 That traveled the path you trod,
 And you doubted Earth and you doubted Heaven,
 And you doubted the love of God?
 And you turned from the throng and the glare and the strife;
 You were stifled and choked, oppressed
 By the tinsel show and the mimic glow;
 One thing you wanted—rest.
 Rest and a friend—such simple words!
 Yet you wondered, didn't you,
 If the Mind that men call a God could make
 Such wonderful things come true.
 And you wandered away to the wilderness;
 Ah, the wilderness gave its call,
 The mountains and trees and the whirling breeze
 And the roaring waterfall.
 Then slowly the heartache began to fade
 And the numbing pain to cease,
 For the hills lent calm and the trees gave balm
 And the mountains brought you peace.
 And out of the ruin of hopes and dreams,
 And the ashes of worldly strife,
 Was fashioned a structure of wondrous power—
 'Twas a stronghold built for life.
 And the mountains furnished a base of strength
 Enduring and firm and free;
 And the walls were built of the hope of the hills
 And the blue lake's purity.
 And the glistening peaks of the snow-capped range
 Gave turret and dome and spire,
 And the whole was painted a mystic hue
 In the slanting sunset's fire.
 From out of the structure the mountains built,
 From its windows wide and high
 You saw the world with a broader view,
 With the light of the seeing eye.
 And slowly the understanding came
 Of a Mind that is loving, just,
 And you found the courage to live each day,
 The courage to live and trust.

MABEL E. AMES.



Tales of the Blackfeet

By Max McD.

PERHAPS the most interesting tribe of Indians in the Great West of Canada is the Blackfeet. This nation belongs to the great Algonkian linguistic stock, and comprises four bands on four separate reserves—Bollds, Blackfeet and Peigans, all resident in Southern Alberta, and South Peigan, located in Montana immediately south of the International Boundary line. These four bands with their allies, the Gros Ventres and Sarcees, formed the Blackfoot Confederacy, a powerful combination which for a century held by force of arms against all comers an extensive territory reaching from the Missouri river north to the Red Deer, and from the Rockies east to the Cypress Hills. The protection of their vast territory against invasion imposed upon the Indians a life of almost constant warfare with the numerous enemies surrounding them on all sides, and developed in them a proud and imperious spirit which, after more than thirty years of reservation life, is still the prominent characteristic of the Blackfeet.

No tribe of the plains has excited more admiration among observers competent to judge. Physically, they were

magnificent men, and at one time are said to have numbered from twenty to thirty thousand people.

L. V. Kelly, author of "The Ranch Men," has this paragraph regarding them:

"When the white men came to trade with the natives they found the Blackfeet a warlike race of magnificent horsemen, trappers of beaver, hunters of buffalo, living handsomely on the spoils of chase and war. They found them already engaged in almost incessant war with the Assinaboines and Crees; they found them treacherous, reckless, brave, underhanded as occasion required, and quite open to trade for whiteman's blankets, guns and whisky."

Their bitterest enemies were the Crees, who held the country in the vicinity of Edmonton. Something of the fear of this northern nation for the Blackfeet may be seen in a letter which Sweet Grass, chief of the Crees, dictated to W. J. Christie, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton, for transmission to the representative of the "Great Mother" at Ottawa, in 1876. In part it read:

"We want you to stop the Ameri-

cans from coming to trade in our lands and giving 'fire water,' ammunition and arms to our enemies, the Blackfeet."

That such an overture was neglected for years without untoward results is our good fortune.

It was death to a Cree to cross the Blackfeet border. Fortunately these wars with the Crees were often mere frays for the glory of young bucks seeking a reputation, not a war to the bitter end.

The Blackfeet did not allow white men in their territory. Captain Pallister was admitted in 1857 because he represented her Majesty and carried the British flag. Captain Butler also was allowed into their domains for the same reason. Reverend Father Scollen, who was the first white man to settle in Calgary, having a mission church there, says that while the Crees regarded white men as brothers, the Blackfeet regarded them as demi-gods, superior in intelligence and capable of doing the Indian good or ill.

They were proud, haughty and numerous. It is said there were some 10,000 of them in Canada in the sixties. They had a regular politico-religious organization. But in ten years their numbers decreased by half, and their organization fell into decay. The reason? The Americans about 1866 crossed the line, and established ten or more trading posts or forts where fire-water flowed freely, and hundreds of the poor Indians fell victims to the white man's craving for money. Some poisoned, some frozen to death while in a state of intoxication, many more were shot down by American bullets. In 1870 came small pox. In 1874 they are said to have been "clothed in rags, without furs and without guns."

It was this state of affairs that led to the mounted police being sent to Macleod to crush out this wanton debauching and robbing in the name of trade. In a few years they had gained again much of their former prosperity and became a peaceful tribe. Father Scollen is authority for the statement that in 1875 the Sioux Indians, who were at war in the United States,

wanted the Blackfeet to make an alliance with them to exterminate the whitemen in the land. This, he says, they flatly refused to do, because they saw that the white man of Canada was their friend and could be relied upon to do justly with them.

Thomas R. Clipsham, pioneer missionary of Protestant denominations to the Blackfeet, has had some interesting experiences in his work with the red men. Over a score of years ago he came, when there was little else on the bald, bleak prairie than coyotes, buffalos and Indians. He helped to run the fifth and third meridians in 1882, when it was a "sight for sore eyes" to see a white man. While thus engaged the party on a Sunday morning topped a rise near Fort Walsh to find an encampment of 2,000 Blackfeet with Big Bear as their leader. The valley, he tells, was covered with tepees, and the fear of the surveyors was great. It looked as though the old fort was surrounded. But all fear was dispelled when it was learned that the Indians had merely gathered to remind the authorities that their grub stake had disappeared. Once the larder had been replenished all signs of hostility vanished.

In 1884, Mr. Clipsham parted with \$54 for two days' travel over the dusty plains to get from Calgary to Macleod in a creaking and uncomfortable old stage. He had been directed by the Methodist Church to carry the gospel to the red man of Southern Canada west, and for long years he toiled amongst them, living their life and sharing their meagre comforts and many hardships.

This was during the time of the terrible Riel rebellion, when the mere mention of a white man stirred the fire of hatred in the red man's breast, and when the chief occupation of the warriors was fashioning bows and arrows. It was uphill work, especially as the Indians were none too ready to receive the ministrations of the pale face. They were busy plotting and scheming their deadly manoeuvres. But by faithful effort and diligent service



On the Blackfeet Reservation

the missionary worked his way into the confidence of the red men, and it was not long till he was thoroughly trusted and admired. He learned their tongue and their habits, attended their councils of war, and discouraged their plotting and scheming.

On one occasion he had an encounter which he will long remember as the most thrilling of his experiences. A daring and fearless brave became antagonized, and threatened to put the missionary off the reserve. He journeyed to the mission house and entered, but had his breath taken away by being immediately precipitated through the door. The brave went for two of his followers and returned with a tomahawk and whip to carry out his original intention, but he was vanquished as before. Crestfallen, he stood, while his companions smiled at him, and ever after he had great respect for the white man.

Many times during the rebellion, Mr. Clipsham couniled with the red men, advising them to keep out of the trouble. Toward the close of the siege he was asked by the chiefs on the Blood Reserve to offer his services to the government to help quell the disturbance. When the Crees held a council

with the Bloods for the purpose of uniting against the white men, his advice was followed by the Bloods, and they refused to have anything to do with the Crees, whom they called "assenah," or cut-throats.

Captain C. E. Denny tells that, in 1872, a Mexican and two associates left Helena, Montana, to pan the streams of the country held by the "plain Indians," the Blackfeet. After working along the Old Man's River one night about the end of August, the two partners had turned in for the night while the Mexican had made his bed under one of the camp wagons. He was suddenly aroused in the night by a thundering discharge of fire arms. Several of the shots found a place in his body, and he knew at once that they were being attacked by a party of Indians, who were hidden under the bank of the river only a few yards away. He called to his companions in the tent, but receiving no answer, he thereby concluded they must both have been killed at the first discharge. On his calling again he was greeted by another volley from under the bank, and felt himself again wounded.

The poor fellow managed to roll out from under the wagon and crawled in-

to the brush close by, where he lay for a short time. He heard no sound from his companions, but knew that the Indians were rounding up their horses and driving them off. He made his way, wounded though he was, through the brush and down the river toward the bend below. Here he waded into the stream, and sometimes swimming, sometimes wading, put some distance between himself and the camp.

What this Mexican underwent would be difficult to conceive, but he wandered down the river and then across a wide strip of prairie till he came to the banks of the St. Mary's river, a distance of at least one hundred miles. When at last discovered by a Peigan Indian in an old log shanty, he was out of his mind and almost dead. He had gone for thirteen days with nine bullets in his body, living on roots and berries the while.

Many tales of daring and nerve are told, of attack and reprisal; yes, and of heroism, too. In years somewhat later, Fred Kanouse, a prominent old-timer of the West and still alive, ran counter of a band of hostile Indians. He made a stand in a bend of the Old Man River on the old Pioneer Ranch, a point still pointed out by the youngsters of Macleod. When the Mounted Police arrived, seven dead Indians marked the pioneer's skill with his gun. Not far from the scene of this fight there is a dugout or log cabin where early settlers resisted repeated attacks of the Blackfeet.

In the early days of their reservation life, following 1877, deprived of the buffalo by the wholesale slaughter of these animals by the whites, they were in a perilous state, and took the ranchers' cattle as a gift from the Great Spirit. In 1879, the IV ranch found that it had 59 out of a bunch of 133 steers, and other ranchers had suffered equally or worse.

A terrible revenge is related in "The Ranch Men," in the story of the trader Evans, who mourning the loss of a partner while trading with Indians in the Cypress Hills, swore to enact an awful payment. Some time in the late

sixties, Evans and a partner were trading with the Blackfeet when the partner was killed by the Indians and their horses stolen. Evans swore revenge, and hastening to St. Louis, he is said to have purchased bales of blankets that were infected with a most virulent form of smallpox which had been raging there. Carefully wrapping these bales, he shipped them up the Missouri River, and when in the heart of the Indian country, left them on the banks for the first passerby. Of course, the red men seized upon this treasure trove with natural avidity, and the smallpox raged through the tribes, sweeping thousands into the happy hunting grounds.

One of the most interesting stories connected with the Blackfeet is told by A. H. D. Ross, Professor of Forestry in Toronto University. With Dr. R. T. McKenzie, now professor of medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Ross was a follower of the chain and lever, and encountered some very stirring experiences when surveying the trail from Macleod to Lethbridge, across the Blood Reserve of the Blackfeet tribe.

When the Indians were given their reserve the government did not make them understand that their old haunts were to be preserved to perpetuity. And so when the party of surveyors entered their domain a certain faction of the red men under the leadership of "Three Bulls" were inclined to make things unpleasant for them. They could not be made to understand that the party were doing them good, and they delighted to torment and frighten the pale faces. One of their favorite schemes of torture to the minds of the surveyors was the riding of their cayuses at full tilt toward the chain men while they were at work.

"They would come up to within four or five feet of us," tells Mr. Ross, "and stop with a jerk. When they saw that we didn't care, they would ride off and come back again at us harder than ever and closer than before. They had us pretty well buffaloed, but we stood our ground, and they finally left us to con-

coct some new means of bothering us. I don't think they would have been long in really doing us some harm had we not solicited the aid of old Chief Crowfoot, who was leader of the more peaceful faction of the same tribe.

"Piapot, the notorious Indian, who really started the Riel Rebellion, was a member of the Blood band, and all of his followers were viciously inclined. When we appealed to Crowfoot, the notorious ones were getting real blood-thirsty. Their favorite pastime was the pulling of all our stakes as soon as they were driven. But Crowfoot was a very wise and good Indian, and he had a great deal of influence with his own followers. After he had been apprised of the real meaning of our mission, he had no trouble in retaining peace. After that we were the best of friends with all the Indians, and often spent our Sundays teaching them acrobatic stunts which they appreciated very much.

"One of their favorite sports was racing around a stake on horseback against one of us on foot. They would place the amount of money they wished to bet on the ground, and if it were covered, the winner, who was usually the rider, would collect the spoils. The most marvelous thing in connection with their riding was the ease with which they could reach the ground from the backs of their horses when picking up the stakes."

Crop-Eared Wolf, the last of the old chiefs of the Blackfeet, died last year. He was head of the Blood band and had under him some 1,200 of the least civilized of the Indians of Canada. He was stern with his people, but kind with the white man so long as he did not infringe in any way on Indian rights.

Some six years ago an agitation was raised among the Indians to sell the southern half of their reserve, the largest in Canada. A price was offered that would have made every Indian on the reserve independently rich. But the old chief refused to agree to it. He would have nothing to do with the sale of Indian lands to the white man.

He insisted that the treaty gave the land to the Indians while water ran and the sun shone, and from this position he could not be moved.

One of the last things that Crop-Eared Wolf did before his death was to call a council of his minor chiefs and people, and make them promise that they would never sell their land to the whiteman.

The old chief was, of course, a brave. On more than one occasion he has bared his breast and shown the writer the scars of many a severe test. From his armpits to his very throat there were thong marks, but never in one of the ordeals did he flinch or show anything but the bravery that would one day make him a chief of his band.

It will surprise most people to know that Crop-Eared Wolf had a comfortably furnished home. Carpets covered the floors. A modern range did the cooking instead of the open fire of the teepee. Iron bedsteads replaced the blanket on the ground. Lamps lit the house, blinds covered the windows, cooking utensils were in their proper place, and a table was set such as any man might dine at.

Wolf became an adherent of the Roman Catholic faith. At his funeral a brass band composed of Indian boys from the boarding schools played "Nearer My God to Thee," and instead of the old chief passing out to the happy hunting grounds of his forefathers, he died in the faith of the Son of God, and went to be with Him.

The Blackfeet tribe of Indians is the richest of any group of people in Canada. It is a peculiar coincidence that a tribe of Indians closely related to the Black feet is the richest group in the United States. The total wealth of the Blackfeet including their annual yearly income, is \$10,987,250. This, divided among 2,329 bucks, squaws and papooses, will give them average per capita wealth of \$4,675. It is well known that squaws and Indian children control no part of the wealth of the nation. If the immense sum credited to the Blackfeet were divided among the males over 20 years it would give

each \$16,445. Ten is not considered large for an Indian family, but if we could suppose there were seven members to each family among the Blackfeet, the head of each household would control the immense sum of \$32,725.

There are many interesting legends and traditions among the Blackfeet. The most interesting of these has to do with a famine in the land of the Blackfeet which is said to have prevailed from 1835 to 1837. The legend is told by a Blackfoot Indian of education and refinement living on the South Peigan Reserve in Montana. At that time the Blackfeet Indians owned everything from the Hudson's Bay to the Rockies Mountains, and in all that land there was no green spot except in the valley which is called Two Medicine. Even the buffalo left the country because there was no food for them.

The old men of the tribe built lodges in this valley of Two Medicine and worshipped the Great Spirit, and prayed that they might be saved from the famine. And the Great Spirit heard them and directed them to send seven of their patriarchs to the top of Chief Mountain, where the Wind God was then residing. They followed these directions, but the old men were afraid to go near to the Wind God to make their prayer, and after their long journey they went back empty handed to their people.

The Medicine man then directed them to send fourteen of their bravest young warriors to intercede with the Wind God. These young men eventually reached him and made their prayer. He listened, and his wings quivered and quivered, and gradually clouds began to gather over the plains, and the rain fell as in a deluge. He stretched one wing over the plains, telling them in this way to go back out there and they would find the famine gone.

The young men returned to their people and they found that already the buffalo had returned and the famine was gone.

The Blackfeet is still the largest tribe of Indians in the world. They have become quite peaceful, and where it once took several detachments of Royal Northwest Mounted Police to keep them in subjection, now one policeman on each of the three reserves is all that is necessary. Government agents are in charge, and competent instructors in the various crafts and in agriculture direct the work of those who have a desire to become self-supporting.

Good schools are established, and the religious life of red men cared for by the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches. Notwithstanding diligent mission work, there are sixty per cent of the Blackfeet still in paganism.

THE PICNIC

The bee drew all the nectar
 From honeysuckle vines,
 And cloying sweets that slumbered
 In purple columbines.

He took a tear of bleeding heart's,
 And with a sunbeam stirred,
 Then spread it on his primrose plates
 And called the humming-bird.

SADIE BELLE NEER.

The Problem

By Ralph Cummins

THE man shifted his rifle from shoulder to crooked elbow, and half-slid down the steep, frost-covered bank.

"Durn that tooth!" he muttered. "I'd oughta had it yanked out."

Caressing his red-bearded cheek, he swung round the splintered stump of a giant cedar, and stepped out upon the natural bridge formed by a hundred feet of its trunk. He was met by a volley of shot-like snow that rattled down the canyon.

For six winters Burd Quigley had crossed on that fallen cedar. Bridging the rocky gulch, it was a time and labor saver, and had become as much a part of the trap line trail as Buckhorn Pass and the granite ledge above the big slide. Now, on his first round of the season, the trapper merely noted that his foot-log was still in place, and with his usual confidence waddled forward upon it. Accommodating his short, choppy steps to the log's undulations, he allowed his weight to increase the rolling motion.

A splitting, falling crash, and a twenty-foot piece of the small end of the log rolled into the canyon. The broken end of the main trunk fell ten feet, and lodged against the bank. The man slipped down the incline, scratched wildly at the loose bark, rolled off, and fell heavily upon the frozen creek-bed.

He was conscious of a jarring shock, and a blinding pain in his head. For a moment he lay quite still, with his eyes closed, then his powerful will dragged his senses from the brink of unconsciousness. His first mental effort informed him that the toothache was gone.

Opening his eyes, he saw the still

waving foot-log; had he been standing he could nearly have touched its under side. He raised first one hand, then the other; with a snort of disgust at his mishap he rose to a sitting position and looked for his rifle. His searching glance traveled no farther than his outstretched legs.

Into his brain flashed a deadening, hammer-like blow, followed by a surging wave of dread. For a long time he did not move, but stared at the two feet resting upon the gravel. Then in a dazed, mechanical manner he produced pipe, plug and knife, and shaved the tobacco into his hand. But his trance-like gaze never wandered from the revelation of that right foot lying heel up, before him.

"Busted my leg! I sure busted my leg!"

He spoke aloud, but quietly, with nothing of the irritation that he had bestowed upon the aching tooth.

He lit his pipe and settled down on one elbow. Sharp twinges prodded to life a dull gnawing in the injured leg. His mind raced back over the years to the painful "shinny" games of his boyhood.

"Busted my shin! Now here's a purty mess. Busted my old shin!"

He swung to the other elbow, and glanced up the canyon. Mighty granite boulders littered the creek-bed; fir and hemlock and cedar trees towered from the banks; in the distance, grim and forbidding, rose a snow-capped ridge.

Slowly into his groping mind pressed insistently the reluctant thought that beyond that white summit, three long days down the rough Shackleford, lay the habitation of his nearest neighbor. Sixty miles of soft snow and jumbled

rocks! In summer, three days' travel—well-nigh impassable now, with the cliff-like drifts guarding the ridges and the cold north slopes.

Lowering himself upon his back, he clasped his hands under his head, and forced his mind to a frank survey of his predicament. His nearest neighbor was Bill Wade, a homesteader on Little Elk Creek. That was sixty miles, and it was ten miles from Wade's to Red Bank, the little mining town where he worked summers. In all directions frowned the barrier of the snow-bound Sierras. He had often congratulated himself on the fact that his trapping ground was well off the beaten track, in fact it was his boast that during the six seasons he had spent in the Marble Range, he had never had a human caller. His line of thought raced up to the present, and encountered the knowledge that it was ten miles to his camp—ten miles to shelter and food.

An extra twinge drew his mind from the gloomy outlook. Firmly grasping his ankle, he turned the leg over. The bowl of his brier pipe fell to the ground—he had bitten through the rubber stem. With quiet deliberation he removed his shoe, unlaced his canvas legging, and ripped the seam of his blue overalls. He hesitated over the leg of his woolen drawers, then ripped it down the side and slashed it off at the knee. Somewhere he had heard that an injury was much less dangerous if the skin was not broken. With great relief he discovered that the fractured bone had not punctured the skin. While his jaw clamped, and his eyes grew to hard slits, he poked and prodded. All that he could determine was that the shin bone was broken near its center.

Again he filled his pipe, and again, with filmy gaze, he regarded the broken limb. But his mind was no longer inactive; it had begun to grapple with the problem. First he tried to recall what he had heard of mountain accidents.

The list was not an encouraging one. There was the squatter on Indian

Creek who had slashed his foot with an axe and bled to death. He remembered hearing Old Dan Morgan tell of a man breaking his arm and traveling two hundred miles to the outside. Then he had read of a miner who had shot himself, and had tried to amputate his foot; his body had been discovered the next spring. He called up a vague history of a score of such injuries, but a review of them served only to deepen the hopelessness of his position. Several times his mind dwelt for a moment upon the horror with which he had always thought of an accident when alone.

From an open contemplation of the serious possibilities he hurried to more practical reminiscences. He brought to mind his meagre knowledge of anatomy, and tried to remember the things that were so vital in the task before him. Never during the course of an adventurous life had he witnessed the reduction of a fracture. Still, an enlightening chapter from the past rose before him, and he grasped it eagerly. He had prospected, one summer, with a man who limped because his leg had not been properly set. The man had a grievance against the hospital that had treated him, and never tired of telling all the details of how the malpractice occurred. The prospector's leg had been broken above the knee, but Quigley could not see that that made the case very much different from his own. For a long time he prowled about in his memory of that man's camp-fire tales.

He looked at his watch. It was noon. Again he examined the fracture. Rolling up overalls and drawers on the other leg, he probed long and thoughtfully about the bone. Then for a solid hour he sat and studied, and figured, and planned.

When, finally, he went to work, it was with the same air of confident determination that he displayed in setting a trap or in hunting a deer. Bedding the throbbing leg upon his mackinaw jacket, he hitched backward, an inch at a time, until he sat upon a large, flat rock. A clump of straggling willows

clung to the lower end, while above the rock dropped twenty feet. Seated with his back to the willows, and with his legs extending up the slope, he removed his belt and gray flannel shirt. Cutting the sleeves from the shirt, he folded it into a pad, and slipped it under the injured member.

After throwing countless stones, he succeeded in starting a slide that brought within his reach several large splinters from the shattered cedar. With his small axe and his pocket knife, he fashioned two crude boards six inches wide and three feet long. One of these splints he poked under each side of the flannel shirt padding. He then cut a four-foot splint, and laid it beside him.

Next, with his belt and the sleeves of the shirt, he made a short rope, to one end of which he fastened a stone as large as he could handle. Tying the other end of the rope to the willows, he rolled the stone to the edge above, and lowered it as far as the rope would let it go. He then untied the end near him, and made it fast to his foot.

His face went white as the snow in the crevice beside him. Great beads of icy sweat ran down upon his beard. His body grew rigid, as his hands, served by the iron of his will, gripped his knee, and pulled against the heavy weight.

He could feel and hear the grinding of the broken ends. With one hand he clutched a willow stub behind him, while with the other he manipulated the bone in an effort to line it to its natural position. Followed an endless round of pulls upon the stub, slight adjustments of the fractured parts, and slow relaxations to determine results.

At last he was satisfied. His exploring fingers assured him that the ends fitted perfectly. With a sigh of relief he filled and lit his pipe. After cutting the leg of the overalls into bandages, he drew the splints up on each side of his leg, and slipped the long board underneath in such a position that the other rested upon it. While the rock weight held the leg in place, he made the whole rigid by the appli-

cation of a number of strings and bandages. He was especially careful to secure the foot in such a position that it could not move. When the binding was completed, he removed the weight, and from the sleeve-rope made a sling which he tied to the three splints at his foot, and adjusted to a proper length around his neck. He next made two rough crutches from sticks of cedar.

He saw his rifle lying among the rocks, but decided against taking it. He was particular, however, to fix its location in his mind, using for that purpose a clump of willows and a leaning hemlock on the bank. Replacing his belt and jacket, he prepared to rise, then paused to look at his watch. It was after four.

Supporting himself upon the upheld crutches, he drew his sound leg back, and with painful deliberation raised himself until he stood erect, the injured leg, held up by the sling around his neck, sticking out in front. Thoughtfully planning each step, considering each smallest movement, he climbed the bank. He was forced to proceed crab-like, with the projecting leg parallel with the bank, and over much of the distance he dragged himself upon his left side, taking advantage, with hand and foot, of every bush and stone. It was terrible work, but, true to his plan, he went at it slowly, did not hurry, and never grew impatient over his slow progress. Not for an instant did he allow the consuming pain to urge him to attempt a faster gait.

The blustery November day had faded to a chill, frosty night when he drew himself upon the last rock at the top of the bank. The fact that it was night caused him not an extra pang of depression. He knew that he must camp out, not one night, but two; he had even decided on the location of the first camp, and had recommended to himself a good spot for the second. He knew that he had ten miles to go, and that he must cover that distance before he could hope to obtain food. He fully understood the dangers that lurked along

that rough trail, and realized that only by the most snail-like creeping could he escape a dangerous fall. He worked out a schedule of half a mile an hour, and began dividing the long trail into half-mile stretches, with a resting place at the end of each.

It was very dark when he started on, but the wind had gone down, and although there was the sharp bite of frost in the mountain air, the sky had cleared and the stars were coming out. He proceeded with the greatest caution. Each simple movement that went into the making of a step received the full power of his mind. It was a problem whose solution he first thought out to the most minute detail, and then executed with the most rigid faithfulness to his plan. He moved a crutch only after assuring his perfect balance upon the sound foot and the other crutch; he planted the crutch only after a careful testing of the new position. His progress was slow and painful, but it was steady and sure, and an hour of hobbling agony took him across the flat to the foot of a ridge up which he must climb. Penetrating a fir thicket, he reached a large pine that had been razed by the storms of the previous winter, and in the dry windfall of its top he prepared to spend the night. Soon he had a fire started, and with unlimited fuel at hand he stretched himself on the ground.

Only short naps were possible, for the wood was dry and burned down very rapidly. Numberless times he awoke, chilled through, and was compelled to rekindle his fire, to the accompaniment of shivering body and chattering teeth. Each time, however, before surrendering himself to sleep, he prepared shavings and a pile of twigs that he might build the fire quickly when next the cold awakened him.

The pain in the leg bothered him principally through the frightful dreams that it induced. Once he dreamed that it was the jumping nerve of the bad tooth that was disturbing him. He awoke with an ear-

nest oath, which changed to a chuckle when he realized that the tooth was quiet.

"I reckon that bump sure knocked the toothache."

The long night passed. Shortly before daylight the moon rose, and by the aid of its light Quigley cut two saplings and made a better pair of crutches. When these were completed, and padded to his satisfaction, he left the warm comfort of the fire, and began toiling up the ridge. It was a clear morning, and soon the rising sun cheered from his whistling lips a garbled version of a bar of opera. During his periods of rest, he feasted his eyes on the white, sharply defined teeth of the Western summit.

In walking, deliberation seemed to become a mania. Methodically, slowly and with infinite care he shifted one crutch, then the other, and lastly his foot. Over and over he performed the same series of movements, but they never became mechanical or voluntary; each step was different from every other step, and each foot of ground presented a fresh problem.

As time passed, the heavy, grinding pain became worse. The leg was swelling, and each time he rested he tried to relieve the throbbing by changing the bandages one by one.

Noon found him on the summit of a ridge with one-third of the distance behind him. His tobacco was getting low, and he figured out a schedule of smokes. He must make just so many half-mile marches between them. The weakness of hunger menaced him more and more, yet he forced his mind from that phase of his suffering, and only during his spells of relaxation did he allow himself to think of the pot of beans in the Dutch oven, or permit his imagination the luxury of menu building.

That night he camped on a live oak flat and had a better fire. The pain was greater and the leg was swollen to the hip. The night was an eternity of semi-consciousness, half-asleep, half-delirium.

A bright morning cleared his head.

Sunrise found him dragging his aching body through the same endless methodical steps. With his entire will and mind concentrated upon the act of walking, he was able to subdue, in a measure, the sense of pain. If anything, he became more deliberate, and paused after each complete step to study and map the trail ahead. He was so weak that only his powerful will held him to the half-mile between rests, and to the agonizing effort of resuming his journey after the five minutes' relaxation.

To the life time of the last mile he gave the same thought and care that he devoted to the first. Just at dusk he trudged wearily into the little meadow above the cabin, and his throbbing eyes caught the welcome gray-brown of the shake roof. He reached the woodpile, fifteen feet from the cabin door, and calmly eased himself down upon a stump. He scraped the last tobacco into his pipe and lit it with the last match.

Five minutes he rested. Then with that same wonderful patience, he forced his tortured body to the shack. The step that took him across the threshold was just as slow, and just as carefully executed, as each of the thousands that had gone before.

He kindled a fire on the great stone hearth, congratulating himself on having filled the corner with wood and the tin bucket with water. From a box just outside the door he pawed a chunk of frozen venison, which he chopped into small pieces and dropped into a granite-ware pot. Not until his meal was cooking did he stretch out upon the bunk. Later he threw a handful of rice into the pot, and when it was cooked he ate sparingly of the mixture. He was too tired to care about eating, and had to force himself to the necessary effort. He dozed the night away in a maze of dreams in which his crutches carried his burning body over endless trails. Always a red-garbed devil, with a chain on the projecting foot, yanked him forward.

In the morning he ate lightly of broiled venison, and limited himself

to one cup of coffee. He realized the possibility of trouble from his eating, and continually reminded himself that the real fight had just begun.

After breakfast he heated a pail of water, built a padded rest for the broken leg, and carefully removed the bandages and splints. The whole leg was swollen and inflamed. From toes to hip the skin was stretched seemingly to the bursting point. The ceaseless pounding welcomed the thought of a knife-thrust to relieve the drum-like tension. With increasing dread he poked about the break. He found that, although he could run his finger over the shin bone with but slight discomfort, there was in the calf below a gnawing agony that shrank from his slightest touch. It felt as if the muscles must be gripped in monstrous, crushing jaws. He fingered the sore spot cautiously, then transferred his attention to the foot, which persisted in an unnatural outward thrust. Finally he gave up the examination, and for an hour applied hot cloths to the glistening skin.

He lay upon the rude bunk all day, and drove his mind to work above the torture of that insistent pain. Again he went back to his study of anatomy, and tried hard to remember the construction of the lower leg. He knew that there were two bones in his forearm, because he could feel them, and also because he could turn his hand over. It was only after many hours of worrying study of his sound leg, and after many twistings of his foot and wiggings of his toes that the solution came.

"Sure, that's it! They's two bones."

He thought the swelling and the pain were caused by his failure to set the broken inner bone, and reasoned that he must attend to it before he could expect relief. So he fortified his nerve with a pot of black coffee, and prepared to undergo the terrible ordeal again. As before, he attached a weight, and hung it over the foot of the bed. Hoping to keep the shin bone in place, he pressed a small piece of wood back of the bone on

each side, and heroically shut a No. 2 steel trap upon the sticks.

He worked upon his iron nerve alone—with only a blind, dogged will to guide the pressure of his hands. Clammy perspiration oozed from his forehead and trickled into his eyes. Impatiently he brushed it away, and begrudged his hands the time that act required. For an eternity he pulled and pressed and twisted, with no apparent result. Always it seemed as if the foot bent farther outward. At last with a desperate wrench he turned the foot strongly inward, and felt the bone slip into its place.

Fainting, he lay back and rested. Driving himself back to his task, he tried to convince his doubting mind that the ends of the inner bone met without having between them any of the muscles or tendons. Although far from satisfied, he at last desisted, with the self-consolation that he had done the best that he could.

He replaced the pads and splints and bound them on. During the afternoon he fell asleep; when he awoke it was morning. He was relieved to find that the swelling had gone down and that the pain was less. He ventured to the spring and to the wood pile. He "brought in" the wood by seating himself and throwing each stick as far as he could; four throws landed it inside the cabin door.

It was the middle of November when Burd Quigley broke his leg, and except to get wood and water, he did not go out until the second week in December. Then the danger of possible famine forced the trapper to strenuous action.

He poked three snowshoes from the rafters, and applied himself to the task of fitting them to his crutches. Across the tops of two of the snowshoes he nailed pieces of board, and to these he fastened the ends of his crutches. Ramming a handful of slugs

into his old muzzle-loading shotgun he made his way out, and climbed through the soft snow. He found snowshoeing less dangerous than walking on bare ground, but no more speedy. In a clump of open timber a mile from the cabin he jumped a bunch of deer and was fortunate in getting a shot at twenty-five feet. He spent the afternoon dragging a hundred pound deer down to camp. The venison answered the food question, and he prepared to remain inside until his leg was well.

At Christmas time he removed the splints, and began to step lightly on the foot as he hobbled about the cabin. He spent many hours kneading, patting and rubbing the sore, flabby muscles.

Soon he began to take easy snowshoe trips about the camp. Then he established a short trap line that grew longer each day, until late in January he ventured out upon the long triangle line that took three days to cover.

From that time he tore savagely into his work, in the hope of making up for lost time. The snowfall was light, and because all his fur was caught late, it was all prime.

Twice during the winter he had a return of the toothache. Each time he became irritable and complaining, and swore lurid oaths of vengeance against the cause of his discomfort.

Late in April he collected and oiled his traps and stored them in the stone-walled cellar under the cabin. With his winter's catch on his back, he swung, limping slightly, down the trail.

At Wade's he stopped.

"Hello, Burd," greeted the old squatter. "How'd you make it?"

"Purty good. All prime. I put in an awful winter, though. I got a rotten tooth that gave me the devil. I'll sure get it pulled out before next winter."

The "Perfect Fool"

By Ruth Huntoon

AS a Western paragrapher recently and modestly puts it—"Bandits may wander around in my neighborhood with absolute safety." When a man is suddenly confronted with the business end of a forty-four, he puts up his hands and his money. That is, he does if he has good sense. The fellow who tries anything else is either making a fool of himself, or the Lord has saved him the trouble.

Now Billy had figured all this out, and when he took the job of express messenger for the Western Pacific he did not hesitate to say so.

"That's all right, Louisdale," old Sam Hood had said. "You're free to do as you see fit when the time comes, but I hope it won't." So Billy had gone his way, his conscience at rest, and had also gone on making as violent love to the girl of his choice as he dared.

Making love to Elsa was almost as hazardous an undertaking as outwitting bandits, to Billy's notion. He was mortally afraid of Elsa's tongue. She had a discouraging way of laughing at him and his ambitions. Billy had been a bit spoiled. He was one of those versatile chaps who can do nearly anything, but nothing well enough to capitalize. A fund of parlor tricks made him popular, but were not remunerative. Rather small, he was close-knit and muscular, and could put up a round of boxing that was the pride of his friends, but which had its limits. He was a good shot, but rarely did more than target practice. Elsa's manner of appreciating him made him feel like a cheap imitation.

"You—the head of a house!" she had laughed with unaffected scorn of his capabilities. "You—the mainstay

of a wife and 'steen small children—the backbone of an establishment! Oh, Billy, dear, not you—ever!"

Billy rather felt that the 'steen small children was anticipating, but Elsa's point was not to be disputed.

His advance to the position of express messenger from the office was the result of steady plodding and accuracy. The new route was a long and lonely one, and he could only see Elsa twice a week. She had been somewhat surprised that he had taken the promotion because of this, but if she missed the constant worship at her shrine she did not tell. Louisdale was soon on pleasant terms with all the train crew. Conductor Nagel was his especial pet.

As the Express tore her way through Terril County on the night of Billy's thirteenth trip, he was almost glad it was dark. He had left the good cheer and friendly guying over unlucky numbers a long way behind him. To look out upon the barren stretches of the ranch country was even worse company than not to see them. He was thankful for the stop at Dryton. It gave Nagel a chance to flash him a comforting signal that he would be up his way for a visit, soon.

Billy's responsibilities held him fast to his car, and he was more than ordinarily careful to-night because of a package given into his keeping at Gaviion. He was interested in Nagel's message, and Nagel himself was too busy watching for Billy's answering sign to notice the couple who boarded the train in a fashion of their own.

The conductor was puzzled when the Express slowed down again some ten miles out. He started Lee, the porter, ahead to investigate, and sitting un-

interrupted in a seat of the day coach nearly fell asleep.

Louisdale had kept an eager lookout for his friend, but as the train made its second stop he decided something had gone wrong, and that Nagel was busy pacifying passengers.

Disappointed that chance had robbed him of a few minutes' pleasant company and nursing a very mild grouch at the number thirteen and at the girl who didn't care, he busied himself checking up his accounts again and pushed the Gaviion package farther out of sight.

With his book still open before him, his attention was attracted to the mallet lying alongside the ice-box, and he picked it up. He was wondering whimsically how much it would weigh, when the Express jerked with a jar, as though uncoupling. He looked at his watch, calculated their distance from Dryton, and fell to speculating upon their possible mishap. Lee called to him on his way to the engine.

"Break?" questioned Louisdale.

"We done run down some trouble on your bad luck number," grinned Lee. "Er the old man's stoppin' to git a squint at this here scenery. God knows there's enough."

Billy waited awhile staring out into the night. Not a star was in sight. Nothing relieved the blackness but the glow of the long train as he leaned out to look. Turning back to the comparative cheerfulness of his car, he went over to close his ledger. Another item attracted his notice, and Louisdale looked it over again to be sure. He heard Lee making his way back, and turned to intercept him.

"Hands up!"

Not an instant's warning. The proverbial man and his more than proverbial gun were not six feet away.

Billy's fingers itched for the mallet behind him, but with the first tingle came the thought of his carefully worked out theory. The man who mixed up with the owner of those alert, pale eyes behind the mask would not last long enough to call himself names. Contrary to most philosophers, Billy

put his system into practice, though even as he did so Elsa's rather quiet acceptance of his consistent arguments troubled him.

"Go ahead," he said disgustedly, "I am not fighting you; I don't get fighting wages."

"Good," snapped the other; "you know which side your bread is buttered. Maybe you can help get the stuff across the Rio."

Billy felt the motion of the train again. Slowly the express car moved ahead with the engine. Try as he would, Louisdale could not keep down the desire to make some move. Excitement was fast conquering reason. He stared straight past the tense trigger finger in front of him, under the man's arm and out the door. Then came the sound of a shot.

There is a very old ruse that has been worked so many times upon the man "who holds the drop" that an experienced outlaw will not fall for it. It consists of signing to an imaginary person behind the hold-up's back to make him turn. This man knew his business. Billy really had no intention of trying anything so simple, and at the same time so desperate. He denies it strenuously even now. He insists that he hardly knew he had shifted his position. He claims it was pure fright which made him back a step or two as he threw up his hands so that he stood beside the ice-box. However all this may be, when he actually saw the form of Nagel, the conductor, running past the door and headed toward the rear of the train, the expression upon his face and in his eyes was too much for the man behind the mask.

The outlaw whirled, and it was then that Billy's theories went begging. To catch up the mallet and to strike was an action quicker than his wits could be expected to work. Really, as he says, he was not responsible. Impulse is a factor rarely considered, but always to be reckoned with in a crisis.

That the man he struck went down like a stone and without a sound was due, of course, to one of Billy's show

accomplishments, and having done that much he felt that for his own protection he must finish what he had begun. Appropriating the stranger's gun Louisdale waited with a quietness that belied his explanation of it afterward.

A call came from outside, and almost simultaneously a form sprang within the doorway of the car.

Billy fired.

The man spun round and slid along the casing to the floor. Billy bent over him, but he was evidently done for. Then the messenger crept back to his hiding place to wait again. Five—ten—fifteen minutes. He heard the sound of tramping horses up ahead and a man's voice urging them as they grew more indistinct.

"Careful, boys; they've collected in the Express—poor Billy!"

It was Nagel's voice, and poor Billy poked his head out.

"What's doing?" he called.

"For God's sake, where's the gang?" cried Nagel.

"Somebody's got away on the nags out there," Billy answered. "I've got two. Come in, you all, and hog-tie 'em. They're waking up."

Billy wouldn't stand for the celebration. Nothing was missing from the mail coach excepting what the second man carried.

They found the tracks of three horses beside the engine. The engineer and the fireman had been covered and ordered to pull ahead with the express car; then Lee had met the same fate. The man who brought the horses had held the three men and waited for the signal from his friends which did not come. His path led straight across the border into Mexico, but it was the Sheriff, next day, who found it.

Nagel had followed Lee to investigate the trouble, and they had just missed getting him as he made his run back to the coaches. There he had started a man back to Anderson to telegraph ahead the details of their plight. Digging out the scattered weapons and volunteers from among the passengers, he had determined to make what stand he could against the outlaws. When he found that Billy Louisdale had cornered the supply, there was nothing for it but to take off their hats to Billy and to hold a jubilee over his unpleasant companions.

They whooped it up in San Antonio until Billy had to hide, so he took the reward that the civil authorities had given him for his services, and the watch tendered him by the express company, with an inscription in it that made him blush, and went to Elsa. Something had to be done soon to restore his equilibrium, but Elsa rather failed him.

"Billy," she began well enough, as she led him into the hall, "I'm very proud and very thankful."

Billy wondered what was coming.

"I'm glad," he told her politely. "First for you, and then because those two fellows finally woke up. It isn't a good feeling, somehow, to think you've killed a man; but I hadn't much time to figure. The boss has offered me a job in town and a raise. Do you want us, Elsa—the raise and me?"

Elsa still held him off, but Elsa's eyes were very friendly.

"Billy," she demanded, "what was it you called a man who didn't put up his hands?"

"A perfect fool," acknowledged Billy, meek enough, apparently, "and I am," as he drew her close, "about you."



The Maid of the Moonstone

By Billee Glynn

SHE had hair of that golden brown hue which is poetic either in shadow or light. Her eyes matched it, having almost a tinge of red, but wonderfully deep and soft. In form she was neither slender nor buxom, but of that medium mold which invites two ways. The same thing could be said of her height. Her hands had the graceful inflections of flames. She was filling tea. It was her own little room, and a little table was set at one side, with a deep and luxurious chair beside it, into which in a moment she meant to sink.

It was a habit of hers to make tea for herself thus in her own room late at night—environed by the dainty knickknacks and pictures that seemed to belong to her personality—and to sip it with her own peculiar thoughts and dreams. What her position in society, as the Mayor's eldest daughter, compelled of her, she threw off when here.

And on hot summer nights she kept her window high open so that she could see the stars. It was like letting her soul loose.

The room was three stories up. It was all the greater wonder, then, how the man could have entered. But he stood there, regarding her through a red mask that looked as though it might have been stolen from some carnival, when she turned about from filling the tea. She gave a breathless gasp and shrank back on the table. The man had a hand behind him as though about to draw a deadly weapon. In a jerky, nervous, automatic way the phrase "presence of mind" drifted through her brain.

She smiled—that is, she thought she smiled. "I see that you are a bur-

glar," she said. "Will you have some tea with me?"

The invitation was evidently so startling that the burglar removed his mask with a jerk. Then he stood, handsome, and six-foot, smiling quizzically at her.

"By Jove," he answered, "if it's on the square I will give up everything else for that pleasure."

"It's on the square," she averred. "I will not call the police. You see, I have never had tea with a burglar before."

His manner became cordial instantly. "And I promise you," he said, "that you will be perfectly safe with me. You need not be nervous."

"I am not." It was quite true. She had recovered herself completely. Since he had stepped out of the night to her, the night of countless stars in which she dreamed, it was her mood, even her zest, to accept him. She could fancy herself welcoming an inhabitant of Mars in the same manner. And nothing that he could say or do, she knew, would surprise her.

Having set another place, and filled his tea, she sank in her big chair regarding him. His face was peculiarly intense, with clever eyes and clear skin. To his form and movements pertained something of a tigerish grace. He was alert and high-strung, yet, withal, a person of unusual and deep reserves. He pleased her in that she might well expect anything of him. His apparent attributes fitted the hour and the occasion.

"How long have you been a burglar?" she asked in a perfectly matter-of-fact way.

"Oh, ever since"—he paused, eyeing her sharply. "You promise, of course,

that nothing will ever be repeated?"

"Are you not going to trust me?" she asked. And his eyes fell before her look. She changed her question.

"Did you come here to steal my jewels?"

For a considerable pause, and while her glance covered him, he made no reply. He seemed to be thinking intensely. Then he acquiesced suddenly. "Yes, your jewels! I had heard of them. In fact, I had seen them. A pearl necklace, isn't there, with a topaz pendant—the gift of an Indian Prince who put it on your neck one night at a ball in London, then chivalrously ran away, leaving it with you?"

"Seen them!" she echoed, repeating with opened eyes what had struck her most. "How could you possibly have seen them?"

"Well, I combine two professions. Besides being a burglar, I am a reporter on a newspaper. When not engaged in stealing jewels I take it out in reputations. Sometimes I have even the pleasure of writing up my own burglaries. I have reported different functions of society at which you were present. I always felt sorry for you, as it seemed to me you were a little too good for that sort of thing."

"So you concluded to come and steal my jewels."

The blood leaped for an instant to his face. "I thought, perhaps, you would not appear in society so often if you did not have them."

"Then you think I am vain." There was a touch of the roused eternal feminine in her tone.

"No; but jewels are expected of a young lady of your social position and reputed wealth. You, yourself, are too beautiful to need them."

"That is a rank compliment."

"An Irishman always speaks from his heart."

"Yes, to every woman he meets."

He leaned back in his chair and gave vent to a gust of low, melodious laughter. She was regarding him in a purely intuitive way as if summing him up.

"I am inclined to believe," she pro-

nounced, "that you are the devil."

He returned her look with interest. "In that case," he replied with a sweet seriousness, "you would make me sorry, Miss Gray, that I were not human. But I am simply a poor thief, with a respectable profession on the side. The plan is common enough, particularly in society."

"But how did you become a thief?"

She had set her elbows on the table, and, resting her head on her hands, was studying him deeply. He had sunk into a sort of restfulness in which his personality seemed invulnerable. His complete unconsciousness was like a mask in all it offered, yet failed to reveal; perhaps, because, within it, his own intelligence roved with such nonchalance, surety and ease. Without quite understanding him, but interested to do so, she felt perfectly at home with him. He exhibited what few men possess—a perfect capacity for comradeship with a woman.

"Will you not tell me," she urged, prompting his silence and refilling his cup.

"It is a somewhat long and unusual story."

"You are simply adding to my curiosity." She leaned over and touched his hand with a finger, then two. "Do tell me."

"You would not believe it if I did. You could not realize how unusual some of my failings are."

"I do not think that I am quite ordinary myself. It is scarcely customary to take tea by oneself, or with a burglar, at this hour in one's own room."

"Pardon me! You are a poem; but I am crazy. If I thought you would understand——"

"I assure you I shall." Her brown eyes were bent upon him seriously, even sympathetically, meeting the undisturbed quality of his glance with one as steady. Except for the swish of the warm breeze outside the open window, and the golden, pulse-like beating of the clock on the mantel, a deep silence filled the room; one of those silences that suggest fairy dan-

cing and the restrained bass of gnomes, or weird, tripping music at once emotional and sylvan.

"Very well, then," he consented, at length, "I will tell you. It was through being on a newspaper that I acquired a passion for jewels. You will remember the notorious Stanhope robbery of three years ago, when Mrs. Stanhope, formerly Lady Beaufort, lost a quarter of a million dollars' worth of gems. Well, I reported it for the New York Sun. Also I caught the thief."

The tender red of the lips opposite him opened slightly in admiration. "You caught the thief?"

"Yes, but before I go any further, Miss Gray, would you mind telling me who has just entered the room adjoining yours? It is your father's den, isn't it?"

She had been so interested that she had paid no attention to the slight sound of footsteps or a door being opened in the hall without. In her present mood, her own four walls were her natural circumference, outside of which there was nothing.

"Yes, it is father's den, but how did you know it?" Her eyes narrowed for an instant, without disturbing him, however.

"The careful burglar necessarily knows the layout of a house before he enters it," he answered, simply enough. Both of them had instinctively lowered their tones.

He rose to his feet. "I think I will go. It would never do for me to be discovered here."

"No," she admitted, "and yet I really must hear the story. I am extremely interested. I don't know exactly why, but I am." She had risen, too, and stood facing him with a perplexed look. She was as nearly flustered as one could imagine possible to her, at least, in any sort of company. "I have father's mail for to-day here. If I went to his room and gave it to him, perhaps he would not bother us or hear us." The doubt expressed in her face, however, rid the proposition of possibility.

"No," answered her companion, "that would not do." Then he asked quickly: "What are you doing with your father's mail?"

"At home here I act as his private secretary. Usually I open his mail, but to-day he told me not to do so. It seems he expected something of a very private nature. Consequently, I just kept it for him. There it is over on the mantel."

Something in the other seemed to waken suddenly, but it was with his customary nonchalance that he glanced to where a dozen letters or so were heaped beside the clock. "I wish," he requested immediately, "that you would look out of the window and see that there is no one below."

She ran to do so, catching her skirts in her hand, and leaning over the edge displayed to him an exceedingly dainty pair of ankles.

"Keep watch for a minute," he commanded. "Both your reputation and mine are at stake." He had crossed swiftly to the mantel, and, with nimble fingers, was silently sorting the mail. One letter he selected and slipped into his pocket, a smile lighting his face; the others he put back. Then from under his vest he unwound a thin silken ladder, and joined her at the window with it bunched in his hand.

"This will let me down," he said. "I came by way of that maple, dropping to the balcony from that limb just out of reach there. I guess there is no danger of being seen. This secluded, residential section is well adapted to my profession."

She smiled at him in a glowing, adventurous manner. "I want you to promise to come back night after tomorrow," she suggested, "and tell me the story. Shall I keep the ladder and let it down when you whistle, or coming up would the tree be easier?"

"I think it would be," he returned, gripping her hand with an appreciative, accepting movement of his head. "I will come without fail."

Then, having fastened the ladder to the low iron balcony which surrounded

the window, he began to descend, swaying as he went. She stepped out, watching him over the railing, and unfastened the ladder for him after he had reached bottom. When she re-entered her room, she looked at herself in the glass, and saw that her cheeks were burning. Before descending he had paused for just an instant to kiss her hand.

"What a strange man," she said to herself, sinking on a divan.

Then she took the letters in to the Mayor, whose face darkened as he went over them.

"Are these all?" he asked.

"Why, of course," she replied.

* * * *

On the night designated he made his entrance as before without her being aware of it. She had set the table, and with her back to him, was bending over it when he spoke. She started—and yet it seemed to be more of a thrill running through her—and greeted him with impulsive warmth and outstretched hand. Then she filled the tea, and they sat down to it. It was just like a continuance of their former meeting, supplemented by that peculiar zest that a designation always lends.

The atmosphere danced about them a little. And to the man something debonair pertained; a mood gracing his personality like a launch at play on deep waters. She was eager for the story, and so he told it to her, settling in the relation into that restfulness that seemed to her full of colors and unusual meanings. And all the stars came out in her eyes to listen.

"The Stanhope robbery," he commenced, "happened about three years ago, you will remember. For a while the newspapers were full of it. As I told you, I handled it for the New York Sun. I am out West here for my health. Mrs. Stanhope, Lady Beaufort, etc., was a chorus girl who married an English lord, later a Baltimore millionaire, a captain in the United States army, and afterwards a lieutenant. Year by year she came down the line regularly. But she was pretty, for

all—a sort of Kitty prettiness, you might say. The devil in her paraded smartly and gracefully with bells and a ribbon tied to its neck. She was fetching till you brought right up to her. If you did not know women, she might prove fetching altogether. Her peculiarity was that she passed generally as being brilliant, while she was simply erratic. She was not only capable of thinking the wildest things, but doing them in the same half hour. Having got rid of the lieutenant in a rather dramatic way, she took as her lover a newspaper man who happened around to interview her on the subject. No, it wasn't me."

The girl's eyes, regarding him, had sharpened and drooped instantly.

"Bentley was on the Tribune. The strange part of it was that she actually fell in love with him. I do not think she had ever been in love before. She showered presents upon him, and, much to his embarrassment, bought him clothes which he needed. On his part, it was but novel companionship and passing fancy. It lasted three months, when he fell in love with the sweetest girl imaginable, and sent back to the widow all of her presents with a short note in explanation.

"It was the next day that the lady lost her jewels. And it was two months before she recovered them. The detectives and newspapers alike guessed in vain. Bentley was shadowed during the whole period. After the first installment, I took the detail over from another reporter. The second day after the robbery I had dinner with Mrs. Stanhope.

"She was thin and could well stand a little padding in front. You will pardon me for speaking so. But the gist of the thing is that the lost jewels were concealed in her bodice. I fancied they were somewhere about her, and made her locate them before the dinner was over. She had planned to visit Bentley's room and hide them where later they would be found. A rather neat revenge.

"She was so much in love that I felt sorry for her. She threatened to shoot

herself if I published the story. Nor would she consent to have the jewels found immediately, for having broken down, she clung to the fancy that their loss might somehow bring Bentley back to her. Impulsively she asked me to take care of them for her. Imagine, a quarter of a million dollars' worth of gems! But I undertook the risk. We agreed to discover them in two months. Arriving home one day, she was to find them returned to her without explanation. You will remember that she did.

"But imagine me with those stones. I lived in a garret flat on a lonely hill overlooking the sea. Worse still, I had knocked off newspaper work for a month. At nights I used to take the stones out and regard them. The sight never failed to stir my imagination. People see stones, but how many really think of them? They became a sensation to me, breeding a thousand poetic fancies. They were crystallized souls, each a marvel in its own right and history. I really believed so at length, and finally they came to life for me. Why not? Are not our truest senses those that do not bind us, but whose life is the life of everything. Between the gems and my soul sprang up an affinityship. Oh, I could tell you strange stories of them, if I chose. One of them became my love. It was a large moonstone that I found her in, a moonstone of peculiar markings."

Something almost beautiful and intense had come into his face, and the girl across the table leaned closer in rapt attention, her lips hanging apart fruit like.

"Go on," she breathed, filling in the pause.

"This stone seemed to grow on me quicker than the others, though it took me longer to find it out. The others had become living intimates to my loneliness, filling my chamber at nights with the colorful symphony of their lives, before the milkcloud lifted from the face and form that were to prove so lovely. Then one night it did lift and my heart stood still. The moon was shining in the window when

she uncovered her face to me—and my universe thereafter lay within the circumference of her eyes. Her form waxed to life—life so vivid and graceful; her draperies shook to freedom; and there in the moonbeams she stepped out to dance for me. When I closed my eyes she drew near and kissed my lips, and her warm, soft hands caressed my face lightly. It was always so. She would never live for me, except when there was no light and the moon sifted through the open window. And she would never kiss or caress me except when my eyes were closed. Ah, but then, what kisses!

"She had been an Indian Princess, and her passion was a heritage, infinite as it was delicate. Her blood was a flood reserved in small channels. She had the fire of a tigress and the fragrant beauty of a wild flower.

"Then one evening she was gone. I slept with her under my pillow, and, perhaps I left her there, or perhaps she just went. But I have always thought she was stolen. From the old negress, who took care of my place for me, however, I could never force admittance of the theft. The other jewels, my 'braw companions,' as I called them, I put safely away every night. For weeks I searched in vain, and then it was time to return the jewels to Mrs. Stanhope. When I told her of the loss of the moonstone, she merely smiled and said that it was all right. I suppose she thought I wanted to keep it. She even offered me a valuable ruby.

"But I, myself, was not so easily reconciled to the loss. The longing to again possess the Princess grew on me till I became a thief searching here and there, and taking any chance to recover my sweetheart. And that was what brought me through your window."

"I am so glad it brought you," was what she said in reply. Then they sat regarding each other out of the mysticism he had created. It was during this silence that there came the sound of a quick footstep and a knock at her door.

"Ila," called a girl's voice; "Ila!"

"You will have to go—go quietly," she whispered, rising to her feet. "Its Kathleen, my chum. Come back—come back in four nights. Don't forget—I want to show you my jewels."

* * * *

"To-night," she said, "there will be no interruptions. It is the third time, isn't it, and that is always the charm."

She had brought over her jewel case to the table, and was selecting the key from a tiny girdle. In her clinging browns she was a picture of dainty ripeness, and a summer's warmth seemed to breathe about her, flushing the delicate tints of her complexion, and shining in the golden glory of her hair.

"I have a moonstone here," she suggested, "though of course it cannot be yours. However, I am not sure I know where it came from, either."

She opened the case, and they bent over it together.

"I will show you the moonstone last," she said, as she went from one plush-lined compartment to another, revealing stone after stone of different kind and brilliance. Some of them she lifted in her hand and they seemed to grow brighter by being there. A pearl necklace with a topaz pendant, she unwrapped from chamois, and put it on for his inspection. To her round, soft neck, bare to the curve of the shoulder, it gave a touch of Grecian dignity. The blood crimsoned her cheeks at the deep look of admiration he flung her.

"Give me the chamois," he said. And their hands met and clung for an instant.

To cover her embarrassment, perhaps, she bent again over the jewel case, and from the one compartment that remained unopened, took out a large moonstone. She slipped it into his hand, and he stood staring at it while she regarded him. He glanced quickly up at her once, something peculiarly intense in his face. She put out a hand to point to him the stone's most peculiar marking, and her fingers drooped on his palm. Instantly, the

moonstone crushed between them, his grasp closed on her, and he drew her close to him.

"It's the stone," he avowed, breathing deeply; "*the stone!* And you are the Princess, my Princess—for always." His arm had gone about her neck, and while she answered them unconsciously and without struggling, his kisses fell on her lips again and again.

Then she came to herself and put him away. A sudden revelation had flashed to her. The look in her eyes was judgment should he lie, for he realized her intuition had guessed the truth.

"Why, that story of the moonstone and the Princess?" she demanded. "You made it up for me. What really brought you here that first night?"

He answered her tersely and in a manner of absolute straightforwardness. "My newspaper sent me to get a letter mailed to your father from one of the big companies, enclosing a check for a large amount of money, should he do as they told him. It was suggested to the office that it had been sent. If we got the letter we could, through it, have controlled the company to future decency and fair-dealing—and saved your father."

"He would not have accepted the money," she declared with decision, the blood aflame in her cheeks.

"He has the reputation of being an honorable man. We did not believe that he would accept. But the check was sent to him on that chance, and it was known he was in some straits. Since it was purely a matter of the company's bargaining, the publication of the letter would not have hurt him, but it would them."

"You did not get the letter?" She was drawn very erect.

His eyes fell. "Yes; I got it the first night. I sorted the mail while you stood at the window."

"Oh, I am so ashamed of you," she articulated, covering her face with her hands; "so ashamed of you!"

He stepped swiftly over to her, catching the two hands in one of his own, and holding her close to him.

"Ila, forgive me, forgive me," he pleaded. "I have never been a thief before, and I never will be again. I got the letter; I read it, but I did not publish it. I realized that I loved you—yes, even that first night. So I lied to the managing editor, telling him I had reason to know that no such letter had been mailed. I could not ruin you, sweetheart; surely, you know that I would save you regardless of everything—everything——" He floundered, grasping for words to go on, but realizing that he had already said too much.

She looked straight in his eyes, her face near to his. "Then the letter did implicate father, the letter did implicate father," she insisted.

There was no use trying to deceive her, and he knew it. He caught her by the two arms, holding her straight in front of him, and bringing all the power of his personality to bear on her. She had drooped so that she almost needed holding. "Remember," he said, "that your father is a public man, and that such are subject to a thousand temptations. Not over one in a hundred are on the exact square always. He is only human, and you cannot expect too much of him. I want you to believe that at the last moment, in spite of everything, he would have returned the check."

"In spite of everything!" she repeated weakly and caustically.

"Yes; in spite of everything!"

She would have sank to a chair, but she turned, staring whitely at the door. The Mayor was standing there, a blanched look on his face. His hand trembled visibly on the knob, his spare, gaunt figure seeming drawn for breath. But he commanded himself immediately and strode over facing the other man.

"Some of this conversation I heard through the door," he said, in a voice

restrained to quietness; "and what you said just now, sir, after I had opened it. You are O'Dare of the 'World,' are you not. I remember you very well. You have a reputation, haven't you, of getting everything you go after. With regard to this letter addressed to me, will you let me have it?"

The other handed it to him without a word, but with a look that meant everything. The girl watched them with blighted eyes.

The Mayor read the letter rapidly, the hand that held it trembling as he did so, but a smile hovering about his lips. Then he tore it into a thousand pieces, dropping them into a basket at his feet. The check he still held in his hand, and this he tore full length two ways. The four pieces he enclosed deftly and swiftly in an envelope, writing the address of the sending company in a large hand on the outside. It had been all done in a minute.

"Post that for me," he directed O'Dare, smiling at him in a genial way. Then, stooping to kiss the girl on the forehead, he walked straight out of the room, his broad shoulders swinging resolutely beneath his heavy gray hair.

The color had come back to the girl's face. "Father!" she cried after him in a voice of forgiveness.

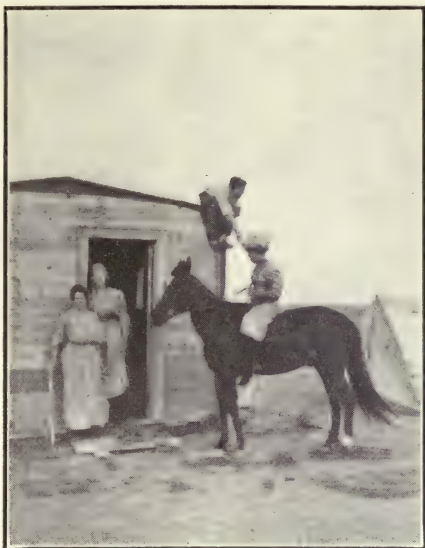
Then, gathering herself for a moment, she held out her hand to her companion, who stepped quickly toward her. For an instant, while he smoothed her hair, her head hid on his breast. Then she looked up in his face.

"If you were to express your dearest wish," she asked, "what would it be?"

"That you would go right out with me now and be married."

"And that is just what I am going to do," she consented.





My first shack and some friendly visitors on the day it was finished

From a School Room to a Montana Ranch

By

Metta M. Loomis

I WISH that we were safe on some good farm."

How often one hears the wish from those who are noting the advancing price of farm products and the shifting business vales of war times. This condition produces a feeling of uncertainty that is serving to awaken a new interest in farming, and increase the number who are trying to find a way "back to the land."

It is an undertaking for a man to cut loose from the anchorage of a comfortable salary and stake his future on a homestead, but for a woman to venture such an undertaking requires more than ordinary fortitude. When a woman is successful in making one of Uncle Sam's farms pay her in money and health and happiness, the knowledge of her work becomes a source of inspiration and encouragement to those who are wishing for the security of a farm. It was in the hope of furnishing such encouragement that a woman who has converted one of Uncle Sam's homesteads into a flour-

ishing farm has been persuaded to tell her story—to report her efforts, and furnish statistics of her work—to blaze a trail of personal experience that may be some guide to others who may be trying to find a way "back to the land."

"My story starts on an Iowa farm," began the narrator, as she looked with satisfaction over her own farm, so beautiful with spring's promise of autumn's harvest. "My farmer kin all enjoyed the rural life, but they all assured me that farming was drudgery, and congratulated me on my great good fortune in escaping from the labor of the farm for the easy work of teaching school.

"Some way, I don't seem to be made to live within doors, and the enthusiasm with which I began teaching very soon began to wane and was slowly but surely replaced by a longing for horizons instead of walls—a longing which must be felt by thousands who chafe against the ceaseless grind and close confinement of the school room, the office, the shop and the factory.



My brother helping me with my big team.

"I happened to be teaching in Montana at the time the bench lands near Ft. Benton were opened to settlement. My nerves were out of tune, and I felt that life was pretty much of a squeezed orange, but I had enough energy to react to the land fever excitement, and it was not long before I was planning my return to farm life with all the eagerness that I had felt in leaving it.

"The lone man is much handicapped when he becomes a homesteader, but the lone woman is almost incapacitated for homesteading, and her first move towards entering a claim for a homestead should be to induce some other woman to join her. Two women taking up adjoining claims can build near enough together to utilize the same machinery and to save expense in hiring help, and also to provide mutual protection—protection not so much from physical danger as from that sense of loneliness that comes when one lives without companionship amid the overpowering forces of nature, in the rough, unsubdued by civilization.

"I broached my farm scheme to a kindergartener who assured me that she would just love to have a farm, because it was such fun picking flowers, and she loved fresh vegetables. I knew something about the work and care needed to make a success of a farm, and I decided it would be folly for me to try to make such blissful ig-

norance wise to the realities of the farm. Next I tried some of our older teachers, but they refused to commit themselves except to say: 'If I were only a man I would do it in a minute.'

"I felt that I had every qualification for farming that a man has except the brute strength, and I argued that that was the cheapest commodity to hire. As long as our Uncle Sam would allow teachers the privilege of proving up on a claim while continuing their school work, I proposed to work for a vine and fig tree of my own, rather than to content myself with the cheerless prospect of an old ladies' home or a teacher's pension.

"My enthusiasm finally became contagious enough to induce our drawing supervisor to join me in my plan to take up a homestead. She had health and one hundred dollars in the bank. I had a brother who was making good as a homesteader, and four hundred dollars in cash, besides we both had positions, good for fourteen hundred, and one thousand respectively. Thus equipped, we proposed to take up a claim, engage in dry farming, and use our salary to convert our three hundred and twenty acres of wild grass land into a prosperous farm. Our plan was to raise all the varieties of grain that are adapted to the climate, keep as much stock as we could feed, besides raising garden truck and poultry to supply our living, and to sell



I am in the field, and my hired man is cutting my first crop of flax.

if there were a market for it.

"The filing of our application and the drawing of our land was quite as conventional as securing a teacher's certificate, but conventionality ceased September 27, 1909, at precisely five-fifteen in the afternoon, when the Great Northern train stopped at a lonely watering tank and two school teachers who would a-farming go, clambered to the ground. As the engine puffed the train into motion, and the teachers saw the coveted horizons, surrounding the grazing lands where were uncounted numbers of horses, sheep, cows and antelope, our undertaking suddenly looked terrifying. A loud 'hello!' soon broke this spell, and we were restored to enthusiastic ranchers by the greeting of our agent. 'You don't look very husky, for farmers, but you are getting the pick of some of the best bench land in the State. There is a big spring in that coulee yonder besides the immense reservoir belonging to the railroad, both of which show that you will be dead sure to strike water when you dig your wells. This bunch of grazing cattle proves there is moisture in the ground, and it only needs cultivating to raise good crops. You ladies are sure plucky, and here's good luck to the pair of you.'

"In half an hour we had set our stakes and were being driven back to Ft. Benton. We filed our claims the next morning, and returned to our work in the proud assurance of our new possessions.

"That winter we read the free documents furnished by the United States Agricultural Department for our diversion. We made sunbonnets and bedding rather than fancy work, and we bought lumber and nails instead of dresses and hats.

"Early the next March we sent the rancher brother to build our shacks, a mere box car of a house with two small windows. The cost was one hundred and ten dollars for each.

"March 28, 1910, we started for our first taste of real ranch life. Unfortunately, the only train that stopped at our watering tank would land us at our destination at 11:30 p. m. The night happened to be pitch dark, and our furniture was lying in heaps where it had been thrown from the freight car, caused many a groan and many a bruise as we groped our way to our shacks.

"As the light of the train disappeared in the distance I would have given my ranch, shack, sunbonnets and bank account for a large sized masculine shoulder and a scratchy coat,



*Picking up coal along the railroad line
to bake pies.*

where I might have buried my head and wept comfortably, but such luxuries are not for the rancher novice. While each was protesting against the enthusiasm that had brought her to this desolate plight, our eyes accustomed themselves to the dark sufficiently to discover two black specks, which we knew must be our shacks. Gripping hands and tugging at our suit cases, we at last reached the nearest shack.

"For that first twenty-four hours it seemed a case of 'cheer up, for worse is yet to come.' By the sense of feeling we found the matches in our grips, and then it was an easy matter to locate our candle and to find some blankets, in which we wearily rolled ourselves up and lay down on the floor to await the daylight. In the dimness of the early morning we went to the spring for water and picked up bits of coal along the track. We soon had a fire and cooked one of the best breakfasts I ever ate.

"Fortunately, a Japanese section boss had left a rude push cart near the watering tank, and with that we managed to gather up our scattered 'lares and penates,' and by a combination of shoves and pushes, groans

and jokes, we succeeded in getting enough furniture into our shacks so we could luxuriate in chairs to sit on, a table to eat on, a stove to cook on, and before night-time a bed to sleep on. I assure you it was two tired farmers that four o'clock quit work and went to bed.

"Every rancher and farmer remembers that summer of 1910 as the hottest, driest ever known, and we shall always consider it as such. The buffalo grass withered and died. The sheep and cattle were driven northward for pasturage, but the two teacher-farmers were left in their little box car houses with the sun beating down at the unspeakable degree of 108 in the shade, for days at a time. We devised several methods of making life more bearable, one of the most successful being by baking lemon pies. I never think of that summer without being thankful that I knew how to make good lemon pies, and also for the correlated fact that two men liked lemon pies, and one of those men had charge of the refrigerators on the trains that stopped at our watering tank, and the other was the fireman on the same train. It is certain we never had occasion to complain of our ice man, and we never had to go far to find coal to bake our lemon pies.

"At last the summer was over, and we went back to another year of teaching school, saving money and planning for the next season on the farm.

"My fall shopping was mostly done at the hardware store. It is surprising how wire fencing and farm machinery will use up pay checks.

"Although the season had been so dry, I hired a man to break forty acres for me that fall, and early the next spring had it sown to flax, which yielded seven bushels to the acre and netted me one hundred dollars as my share, which was one-third of the profits.

"During the summer of 1911 we made vast improvements on our farms. Our shacks were transformed into homes. The price was just \$150, and consisted in adding a bedroom, shingling, ceiling, and best of all, we built



In my own home at last. I am sitting in the doorway.

in a real cupboard, a closet and bookcase. A well was dug at a cost of \$100. A garden had been planted in the early spring, and we raised an abundance of peas, beans, onions, cabbage, potatoes, etc. Oh, this summer was spent in the lap of luxury in comparison with the previous season.

"That fall I decided to have another forty acres broken. By this time, we could count sixty shacks in our valley, and there were plenty of farmers who were anxious to work on shares. The following spring I planted wheat and raised fifteen bushels to the acre.

Our Uncle Sam is continually looking after the interests of the farmers, especially those who carry on dry farming. An appropriation was made by Congress in 1912 to secure and distribute the seeds adapted to the needs of those sections which have scant rain fall. We hope to have special types of sorghum, wheat, oats and grasses which the experimenters predict will increase our harvests and add greatly to the land value of all this region.

"It has cost me about ten dollars per acre for improvements and to prove up on my land. I have put about \$3,000 on my place, and it has produced about \$700, of which \$400 was paid for help. At least \$500 of my salary has gone to my ranch each year,

and every penny which the place has produced has gone right back into improvements, and I have had to borrow \$500.

"I proved up on May 22, 1915, under the five year act. At that time I owned my farm, which I value at \$30 an acre. The land is all fenced and cross-fenced. I have 170 acres planted to wheat, twenty acres to oats, eight acres to alfalfa, and twenty acres to summer fallow. The prospect is that we will have record crops. I have four fine brood mares, a riding pony, a two year old colt, three one year old colts and two spring colts, a cow and a calf, besides some fifty chickens. I have a fine barn, a chicken coop and a root cellar. I also have a wagon, a carriage, harness, and farm implements. I am enjoying my home, and teaching our country school, which is half a mile from my house.

"Our watering tank is now surrounded by an enterprising little town, and look in any direction as far as the eye can see, the land has all been converted into thriving farms. Loss of position and fear of prolonged illness have lost all terrors for me. One couldn't be sick in this glorious air.

"I started in with the disadvantage of health none too good and nerves none too steady, and the advantage of such general knowledge as most farm-

ers' daughters absorb, and a position worth \$1,000 a year. Aside from these, I have had no special handicap and no special qualifications for my undertaking. I have done nothing but what any teacher could do. There are still homesteads to be had, and Uncle Sam allows the teacher to draw her checks while proving up on her land. The farms that Uncle Sam has to give away need very careful management in order to make them into paying propositions. They are merely opportunities, not certainties.

"I advise most teachers to stick to their job. Those who have a longing for the simple life can buy a few weeks of that kind, which consists of

picking flowers and eating vegetables fresh from the garden, but for those who have the real farm hunger, there is a way 'back to the land.' As for myself, I know of no other way by which, in five years' time, I could have acquired such riotous health, secured much valuable property, experienced so much joy in living, and infused so much of hope and buoyancy into life, and no other way to provide such cheering prospects for my old age.

"Uncle Sam's farms are a land of promise, but the promises are fulfilled only to those who are willing to give hard work and continual study to those farm problems which confront every homesteader."

A BLESSING OF THE NEW YEAR

Across the highway hung the mists of night,
 And shadowy clouds obscured the mystic way,
 But through the gloom that hid the sun from sight—
 Behold! a rift of dawn—a shaft of shining light—
 Dear God of changeless word—lo! it is day!
 I hear a bird's sweet song, clear as a flute—
 Tuned to a joyous note.
 And silent lips long mute
 Echo my heart's salute—
 As from that feathered throat
 I catch the message rare,
 A psalm of praise, an ecstasy of prayer,
 Proclaimeth victory over all the night.
 And there, before my wondering eyes,
 The closed way my faltering feet have sought,
 Is opened wide. And sullen, clouded skies
 Are turned to gold. The rosy dawn floods glen and hill,
 Again the world is young! The New Year brought
 New life, new strength—the shining way is fraught
 With hope. God of my faith, Thy way endureth still!
 Vanished my burdens now, gone is the heavy load—
 My feet have entered in the open road.

ELIZABETH VORE.





A three hundred pound powder charge for a big 12-inch gun of the U. S. S. Florida.

The Navy's Great Ammunition Plant

By

Lillian E. Zeh

A HIGH ranking naval officer at the war college at Newport, R. I., recently made the significant statement that, in a heavy two hour naval engagement, our battleships would about exhaust all their supply of shells and powder. This will perhaps lend a timely interest to an inside glimpse in the navy's great ammunition plant, and just how the problem of assembling and rushing out munitions of war aboard the battleships is speedily accomplished. The most important ammunition base for the whole Atlantic coast now in operation is the great naval magazine at Iona Island, forty miles up the Hudson from New York, where thousands of shells are constantly being loaded with tons of smokeless powder for the Atlantic fleet. Owing to its isolated location and strict rules against visitation, the outside world rarely gets more than a distant glimpse of it from the passing river steamers. Through the courtesy of the commandant, the writer was

tendered exceptional privileges for obtaining data and a series of typical photos. The reservation covers 116 acres, and was purchased by the government in 1900 for \$160,000. The place, which was formerly used as an excursion and picnic resort, and the grounds, from a wild, rocky and neglected condition, by skillful engineering work, has been regraded and leveled, and it now contains dozens of imposing edifices consisting of magazines, shell houses, a large power house, a handsome stone administration building and dwelling for the commandant, railroads, electric, compressed air plant, waterworks, fire system and magnetic clock watch service, and a modern telephone system with underground conduits with fifty-five stations. About one million dollars has been expended in perfecting and equipping the Iona magazine.

Some 150 are employed in the various departments; these are paid from \$2 to \$4 per day, and they are a corps

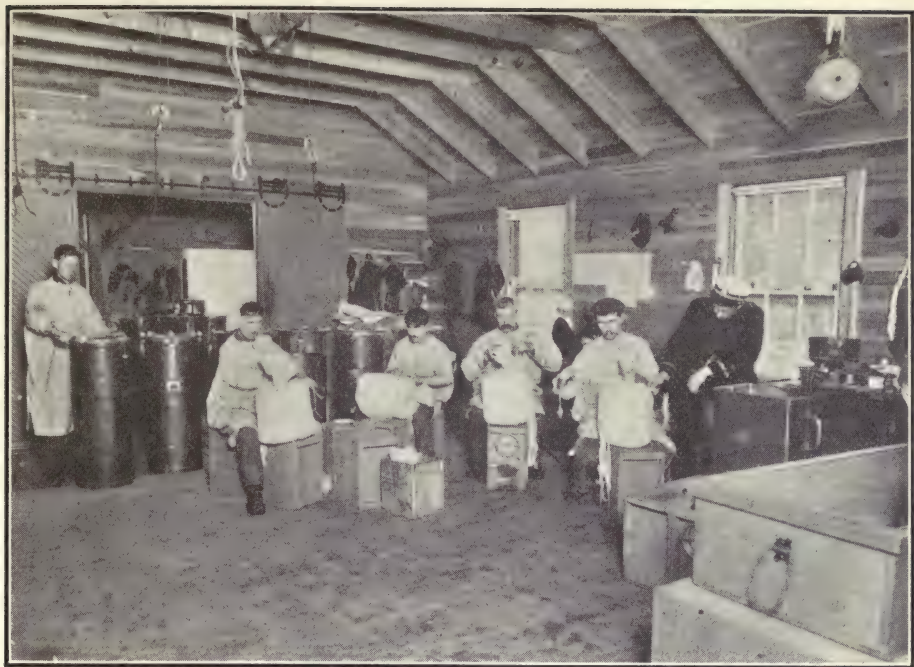


Loading the 5-inch torpedo shells for the U. S. S. Florida.

of unusually careful and skillful workmen. The vast quantity of war material and ordnance supplies, about three million pounds of smokeless powder and over one million of black, together with many thousands of shells, are housed in large brick and stone powder magazines, shell houses and several general storehouses. The powder magazines all have four separate fireproof walls and compartments in order to prevent a conflagration or explosion from reaching or destroying the entire contents. The loaded shells are kept separately from the empty ones, and are stored in the two fixed ammunition magazines. A piled-up section of 6-inch loaded shells is here shown in one of the accompanying photographs. Each shell is put on a pair of scales and weighed and numbered. The weight is recorded in chalk on the shell. The shell houses are of special fireproof construction. Magazine attendants, having their living quarters on the ground, inspect these as well as the powder magazines many times during the day and night.

At night, each visit is recorded on the disk of the magnetic clock in the administration building. The temperature in the shell houses and powder magazines is kept at 85 and 90 degrees. The temperature readings are taken at regular stated intervals. Flood cocks with automatic revolving sprinklers for drenching the loaded shells have been installed in the shell houses. By opening these from outside the building, the contents can be wetted thoroughly. A water stand-pipe, 80 feet high by 20 in diameter, with a capacity of 188,000 gallons filled from a reservoir on the west side of the reservation, furnishes an adequate water supply for fire-fighting, the pressure being over 60 pounds per square inch. There are ten fire alarm stations, and fire drills are held every Saturday afternoon.

The reservoir is a natural depression in the rock, walled in, and it holds about 250,000 gallons. Owing to the rapid increase of the navy, the station is taxed to its capacity to keep abreast with the demand to furnish



Interior of the most dangerous railroad station in the world. Putting up smokeless powder charges for the big guns of the U. S. Navy.

new war vessels and old ones with their quota of ammunition for target practice, and a reserve supply. To be prepared for any emergency, each ship is required, on returning to the New York Navy Yard, to restock as soon as possible her empty magazines. Also, in many instances, the powder charges have been altered; if so, the bags are sent up to Iona Island, opened again, and the powder re-weighed, diminished or increased. For this work the ammunition barges go alongside the vessels and take off the hundreds or more cans of powder to be changed, and also take on new unloaded shells from the New York Navy Yard. These are packed on lighters flying a red flag, and towed up to Iona Island. On reaching the landing the material is transferred to railroad cars on the wharf, and taken to one of the store-houses or magazines. The train is pulled by a little sparkless, compressed air locomotive. The engineer, when he wants more power, steps down from his cab at three different

points, and connects the storage tank of the engine with an air pipe running from the power house. Seven hundred pounds pressure is taken on, which is allowed to run down to 50 pounds before recharging. These compressed air locomotives cost in the neighborhood of \$5,000. The several miles of railroad are so arranged that all the magazines, shell houses, filling and store houses are reached and unloaded at the doors on wide platforms. Just how many shells the battleships have stored down out of sight is not generally known, nor the cost of these death dealing missiles. The huge 13-inch, weighing over 1,000 pounds, with a 220 pound powder charge, comes to nearly \$500; the 12-inch, with 126 pounds for a powder charge, amounts to over \$300. The capped, armor piercing shells cost considerably more than the common shell. One of the principal activities of the Iona magazine is the manipulation of smokeless powder into charges for the large and small size guns of the navy,



Compressed air engine and a truck car of loaded ammunition on a mile run to the water front on the Hudson River, New York.

and the black for bursting charges for the shells. Some of the more important places, therefore, are the powder filling houses, four of which are in operation, situated at widely different points. These are all small, one-story wooden structures, designed to be unpretentious and isolated, owing to the possibility of an explosion. One of the accompanying pictures shows the interior of the main filling house, which presents about one of the most animated and interesting sights to be seen on the island. The men are required to wear long white serge suits and moccasins; no metal or other articles are allowed in the pockets which might in any way cause friction. All the tools, funnels, measures, cups, scales and other appliances used are made of copper. Here the delicate and somewhat dangerous business of weighing out the various kinds of smokeless powder is done. Even one or two grammes difference in weight is carefully observed. At the Indian Head, Md., proving grounds the naval ordnance experts, by test, determine the powder charge best adapted for

the various guns. Also at the annual target practice similar results as to range and velocities are recorded. With the advent of new guns and the slight chemical change in the powder, the charges are subject to constant revision. This keeps the filling house men constantly employed. Each morning the day's supply of powder is brought from the magazine in the lead colored wooden boxes. These are zinc lined, air tight and hold 100 pounds. The government pays seventy-five cents per pound for powder, and furnishes the alcohol to the manufacturers. The boxes of powder are emptied into a long wooden trough, and with a copper scoop it is dipped out, accurately weighed, and tied up in quarter, half and full charges, in white bags of muslin. These bags have several wide streamers for fastening, and each is tagged with the date of filling and the amount of powder it contains. A small ignition charge of quick-burning black powder, to set off the smokeless, is stowed in the bottom of each bag. They are then placed in large copper cans and returned to the

magazines, where they are held in readiness to go aboard the ships. The big charges of 220 pounds for the 13-inch guns are arranged in four quarter charges of 55 pounds each. The bags when piled on top of one another reach to the top of a man's head, and present a formidable sight of bottled-up destruction. As the smokeless powder, owing to various atmospheric pressures and different temperatures, absorbs moisture and undergoes a slight chemical change, all the smokeless powder is sent to the naval storage depot at Dover, N. J. Here has been established a redrying house; the smokeless powder is placed in a series of bins or drawers, where, at a steady temperature, it is kept for a regular time. Three hundred thousand pounds of smokeless powder were redried here last year. No ammunition is put up at this point: it being reserved entirely for the storage of powder and high explosives. Nearly all the powder consumed at Iona Island is sent direct from this depot. To furnish the great number of bags for the powder charges, an extensive sewing plant is constantly kept going. Here, with an electric cutter, fifty to one hundred thicknesses of muslin are cut up at a time into various sized patterns, while a new press fitted with a series of steel dies, at a single operation cuts out great numbers of the round bottoms for the bags. Thirty different sizes are made for the bursting, ignition and propelling charges, ranging from the 3-pounder to the 13-inch gun. The sewing is all done by skilled men operators, a motor being attached to each machine. The making of the large 12 and 13-inch bags, with a half-dozen

wide streamers, requires an extraordinary amount of intricate sewing and manipulation. Each is deftly turned and twisted several hundred times before completion. Besides the regular bottom, each bag has an additional compartment made for the ignition charge, having a perforated center. One man turns out on an average fifteen to twenty 12 and 13 inch bags a day, and about thirty-five of the 6-inch. The longest bag made is for holding the entire 6-inch charge, about a yard long. One of the important operations performed in the filling houses is loading the 13 and 12-inch projectiles with their bursting charge. For the former, fifty pounds of black powder is used, and about thirty pounds for 12-inch. To hold the shells steady and to get at the base of these huge steel missiles, weighing over 1,000 pounds each, they are roped in a sling and hoisted clear of the floor by a pulley and chain. The point is then lowered a foot or so into a stout wooden frame with an opening a trifle larger than the shell. Then a long, narrow bag is inserted in the shell cavity, and the measured amount of black powder is poured through a funnel into the shell. Some fifty of these huge projectiles can be loaded in a day. Several of the smaller filling houses are used to assemble the cartridge cases and the bursting charges of the 3-inch rapid-fire shells used to repel torpedo attacks. With the new big super-dreadnought like the U. S. New York, soon to go in commission to equip, and the regular routing work of the fleet to look after, the Iona Magazine is just now one of the busiest ordnance places of the government.





The village cliffs in the distance.

The Indians of the Painted Desert

By Felix J. Koch

PICTURESQUE? Well, if you can well imagine anything more picturesque than a great tribe of Indians, scattered among the colored sandstone rocks of the Painted Desert, plying all their native arts and crafts, playing the games the Red Men of the Southwest delighted in, who shall say how many centuries before the white man's coming, making blankets, making pottery—Jack Roosa, who has just been down to see, would like to know where and how!

These Indians of the Painted Desert are perhaps the nearest approach to the real life of the Navajo and the Zuni it has ever been given to the

great army of visitors to a world's fair to see. The Painted Desert is, of course, the Indian reservation at the big exposition down at San Diego, and though you drop in, down there, every day of the year, you will find something new or strange, or unique, to interest.

Just those Zunis, for example—they are such a fascinating lot they would detain the veriest tyro to the studies of American native races. Old Captain Humfreville, who knows these Southwestern Indians best, perhaps, of any student of the folk-life, tells us some interesting facts, indeed, anent them.

"The Zunis are, of course, a part of the great Pueblo Indian race, he says.

"The Pueblos were scattered through New Mexico and Arizona, from earliest times; where they live in villages and follow the manners and customs of their ancestors. They received their name from their custom of living in fixed places—the word pueblo being from the Spanish, for 'village' or 'town.'

"They raise a small quantity of vegetables and grain, for their own use, and make excellent pottery, which they exchange for the necessities of life.

"Like the Navajos, they are gentle in their nature, treat their animals with kindness, and do not use horses or dogs for food. They are courteous to the strangers who enter their villages, and never make trouble when not interfered with.

"The Pueblos were long supposed to be Christians, but, in reality, they were heathen, if the number of their gods and goddesses were any indica-

tion of idolatry. It was difficult to obtain any account of their religion, and it is a question, therefore, whether, decades past, they worshiped idols or not. They made and kept them in their dwellings, and they did not appear to respect or fear them. They sell them for a few cents, or barter them for liquor, or any articles they may require. These gods are frequently made hollow, and the Indians sometimes put them to the use of holding liquor. It was long not uncommon to see a Pueblo enter a place where liquor was sold and present one of these hollow gods to be filled. At the first opportunity he would substitute himself for his little god and speedily become the liquor-holder. The gods were made as hideously ugly as possible, in order to ward off pain and disease; and if they failed to perform this duty, the Indian did not hesitate to smash them to pieces, if he could not sell them.

"The ruins and relics scattered



A drying platform of the Zunis.



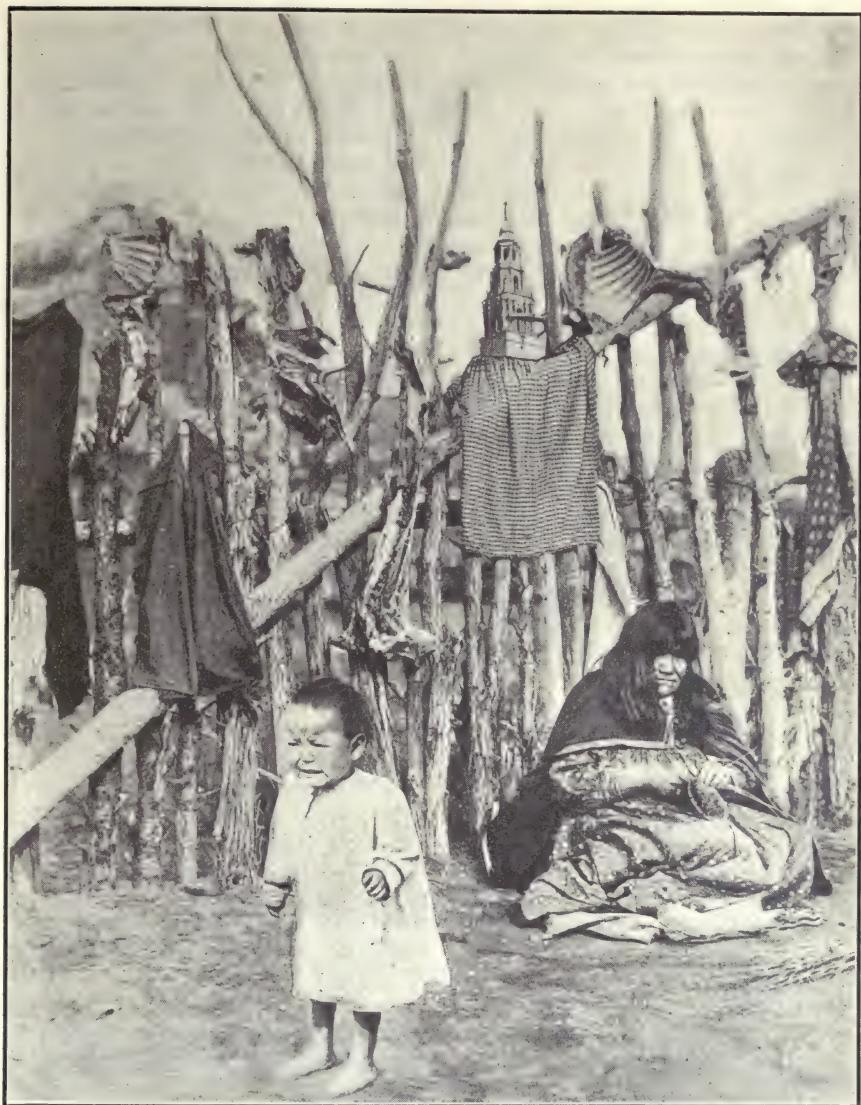
A squaw working a blanket pattern.

throughout the Pueblo country indicate a population of great numbers in the past. Fragments of pottery are found in many localities in all this section; which embraces upwards of 10,000 square miles. Stone foundations and walls of cities show that, at some remote period, thousands of people dwelt within them.

"The Pueblos had no written language, nor was there any tradition current among them as to the cause of

their depleted numbers; or if there were, they would not impart it to others. There is no record of any branch of the Pueblos having settled elsewhere, so that large numbers of them must have perished near their present location."

Of the Pueblo tribes, the Captain states, the Zunis were always regarded in many respects the most advanced in the arts of civilized life. Their flocks and herds consisted of



Papoose and grandmother at differences over the week's wash.

horses, burros, sheep, goats and cattle. They also raise chickens and other domestic fowl.

Their country is well adapted for raising sheep and goats, which are pastured largely upon the mountain sides, where they can remain without water for days at a time. The farms are cultivated by irrigation, and their crops receive much attention.

Like the Aztecs, the Zunis hold

numerous festival and fete days which, clad in rich and varied costumes, they celebrate with processions and dances. They are reticent in speaking of their religious beliefs, but admit that they worship the sun.

The government of the Zunis consists of a governor, or *alcalde*, or mayor; a number of *caiques*, or councillors, eleven of whom were elected, annually, and a chief councillor, who

was elected for life. They had also an officer known as the war-chief, but he had no influence in their councils, unless the tribe was threatened with danger.

In their domestic habits the Zunis seen by Captain Humfreville, like those of the big San Diego fair, are more cleanly than any other Indian tribe of their vicinity. They have but little household furniture, nor is much required for their simple wants. They work, cook, sleep on their well-kept floors. Their women are usually busy weaving clothing, grinding grain, baking bread and in other household occupations.

"The traditional type of Indian," says the Captain, "seemed wanting among these people. All, including the women, smoke. They usually smoke cigarettes made from tobacco and rolled in thin husks of corn. Their pipes are crude, looking as though they were made of the coarsest kind of clay.

"The Zunis had a tradition that their gods brought them to an arid and sterile plain for a home, far removed from the ocean, and that their forefathers taught them prayers, whereby water could always be obtained. These prayers were addressed to the spirits dwelling in the ocean, the home of all water, and the source from which the blessing must come. They believed that in answer to these prayers, rain-clouds were brought from the ocean by the spirits of their ancestors."

Quite as interesting as the Zunis, al-

though perhaps better known to the traveler through the Southwest, are the Navajos of the Painted Desert. Somehow, to the lay mind, the Navajos have become identified, always, with their glorious blankets; and visitors to the exposition find the Indian women weaving these, even as they do at home.

Captain Humfreville, discussing these splendid textiles, states that from the wool and hair of sheep and goats, time immemorial, the Navajos made those blankets, as well as wraps and other articles of wearing apparel, all of which are very serviceable, and some of them extremely handsome.

These fabrics the women weave by hand, and a very long time is often required to complete them, especially if the article is a blanket and intended to be ornamental, as well as useful.

"I have known them to work more than a year on one of these blankets," he tells us. "They were generally woven so close and the material twisted so hard that they were impervious to water. One of them could be taken by its four corners and filled with water, which it would hold, without leaking. Indeed, the water would only seem to swell the threads and make the fabric closer and firmer."

These, though, are but a few of the products the Navajos are producing on the Desert. To tell of them all were an endless tale, wellnigh too long a story, at least—that is to say, for pages such as these!



Giant Trees of Sequoia

By Howard Rankin

THE Sequoia National Park is twenty-four years old, yet, east of the Rockies, it is scarcely known. Yellowstone and Yosemite are the only two names which the enormous majority of Easterners think of when National Parks are mentioned. Nevertheless, Sequoia is, perhaps, in point of average beauty, the superior of all. It was dear to the heart of John Muir, Father of National Parks, and Chief Geographer R. B. Marshall, who knows them, having surveyed or traversed them in person, has declared in print that it possesses beauty as great as all others combined.

It is par excellence the camping-out park, as some day will be discovered.

Perhaps the most potent reason for its lack of celebrity is that this is the

Big Tree Park, and the general public associates the Big Trees of California with Yosemite. The Mariposa Grove, within easy reach of the Yosemite Valley, contains several enormous sequoia trees. In fact the Yosemite National Park contains three groves of these giants, the two others being the Merced and Tuolumne Groves, which lie within easy reach to the northwest.

The Sequoia National Park, however, which lies many miles south of Yosemite, was created to preserve, for the use and pleasure of the people of the United States, by far the greatest groves of the oldest, the biggest and the most remarkable trees living in this world. They number 1,166,000. Of these, 12,000 exceed 10 feet in diameter. The General Sherman tree,



Tourists on a mountain trail to a big tree grove.

most celebrated of all, is 279.9 feet high with a diameter of 36.5 feet. The Abraham Lincoln tree is 270 feet high with a diameter of 31 feet. The William McKinley tree is 291 feet high, with a diameter of 28 feet.

The General Grant National Park is usually mentioned with Sequoia because, though separated by six miles of mountain and forest, the two are practically the same national park. It contains only 2,536 acres and was cre-

Huntington, "between the ancient East and the modern West.

"Three thousand fence posts, sufficient to support a wire fence around 8,000 or 9,000 acres, have been made from one of these giants, and that was only the first step toward using its huge carcass. Six hundred and fifty thousand shingles, enough to cover the roofs of seventy or eighty houses, formed the second item of its product. Finally there still remained hundreds



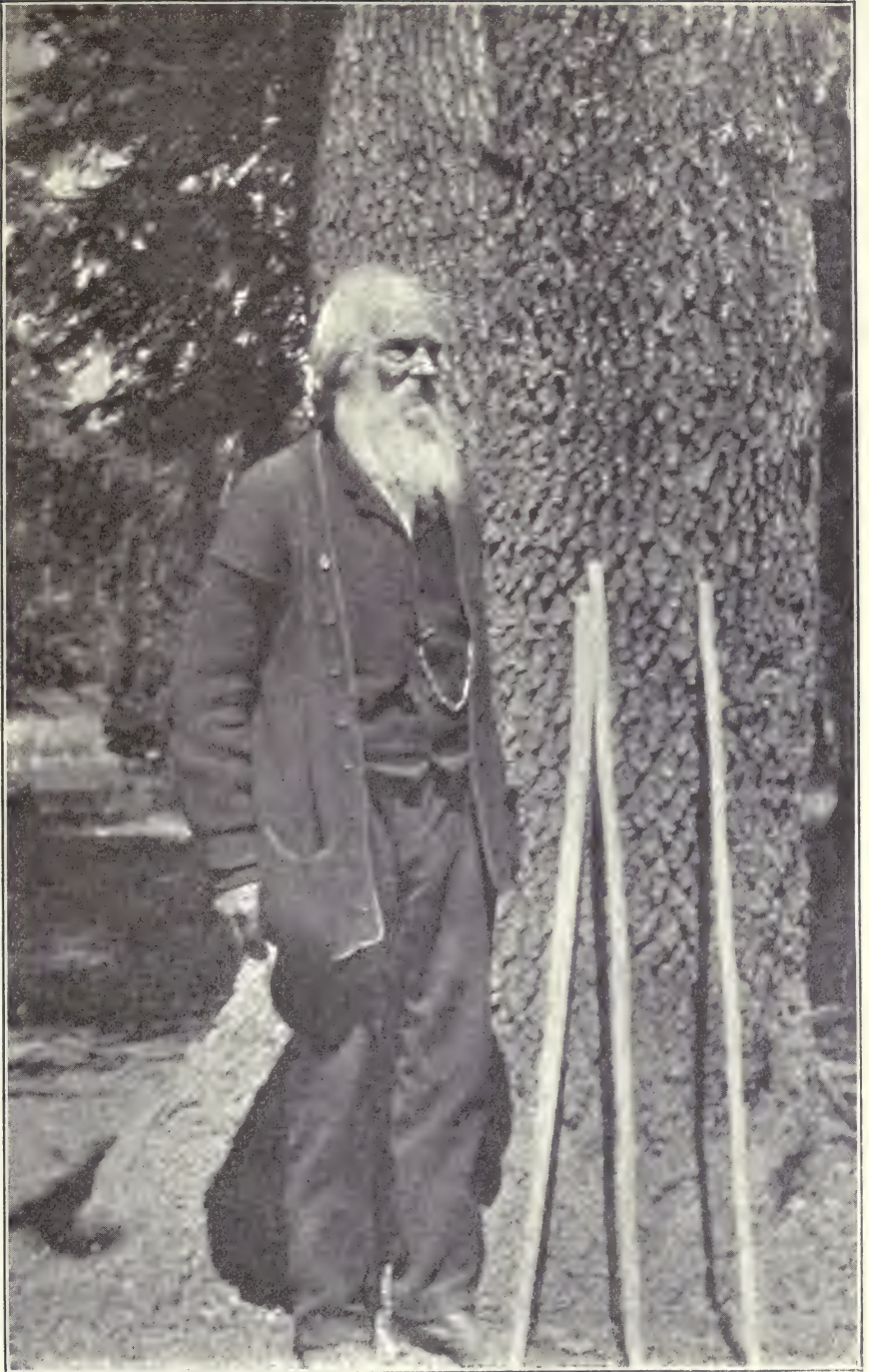
On their way to the big trees.

ated only for the protection of the General Grant tree, a monster sequoia 264 feet high and thirty-five feet in diameter. But General Grant shares his domain with distinguished neighbors, notably the George Washington tree, which is only nine feet less in height and six feet less in diameter.

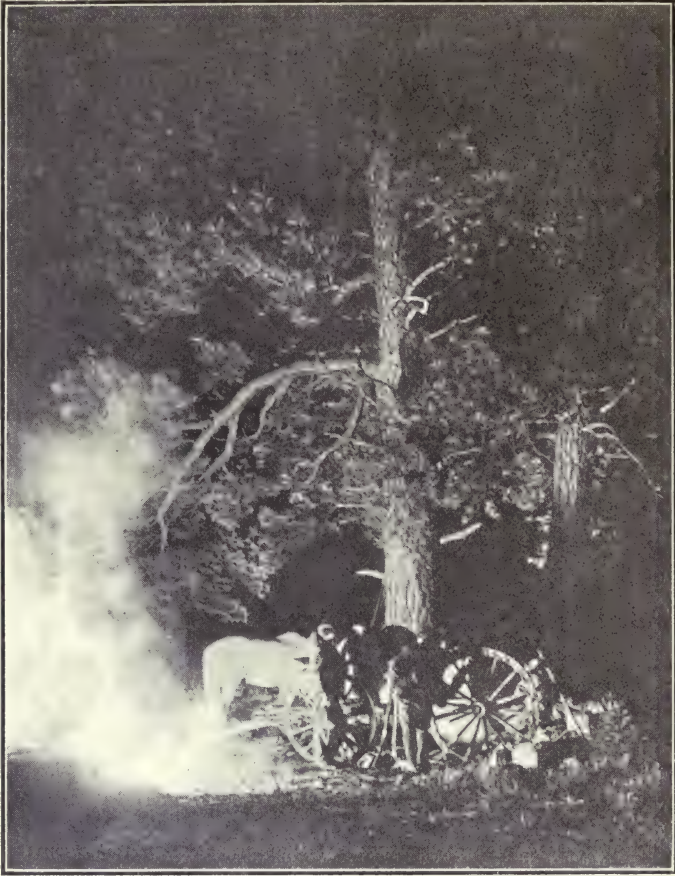
The sequoias are the oldest living things in this world. "They are the connecting link," writes Ellsworth

of cords of firewood which no one could use because of the prohibitive expense of hauling the wood out of the mountains. The upper third of the trunk and all the branches lie on the ground where they fell, not visibly rotting, for the wood is wonderfully enduring, but simply waiting till some foolish camper shall light a devastating fire.

"Huge as the sequoias are, their size is scarcely so wonderful as their age.



Galen Clark, discoverer of the Mariposa grove of big trees.



Camping for the night.

A tree that has lived 500 years is still in its early youth; one that has rounded out 1,000 summers and winters is only in full maturity; and old age, the three score years and ten of the sequoias, does not come for seventeen or eighteen centuries.

"How old the oldest trees may be is not yet certain, but I have counted the rings of seventy-nine that were over 2,000 years of age, of three that were over 3,000, and of one that was 3,150.

"In the days of the Trojan war and of the exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt this oldest tree was a sturdy sapling, with stiff, prickly foliage like that of a cedar, but far more com-

pressed. It was doubtless a graceful, shapely conical tree, twenty or thirty feet high, with dense, horizontal branches, the lower ones of which swept the ground. Like the young trees of to-day, the ancient sequoia and the clump of trees of similar age which grew close to it must have been a charming adornment of the landscape. By the time of Marathon the trees had lost the hard, sharp lines of youth, and were thoroughly mature. The lower branches had disappeared, up to a height of a hundred feet or more; the giant trunks were disclosed as bare, reddish columns covered with soft bark 6 inches or a foot in thick-

ness; the upper branches had acquired a slightly drooping aspect; and the spiny foliage, far removed from the ground, had assumed a graceful rounded appearance. Then for centuries, through the days of Rome, the Dark Ages, and all the period of the growth of European civilization, the ancient giants preserved the same appearance, strong and solid, but with a strangely attractive, approachable quality."

The Sequoias are found scattered all over the park, which has an area of 161,597 acres, but the greater trees are gathered in thirteen groups of many acres each, where they grow close together.

The following is a list of a few of the principal trees, with their names, height, and diameter.

Height and Diameter of Principal Trees.

GIANT FOREST GROVE

General Sherman, height 279.9 feet; diameter, 36.5 feet.

Abraham Lincoln, height, 270 feet; diameter, 31 feet.

William McKinley, height, 291 feet; diameter, 28 feet.

MUIR GROVE

Dalton, height, 292 feet; diameter, 27 feet.

GARFIELD GROVE.

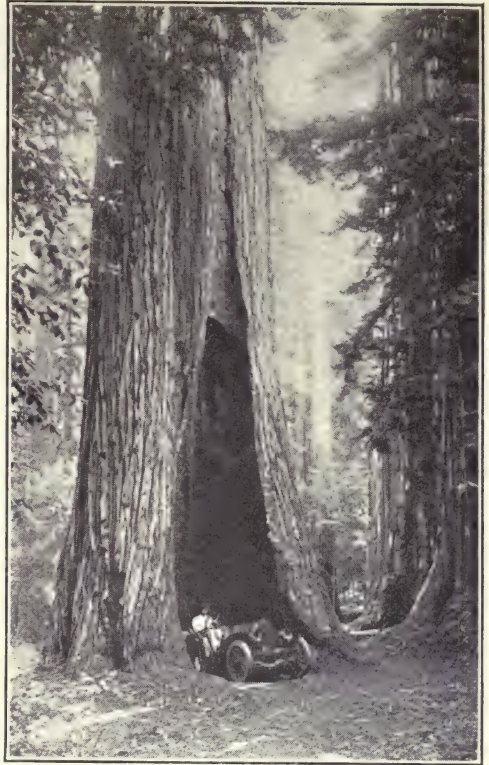
California, height, 260 feet; diameter, 30 feet.

GENERAL GRANT GROVE

General Grant, height, 264 feet; diameter, 35 feet.

George Washington, height, 255 feet; diameter, 29 feet.

The General Sherman tree was discovered by James Wolverton, a hunter and trapper, on August 7, 1879, at which time he named the tree in honor of General Sherman, under whom he



An ordinary specimen of the big trees

had served during the war. The dimensions of this tree are as follows:

Dimensions of General Sherman Tree

	Feet
Height	279.9
Base circumference	102.8
Base diameter	32.7
Greatest diameter at base.....	36.5
Circumference 6 ft. above ground	86.0
Diameter 6 ft. above ground.....	27.4
Diameter 100 ft. above ground..	17.7

The general country is one of the most beautiful in America, abounding in splendid streams, noble valleys, striking ridges, and towering mountains. Some of the best trout fishing in the world is found nowhere else in such perfection of color.

These mountains and valleys form literally one of the most available pleasure spots on the continent. It is

easily traveled and abounds in fine camping grounds. The water is drinkable in all the streams. Aside from the sequoias the largest, oldest, tallest and most valuable forest trees are found here. There are forests of pine, fir, cedar and many deciduous trees that are fairly royal. There are many shrubs, wild flowers, ferns and mosses of wonderful luxuriance and beauty. It is a park of birds.

In laying out the boundaries of Sequoia National Park some of the most superb of American scenic country was

unaccountably omitted. Just to the north lies the wonderful valley of the Kings River with its spectacular canyon and picturesque mountains, while directly on the east, over the Great Western Divide, lies the valley of the Kings River, widely celebrated for its beauty. Mount Whitney, on its east bank, is the loftiest mountain in the United States. These two districts are easily reached from the national park, of which they are in effect, though not in administration and protection, a natural part.

JOHN MUIR

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves.—J. M.

I

Gone, too, to join other old friends
Whom I have lost in this short year,
Each one a friend I hold most dear—
Is it thus friendship ends?

Or does it live in word and deed,
Immortal like the souls of men,
Sleeping betimes but quickened when
Love's longing warms the need?

These friends are nearer now to me
Than when between us, boundless,
wide,
Came with its ebb and flow of tide
The deep, secretive sea!

No longer does it separate
My friends from me, and much I feel
Their lessened absence will reveal
The Hope for which I wait!

They lead me out from sordid care,
Up toward the blessed mountain tops;
From busy men, from trade and shops
Into the cool, calm air!

II

He climbed his last, bold rugged peak,
Passed upward to his resting place,
Where in His presence, face to face,
He may rejoice and speak!

Thanking the Father for his gift
Of better than a dying son—
The handiwork which he has done—
The mountain's high uplift!

Good tidings there for such as he,
And peace he loved so dearly well;
Fresh winds and strength from storms
that swell
Across Eternity!

Cares dropping off like autumn things;
And who can doubt his trees are there
With branches waving high in air;
Songs, and the whirr of wings!

III

Better than High Sierra's Dome,
Better than any in the past,
The summit you have reached at last
Dead friend of mine, your Home!

E. S. GOODHUE.

"Wild Bill" Hickok

By Frank M. Vancil

"No more ring the shout and the boisterous laughter,
That told of the joy of the bold cavalier;
Who lived out his time, caring naught for hereafter,
Counting death as a favor and not as a crime.

"Gone, gone are the boys and the nights of disorder,
When none but the coward from glory was barred;
Now the grass decks the grave, wild son of the border,
And vandals thy headstone have mockingly marred."

WILLIAM Hickok, or as he was most generally known, "Wild Bill," was a native of Illinois, and served with credit all through the Civil War; and after participating in some fierce hand-to-hand encounters with Confederates, in which he showed remarkable bravery, he drifted West and began to play his picturesque part on the wild frontier. While Tom Smith and others made lasting reputations as marshals in the days of gun fighting their fame was as nothing in comparison with that of Wild Bill Hickok, for the reason that Wild Bill had in him just that dash which ever crowns the hero.

Hickok was a man a little above the medium height, and lithe and muscular in build. He had broad shoulders and a tapering waist, the latter being accentuated by a black coat and a low cut vest, the top button of the latter garment being always open. Tucked inside this vest were the weapons which were the foundation of Wild

Bill's reputation, and which sent many a clever gunman to the famous Boot Hill for burial. His face was long and of a determined cast, with a long, silky mustache, dropping over a hard-set, but not cruel mouth. His nose was aquiline, and this, with his piercing blue eyes, gave his face the indefinable stamp of determination that awed many an ambitious bad man. Long, shining curls of chestnut hue swept down to his shoulders. And when this picturesque figure, under a broad-brimmed hat of white felt, strode down the street in any festive cowtown or mining camp, cowboys and miners pitched their revelry in a low tone, and the bullies who were wise were careful to refrain from "starting anything."

Hickok was a young man when he received a commission as deputy United States Marshal, and was assigned to particularly dangerous duty in Western Nebraska, when that country was a terror to all law-abiding citizens. There had been many murders and strange disappearances of immigrants reported from that section, and it was suspected that a gang of murderers had made a practice of intercepting the wagons of travelers, killing the immigrants and stealing the contents of their outfits.

Wild Bill and a partner undertook to ferret out these criminals. They took up their abode as settlers in a cabin on the banks of the Platte River, near the scene of several disappearances, and they became convinced that the work had been done by a crowd of bad men, known as the McCandless gang. There were a number of McCandless brothers in the gang,

and with two or three outsiders, it made a formidable combination. Wild Bill merely waited for something on which to base a move before arresting the ringleaders of the crowd. He had not long to wait, for McCandless brothers were shrewd and suspicious men, and they suspected that the coming of these two quiet strangers boded no good to them. They were particularly suspicious of the one with the shining curls, who had given evidence of astonishing skill with the revolver. They planned to kill Wild Bill and to prove their suspicions afterward. Accordingly, they moved on Wild Bill's cabin one day when the deputy's partner was away fishing. There were seven in the party, all well armed, and such a thing as defeat never entered their calculations.

Bill heard them coming, and divining their purpose, immediately opened fire. Two of them fell dead outside the cabin door. The others rushed in firing, but Wild Bill stood behind the table, with both revolvers speaking in rapid unison. Two more fell inside the door, and a fifth staggered to the table so desperately wounded as to be clear out of the fight. Bill was seriously wounded, but soon only the old man McCandless was left. This leader of the gang was a desperate and resourceful fighter, however, and he closed with Hickok in a struggle to a finish. Both had their knives drawn, and they hacked and stabbed each other desperately as they rolled about the cabin floor. When Wild Bill's partner came back from his fishing, he found Bill and old man McCandless locked in deadly embrace in the middle of the floor. The old man was stabbed through the heart, and Wild Bill was all but dead from the loss of blood. Two of the McCandless gang lay groaning, mortally wounded, and the others were just where they had fallen—mute tribute to Wild Bill's deadly aim.

Hickok recovered from his wounds, and his fame from this encounter spread all over the West. He wandered about the frontier, being marshal

of many of the wickedest towns. He was in this capacity forced to kill many persons for the reason that gun-fighters from all over the West sought him out for the purpose of slaying him. They had no grudge against him, but merely wished the glory of killing the greatest gun-fighter of the day. They took pot shots at him from behind doorways, or fired into the open doors of saloons as Wild Bill stood talking. But always their shots went wild, and always Bill's leaden answers were effective. He was unquestionably the most daring and expert gun-man the Great Plains ever produced—far superior to Buffalo Bill, so extensively advertised.

An instance of the constant danger to which Wild Bill was exposed was shown in Dodge City, Kansas. Bill was in a saloon, talking to the bar-keeper, when a man pretending to be drunk, shambled in to within a few feet of him. Then the fellow straightened up, flashing a revolver which he held within a few feet of Bill's breast, exclaiming, jubilantly: "Now, Wild Bill, I've got you."

Without moving his hand from the bar or his foot from the rail, Wild Bill gazed over the man's shoulder, and said, as if addressing some one in the rear: "Don't shoot him in the back."

Fearful of being shot in the back by one of Wild Bill's friends, the man naturally turned his head an instant, and that instant was sufficient for Bill to draw and shoot him through the heart. As the man fell, Wild Bill replaced his hand upon the bar and calmly went on talking, as if nothing had happened. But for his wonderful quickness of thought, as well as of hand, he would have been shot dead in another instant.

But such daring and eventful characters generally die "with their boots on," and such was the fate of Wild Bill. He followed the rush to the Black Hills and located in Deadwood. Some of his old enemies went also, and camped on his trail. While sitting in a saloon, engaged in a social game of cards, with his back to the door, an

unusual thing as to position, he was shot and instantly killed. The would-be hero was run down, convicted of murder and hanged.

The grave of the most famous marshal and most ruthless of man-killers of the old frontier days is chief among the show places of Deadwood, S. D. Relic hunters have sadly despoiled the monument at the head of the grave.

The marble bust has been chipped and marred until the features are scarcely recognizable. Deadwood proposes to replace the battered monument with a big shaft of marble, something that will endure for all time, and that will show posterity just what the city thought of the man who, more than any other man, put an end to lawlessness on the frontier.

ABOVE US

The city roofs with grime are brown,
 Yet o'er them bend the azure skies,
 And ever tenderly look down
 On their grim mysteries.

No purer could their blue depths glow,
 Though stretched o'er fields of golden grain,
 Than here, where fast beneath them grow
 Harvests of sin and pain.

The white clouds sail as peacefully
 Above the city's curse and groan,
 As where some calm, untroubled sea
 Chants its sweet monotone.

As silvery the moonlight beams
 Upon the haunts of greed and vice,
 As where pure infants in their dreams
 Stray back to Paradise.

And still the great stars onward sweep,
 And watch, as eve to morning rolls,
 Alike the herder of the sheep,
 And him who barter souls.

Perchance the fair clouds know they came
 From dust and vapors of the earth—
 And that no white celestial flame,
 But gray mists, gave them birth.

Perchance the stars that light our skies,
 Think of their seething fires within,
 And know from passion peace may rise,
 And purity from sin.

Perchance they see, from where they stand,
 How, through earth's tangled lanes, guilt-trod,
 Love still clears with its thorn-scarred hand
 A pathway back to God.

FRANCES BEERS.

Twenty Billion Slaves to be Freed

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the
Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"The creature also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God."—Romans 8:21.

THIS text, one of the grandest promises for humanity, does not relate to true Christians, but to mankind in general. True Christians are already set free, so far as their hearts, their minds, are concerned. Sainly Christians are a rarity to-day as they have always been since the Master declared: "Fear not, little flock; it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."—Luke 12:32.

Not until these shall be perfected by the glorious change of the Chief Resurrection will the time come for delivering the groaning creation from its bondage. In other words, the world's blessing tarries until the completion of the saintly company gathered out of every nation and denomination during the past nineteen centuries, and called in the Bible "The Church of the First-borns," "The Very Elect," "The Lamb's Wife," "The Body of Christ," and so forth.

Jehovah is a God of order. All His good purposes will be fulfilled in a most orderly manner. Six great days of a thousand years each have already passed over us, according to the Scriptures, and have been periods of darkness under a reign of sin and death. During this time God has allowed our race to experiment with sin and to note its bitter results—to experiment

also in endeavors to recover from sin and its penalty, death, with its concomitants of sickness and sorrow. The long schooling of six thousand years is not to be in vain. The lesson that "the wages of sin is death" is not to be lost. Mankind is not to be left to destruction, but is to be recovered. Earth's billions, lying as unconscious in death as the brute, are nevertheless subjects of Divine interest, sympathy and provision. In the Seventh Thousand-Year Day, earth's great Sabbath, assistance will come to our race.

Broad Foundation for Human Salvation

According to the Divine Program, Christ will then be the great King over all the earth, and the great antitypical Priest, to uplift all the willing and obedient. He will be the Antitype of Melchisedec, who was a priest upon his throne. If the Divine purpose had merely been that the Lord Jesus Christ should do this work alone, there would have been no need of His coming into the world nineteen centuries ago to die; for He could have accomplished the entire work at one time. Now, at the beginning of the seventh thousand years, He could have died for man's sins, thus redeeming all from the curse that came through Adam; and then, risen from the dead and glorified with the Father's power, He could immediately have begun His great work of setting free the prisoners of Sin and Death.

THE INDIAN OF THE PAINTED DESERT

But the Heavenly Father had a better Plan. He had purposed the selecting of the saintly few amongst men, to be associated with our Lord Jesus in His Kingship and in His priestly office. God has laid a broad foundation for a great work for humanity in providing not only the necessary kings and priests for the Millennial Kingdom but also valuable experiences for mankind through the reign of Sin and Death, and through human endeavor to overcome these. By now all should be satisfied that life everlasting must come as a gift from God.

A Race of Slaves.

During Messiah's thousand year-Reign the groaning creation, which from Adam until now numbers twenty billions, will be delivered from bondage into full liberty, proper to sons of God. Behold what terrible bondages are upon mankind! Look at their ignorance, their superstition, their fears, their weaknesses, mental, moral, physical and the sum of these disabilities—death.

This does not signify universal salvation, except in that the Bible promises that "as all in Adam die, even so all in Christ shall be made alive, every man in his own order"—class. (1 Corinthians 15:22, 23.) The giving to all mankind the full opportunities of the Millennial Kingdom will fulfill God's promise. Those who shall intelligently refuse God's gift of everlasting life, by refusing His reasonable requirements, will die the Second Death. But those who at the conclusion of the Millennial Age shall have profited by the Messiah's Kingdom will be received into God's family and will be granted all the liberties and privileges proper to the sons of God.—Revelation 21:4; 22:3.

Although we should understand what God has promised of Restitution to human perfection for the groaning creation in general, it is still more important that Christians recognize the share of liberty which has already come to them. (Galatians 5:1.) Do

not misunderstand me to refer to the great mass, Catholic and Protestant, noted in the statistics of 400,000,000 Christians. Alas, no! That great mass is deceived. According to Bible standards, and their own confessions, they have neither lot nor part in the Church which is the Body of Christ

This great mass is well represented in the nations of Europe warring for commercialism, the one to obtain, and the other to hold, the key of power and access to world wealth. Saints there undoubtedly are in all the warring nations; but they are so few that they have virtually no influence, but are forced by the others into the struggle. The mass of these nominal Christians neither know Christ personally, nor give evidence of having come into God's family through the begetting of the Holy Spirit. As truly as the heathen of other lands, they are "without God and having no hope." There is a hope for them, but they know not of it; they are bound hard and fast in ignorance, superstition, misunderstanding of God and fear of the future.

Responsibility of Clergy and Laity

Where lies the responsibility for present conditions—that the millions of Europe are fighting like devils, each army deceived into thinking that it is the Lord's army, fighting for God and righteousness? We believe that the responsibility lies close to the door of the churches of all denominations, and especially close to the door of the religious teachers, who assume great responsibility in calling themselves the clergy and setting themselves above their fellows, whom they style the laity.

These ministers of the civilized world, more than a quarter of a million in number, represent a highly favored class of humanity. The majority of them have much above the average of time for study and thought. How are they using these wonderful opportunities and privileges, and the influence which goes with their positions and

which is accentuated by the superstition of the masses?

I freely acknowledge that they are not responsible to me; as it is written, "To his own master each servant stands or falls." It is quite proper, however, that we remember the Master's words, "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked and slothful servant." (Luke 19:22.) What a fearful retribution apparently awaits these professed ministers of God and of Christ who, instead of using their great opportunities for emancipating the people from the slavery of ignorance, superstition and error are using them to promote mental bondage!

Moral Cowards Everywhere

The clergy neglect their opportunities for educating the people to a proper conception of the rights of man. They have fostered the fallacy that the kingdoms of the world are kingdoms of God, and that serving the king is serving the Lord. They have not taught the people the broad patriotism that "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," which He hath given to the children of men; and that national barriers of selfishness and national aggressiveness are contrary to the rights of man. The clergy of each country, supported by the governments, have in turn upheld these governments; and if they have not told the people that the voice of the emperor or the king is the voice of God, they have certainly not disabused them of that idea, which the clergy of past generations inculcated.

Now that the war has come, and the misdirected people are blindly fighting for their errors and misconceptions, what is the attitude of the clergy? Under the pay or the protection of the governments, are they not supporting the governments from which they receive their pay? Are they not intent upon encouraging the ambitions of these governments and stirring up the people to war? Do they not approve the legend on the

belts of the German soldiers, "God with us?" Do they not follow the lead of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in England, in encouraging the thought that all who enlist are engaging in a holy war for God? The Archbishop is credited in the press with urging the boys and the girls of Great Britain to marry early and bring up large families, that there may be more such soldiers to battle for church and State.

Policy and hypocrisy are written all over the affairs of the world falsely called Christendom—Christ's Kingdom. These are not Christ's Kingdom, nor are these Christ's ministers, if we judge by the Savior's statement, "His servants ye are to whom ye render service"—whether God or Mammon.

The clergy of lands not directly involved in the war are praying and urging the people to pray to God to stop the war; but we hear no suggestion from any quarter, of proper preaching and teaching to show the people the brotherhood of the human family and the sin of murder, whether committed by commands of kings, emperors, or otherwise. Where is the courage? Where is the moral stamina? It is lacking. Why? Because true Christianity is lacking.

Christ's true followers are courageous. Jesus refers to them all as overcomers, not sycophants; as lovers of peace, who contend not with carnal weapons. His followers must, nevertheless, be true heroes, copies of their Master, not afraid to speak the truth and not afraid to die for their courage. What a power a quarter of a million professed ministers of Christ might be if they truly took their stand on his side, lifted up their voices, and even now confessed how seriously they have misled the people in respect to earthly things, as well as regards the things of the hereafter!

Hypocrisy the Greatest of Sins

Judged by their utterances, the great mass of those professing to be ministers of Christ are hypocrites. In private conversation, if cross-examined,

they confess that they do not believe in the Bible, and declare that no educated person could believe it to be a Divine revelation. Asked whether they believe in a future life, they answer that they have some hopes of a future life, but that these are built, not upon the Bible declaration of a resurrection of the dead, but upon the platonic philosophy that nobody is dead. Asked whether they believe in eternal torment, they reply, Certainly not! Indirectly, however, they have given the inference that they believe it; and surely they have not done anything to take from the people that nightmare invented during the Dark Ages, when for twelve hundred years the few Bibles that were relegated to the cloister and the closet, and the world was taught by self-styled apostolic bishops, who claimed the same authority of inspiration as the Twelve Apostles whom Jesus named as His only mouthpieces.

There were murderers, thieves and drunkards in Jesus' day, as there are to-day; yet the Master denounced as still greater sinners the religious hypocrites of His time who made void God's Word, substituting for it human tradition—deceiving and misleading the people—"blind leaders of the blind." Were He to speak forth to-day His strongest condemnation would be expressed against the clergy, who seem intent upon keeping the people in darkness respecting the true teachings of the Bible—teaching them evolution and unbelief if they are educated, or delusions of the Dark Ages if they are uneducated. Policy seems to take the place of honesty. The Apostle speaks of such as having their consciences seared—toughened, hardened. Lying usage in deception, in trifling with the Word of God, in toying with human tradition and in pleasing kings and princes, has apparently seared many clerical consciences.

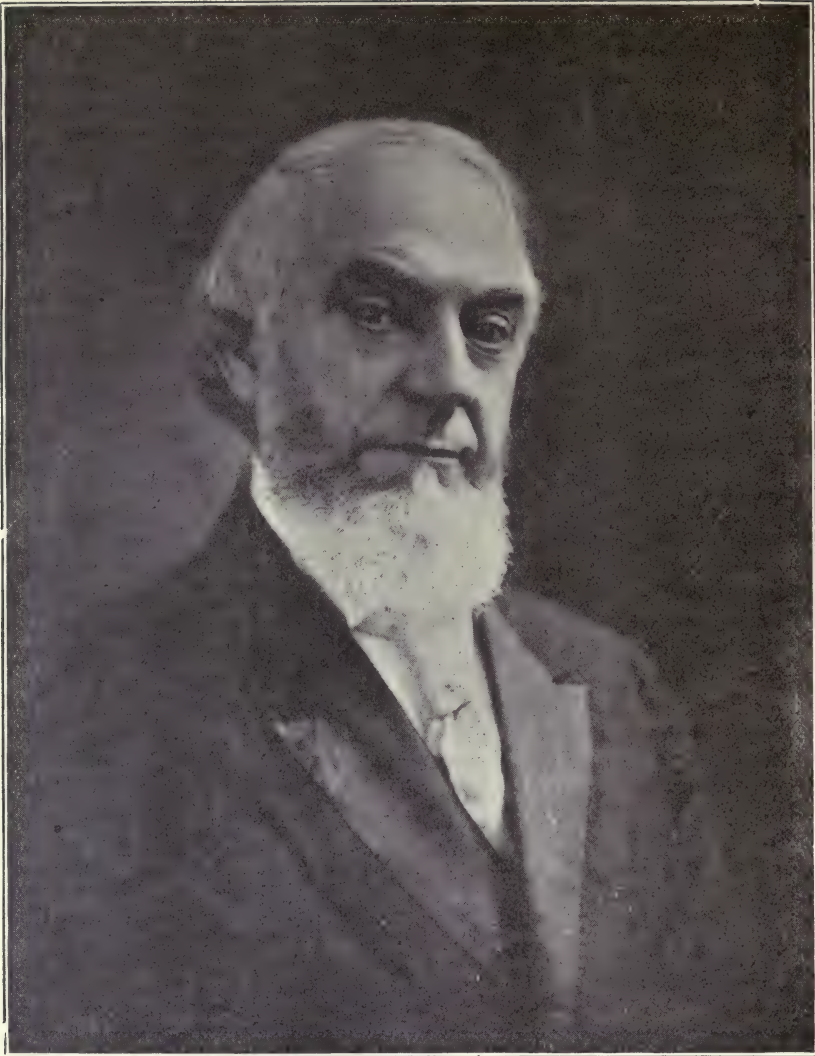
As a result, nearly all ministers will say: "We do not believe in the doctrine of eternal torture. We would not think of torturing anybody ourselves; we do not know any human being so

depraved that he would wish to torture his fellow creature everlastingly. We do not believe that God would do so. We doubt whether any devil would long take pleasure in such sufferings." Asked why they support creeds which so teach, and why they give such inference to the public, some reply, "It is required of us by our denominations. We would much prefer to tell the truth about the Love of God and His arrangement for the blessing of the non-elect during the Times of Restitution. (Acts 3:19-21.) But we are bound hand and foot. Our support and our honor amongst men depend on our adherence to this doctrine. If we could see a way out of the difficulty, we would be glad to be liberated."

Others answer that they give their consciences no concern, that their denomination takes the responsibility for its creed and for its teachers. Others answer that they are Higher Critics and Evolutionists, who believe that they must not tell the people their heart-sentiments, but that they hope that soon public sentiment will outgrow the influence of the Bible, and that then they will be called upon to teach a Christless, and, if necessary, a Godless morality.

After the Example of Judas

Such bartering of the honor of the Almighty for honor of men and an easy living is as difficult to understand as that of Judas, who sold Jesus for thirty pieces of silver. So seared are the consciences of these educated men that they seem not to realize that blasphemy is the most serious of sins; and that directly or indirectly giving the inference that the God of all grace, the Father of Mercies, is roasting 999 out of every 1,000 of humanity is the worst blasphemy that could be concocted. How much allowance God makes for these blasphemers I do not know, but I feel that theirs is a terrible position. Would that some word of mine might assist in awakening their consciences; and that even yet nobility and man-



Pastor
C. T.
Russell



hood, not to say saintship, might gain the victory!

And does not the pew share this responsibility? Has it no meaning to intelligent men and women that they have subscribed to a creed that blasphemes God's holy name, totally misrepresents His character, and throws an utterly false light on the Bible? Is it sufficient that these should say, "We no longer believe these creeds?" Do not their names on the rolls, their presence at church services, and their contribution to the up-keep of these creeds and their clerical defenders constitute a responsibility in the sight of God and in the esteem of all honest

men and women? How long shall intelligent people halt between creeds of hypocrisy and one of honesty? How long will they bow down before creed idols more horrible than any worshiped by the heathen?

While mankind is celebrating to-day the birth of this great nation which stands for liberty, freedom, emancipation from the thralldom of church and State, let us personally make fresh resolutions that we will stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ makes free, and be His servants, loyal, faithful unto death, hoping to receive "the Crown of Life, which fadeth not away."

MUTT and JEFF

IN THE San Francisco Chronicle



Do you know that **BUD FISHER** now draws these famous characters of his **EXCLUSIVELY** for the *Chronicle* in San Francisco?

THEY ARE APPEARING DAILY

See Briggs' Funny "KELLY POOL" Pictures Too!



"The Government and Policies of the German Empire," by Fritz-Konrad Kruger, Doktor Der Staatswissenschaften. (Tubingen) M. A. (Nebraska.)

This is the first of a series of handbooks on modern government. The series is planned for the double purpose of supplying college classes in government with handy authoritative texts, and of furnishing the public with convenient volumes for reading and reference. The plan is to cover the important governments not only of Europe, but of other parts of the world and certain colonial dependencies. Each volume, as in the present instance, will be written by a specialist in the history and institutions of the country concerned, and from first hand knowledge of actual conditions. The series is written especially for the service of American students and the public generally.

This volume on the German government is a good example of what the editors hope for by way of judicious and patriotic expression. The author is in general sympathy with the principles of the National Liberal party of Germany, and it is believed his views reflect the common opinion of the great body of the German people; it is a conservative and restrained judgment of German achievement. The book accordingly is timely. A generous index offers ready assistance to finding references.

Published by the World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York.

"The Cup of Comus, Fact and Fancy," by Madison Cawein, Member of the National Institute of Art and Letters.

This edition of poems of the late Madison Cawein have been collected

and published by his staunch friend in poetry, Mme. Rose de Vaux Royer, president of the Cameo Club, New York, in order to preserve for futurity the best of his work covering thirty years. These poems are regarded by many as the gems of his widely recognized work. A testimonial list is behind this movement inaugurated by Mme. de Vaux Royer, with such representative names as William Dean Howells, Edwin Markham, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Clinton Scollard, Blanche S. Wagstaff, William W. Ellsworth and one hundred others. Cawein's poems need no eulogy: they are part of the anthology of poetry of the nation, and have appeared in the leading publications of the country.

Price \$1.10 for the book and postage. Edition de luxe, \$2.10. Order from Rose de Vaux Royer or the publishers, The Cameo Press, 627 W. 136 street, New York.

"Our American Wonderlands," by George Wharton James, author of "The Grand Canyons of Arizona," "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," etc. Plentifully illustrated with photographs.

It is not too much to say that few men know the wonders of the great West as thoroughly, intimately and sensibly as George Wharton James. Not only has he made this field a special study from a scientific standpoint, but with a clear vision has endeavored to get in touch with the spiritual meaning of the magnetic pictures, grand prospects and atmosphere that nature with splendid boldness has diversified landscape and waterscape.

In these pages the author has sought briefly and vividly to give the reader living glimpses of what America offers of antiquarian, geologic and eth-



In Service Daily

THE SCENIC LIMITED

America's Latest Transcontinental Train

A New Thru Fast All-Steel Train

SAN FRANCISCO

and

ST. LOUIS

Passing Thru The

Scenic Sierras and Rockies

By Daylight

"EVERY MILE A PICTURE"

The Scenic Way to or from

Panama-Pacific Exposition

Be sure your ticket reads either
on the going or return trip

Via

"The Scenic Line of the World."

E. L. LOMAX
Passenger Traffic Manager
San Francisco, Cal.



This Little
HUMAN
DOCUMENT
tells
the story
of

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

For half a century thousands of mothers who could not nurse their babies have successfully used "Eagle Brand" as an infant food. The thousands of recorded cases of children who have been carried through the critical period on "Eagle Brand" have established it as the leading product of its kind. "Eagle Brand" is highly palatable, easily digested, and is ready for the baby with the addition of the proper amount of boiled water that has been cooled to feeding temperature.

"Eagle Brand" has a hundred uses as a culinary help. In thousands of homes it is preferred for coffee and tea. It makes ice cream of delicious smoothness. In cakes, in cookies, in icings, in dainties and knick-knacks, it supplies a delicate quality that provides a new delight.

"Eagle Brand" is economical because there is absolutely no waste. It is always ready for use, and keeps well.

Borden's
Condensed Milk
Company

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857 New York



Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
108 Hudson Street, New York Overland 1-16
Please send me "Baby's Welfare," also "Baby's Biography" as well as "Borden's Recipes."

Name
Address

nological interest. The Cliff Dwellers of Colorado and Arizona are just as fascinating as the castles of the Rhine, when one comprehends their story. The Hopis, Havasupais, Apaches and Navahos are more picturesque than the Swiss, Irish, Servians or Russian peasants, and their social and religious ceremonies far more wonderful and fascinating; the Natural Bridges of Utah, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest, the Canyon de Chelly, the High Sierras, Havasu Canyon, Yosemite Valley, the Yellowstone and a hundred other scenic glories of our Western world far surpass in variety and marvel anything Europe has to offer. The book is written to excite interest in these wonderlands, to see America first.

Price \$2 net. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

"Health—Care of the Growing Child: His Diet, Hygiene, Training, Development and Prevention of Disease," by Louis Fischer, M. D., author of "The Health-Care of the Baby," etc.

This is a practical treatise dealing with the prevention of disease; the development and growth of the body, gymnastics, nutrition and special forms of diet for weak children; catarrhal, communicable and systemic diseases; also skin affections, miscellaneous diseases, diseases of the nervous system; emergencies and accidents, etc. This book is adapted as a guide to the mother and nurse and offers suitable advice until the physician can be reached.

Illustrated with drawings. Price, \$1.25 net. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"The Law Breakers," by Ridgwell Cullum, author of "The Watchers of the Plains," "The Night Riders," "The Way of the Strong," etc.

A tale of suspense and mystery, the scene of which is laid in a secluded valley in Western Canada. There is

every evidence to show that "whisky running" is being carried on in the valley, and several persons are suspected of being implicated, yet in spite of the vigilance of the mounted police of the district, in spite of many a trap set to catch the culprits, they continue to elude capture. At last, to Stanley Fyles, who has never been known to fail in any assignment, is delegated the task of tracking down and capturing the head of the whisky gang. The story of his repeated attempts, his many disappointments, and his final success, through all of which the romance of his life was being woven, makes a tale of thrilling adventure, intense suspense, and totally unexpected action. Not until the final chapter is the mystery solved and the love story completed.

Illustrated with colored frontispiece and wash drawings. Price \$1.35 net. Published by George W. Jacobs, Philadelphia.

"Anglo-Saxon Supremacy" (Human Personality Series) by John L. Brandt, author of "Turning Points of Life," "Marriages at Home," etc., with introduction by James W. Lee, D. D.

The purpose of the author is to look across the centuries and discuss the contributions made by the various races to the world's civilization and to emphasize the principles, ideals and institutions that give supremacy to the Anglo-Saxons, and the promise of permanency to their civilization. Most of the articles were first prepared prior to the great European conflict, and therefore it is not a war book, and yet the issues of the present conflict are discussed. John L. Brandt is author, traveler and lecturer. Many popular books on religious thought are to his credit. He has done much work as an Evangelist, and is at present pastor of the historic First Christian Church of St. Louis.

Price, \$1.25. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston.



Earn Big Pay as a Tree Expert

From a farm hand at \$25 a month to a tree expert at \$3000 a year---from monotonous grind to a fascinating, healthful, respected profession---that is the rise of the man pictured here, P. E. Hudson, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y. Through the Davey course of training by mail hundreds of young men, like Hudson, have improved their condition in life. *You have an equal chance.* A few months study, at home, in your spare time, will fit you for any of the following positions—

The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 418 Oak St., Kent, Ohio

Tree Surgery, City Forestry, Park Superintendent, Fruit Growing, City Tree Expert, Forestry. These fields are uncrowded; you will have more demands for your services than you can fill. Write today for book, "Adventures in Success" and tell us which of the professions listed above especially appeals to you.

Leghorn Breeders!

Send in your subscription to *The Leghorn Journal* and keep posted on the progress of the Leghorn industry; as it is devoted exclusively to the different Leghorn fowls. Subscription price 50c. per year. Special offer—Send us 10c. and the names of five of your neighbors interested in Leghorns and we will send you *The Leghorn Journal* for three months.

THE LEGHORN JOURNAL
APPOMATTOX, VA.

A SAMPLE COPY

OF THE

AMERICAN OPEN AIR SCHOOL JOURNAL

WILL BE MAILED TO YOU ON RECEIPT OF

10¢ Stamps
or Coin

THREE MONTHS 25c

ONE YEAR \$1.00

THIS JOURNAL

Presents the best experience and the best thinking on the subjects of improving the health of children in school and at home. It appeals to all teachers and to intelligent mothers.

1140 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia

Mount Shasta and the Siskiyou

"SHASTA ROUTE" SOUTHERN PACIFIC

FIRST IN SAFETY

Through the most magnificent mountain scenery in America—snow-capped Shasta, pine-clad canyons, and foaming streams. From Siskiyou's glorious summit looking southward on California's peaks and verdant slopes, and northward on Oregon's timbered heights and orchard-checked valleys—a succession of views unequalled in their combination.

FOUR DAILY TRAINS

San Francisco (Ferry Station) to Portland, Tacoma and Seattle

"Shasta Limited," Extra Fare \$5, 11:00 A. M.

"Portland Express" 1:00 P. M.

"Oregon Express" 8:20 P. M.

"Sound Special" 11:40 P. M.

Best Dining Car in America

Oil-Burning Engines—No Cinders, No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke
Awarded Grand Prize for Railway Track, Equipment, Motive Power, and
Safety-First Appliances, San Francisco Exposition, 1915

For Fares, Tickets, and Berths, Inquire Southern Pacific Ticket Offices

"The Hermit of the Adirondacks," by Della Trombly.

Nearly every phase of life is depicted—from the social world of New York and Newport society to the underworld of robbers and cutthroats. The characters are equally varied. Mabel Lestrangle, sweet and strong, is the very flower of womanhood, and in sharp contrast is Blanche Lathrop, beautiful and unscrupulous. How both of these women became the wife of Leslie Lathrop is one of the surprises of the story.

Price, \$1.25 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Quest of the Ring," by Paul S. Braillier.

An allegory with a touch of the old morality play, as pretty a tale in conception and the telling as can be found in a day's journey. The theme is eternal—the quest for happiness.

Illustrated by Catherine M. Richter. Price \$1. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Marvels of Our Bodily Dwelling," by Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D. Introduction by Sylvanus Stall, D. D.

Under the similitude of an allegory the author has treated these subjects attractively, and imparted to them an interest that holds the attention of old and young alike from beginning to end. Scientific facts are not sacrificed in the fiction, but fiction is made to serve the facts in such a way as to secure the widest dissemination and greatest usefulness. The circulation of this book will help not only to dispel the ignorance upon these subjects which prevails so widely among all classes, but it will do it so skillfully that the light will fall agreeably, and be welcomed by those who most need it. Health can neither be secured nor retained without intelligent understanding of our marvelous bodies, and this book shows the way.

Price \$1.20 net. Published by the Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

"The Thread That Is Spun," by Margaret Horner Clyde.

Aside from the value of its local color, it is a story of unadulterated human nature. Its humor is delicious, its characters lifelike and genuine. In Lavinia Clendenin one finds a heroine both strong and sweet, courageous in the face of disaster, patient to endure, strong to conquer. The old minister with his pipe and his books; saucy, bustling Janet McPherson; Aunt Peggy Craig at her square-paned window; the wholesome young self-made lawyer; the wanderer in South Africa; these and others are personalities not easily forgotten.

Price \$1.20. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Naval Handbook for National Defense and for the European War," by Commander T. D. Parker, U. S. N. (retired.)

The ordinary citizen is very much confused by most of the terms and expressions now being used in military and naval developments both in the present war and in this country's efforts for preparedness in defense. Periscopes and screening, seaplanes and dirigibles, are mystifying and baffling to his understanding of the situation. This compact little book is intended to furnish all such information and shed several helpful sidelights on war and preparedness. This volume is non-technical, popular and authoritative. In the front are collected a hundred questions with reference to pages where answers are to be found. There is also a full word index. This double index makes it readily useful.

Price, \$1 net. Published by John Newbegin, San Francisco, 149 Grant avenue.

"Health and Power Through Creation," by Paul Ellsworth.

This book gives a workable, practical system for bringing into activity and co-ordinating all the powers of mind and body. Practical methods are given for the attainment of self-



Three generations
of the Vose family have made the art of manufacturing the Vose Piano their life-work. For 63 years they have developed their instruments with such honesty of construction and materials, and with such skill, that the Vose Piano of today is the ideal Home Piano.

Delivered in your home free of charge. Old instruments taken as partial payment in exchange. Time Payments accepted. If interested, send for catalogues today.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
189 Boylston Street Boston, Mass.



The German Savings and Loan Society

(The German Bank)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial
526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

MISSION BRANCH

S. E. CORNER MISSION AND 21ST STREETS

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH

S. W. CORNER CLEMENT AND 7TH AVENUE

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH

S. W. CORNER HAIGHT AND BELVEDERE

June 30th, 1915:

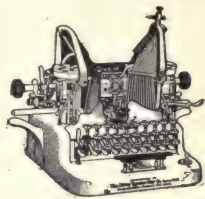
Assets	\$60,321,343.04
Deposits	57,362,899.35
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,958,443.69
Employees' Pension Fund	199,164.12
Number of Depositors	66,965

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was declared.

The Typewriter Opportunity

Will you let me send you this Standard Visible Typewriter—the Famous Model No. 5 OLIVER with Inbuilt Tabulator and Back Spacer—on FREE TRIAL? No money in advance—no deposit—no C. O. D. If you find it to be the best typewriter you ever saw and want to keep it, I will make you a price that is lower than wholesale—lower than the lowest agents' prices and you can let typewriter pay for itself out of what it earns for you. Full Standard Equipment with machine. LIFE GUARANTEE. Because there are no American Typewriters going to Europe just now, I can make you a wonderful price inducement. BE SURE AND SEND TODAY for Free Catalog and Full Details of this Greatest of Typewriter Offers. All information absolutely free.



Model No. 5

General Manager, TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
1510-62 M Wabash Ave., Chicago (343)

THE Paul Gerson DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of California

The Largest Training School of Acting in America

The Only Dramatic School on the Pacific Coast

TENTH YEAR

Elocution, Oratory, Dramatic Art

Advantages:

Professional Experience While Studying. Positions Secured for Graduates. Six Months Graduating Course. Students Can Enter Any Time.

Arrangements can be made with Mr. Gerson for Amateur and Professional Coaching

Paul Gerson Dramatic School Bldg.

McALLISTER and HYDE STREET
San Francisco, Cal.
Write for Catalogue.

MANZANITA HALL

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

Makes a specialty of preparing boys and young men for entrance to the universities. The location, adjacent to Stanford University and to Palo Alto, a town of remarkable culture, makes possible a school life of unusual advantages and opportunities.

For catalogue and specific information, address
W. A. SHEDD, Head Master

Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves

A dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves to carry in the purse. A handy article for all occasions to quickly improve the complexion. Sent for 10 cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones St., New York.

mastery and the development of a masterful memory. One chapter tells how to do original, creative thinking.

Published by The Elizabeth Towne Company, Holyoke, Mass.

"The Wonder Girl: A Tourist Tale of California," by Anna E. Satterlee, author of "Love's Equality," etc.

A girl who can sing entrancingly, dance like a fairy, run an automobile like an expert, and who, above all, has the gift of making every one happy and being equal to every emergency. Such is Carol Wilton. She and her intimate friend, Ruby Guild, give their host and hostess in Los Angeles surprises galore. Two Harvard Law School men, guests in the same house, furnish their share of entertainment; and when Aunt Lucinda, provincial to a degree, but level headed and after all with a heart in the right place, arrives unexpectedly from Connecticut, the house party is complete. The background is the Exposition in San Francisco and San Diego, and the countryside of Los Angeles.

Price \$1.20. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Oliver and the Crying Ship," by Nancy Miles Durant, author of "A Book of Verses," etc., Illustrated by A. B. Betancourt.

From the moment Oliver falls asleep in the woodshed the fun begins. Then the "Proverbial Pin," "Quiet Mouse," "Bear" and "Forbear" ("friends of both parents, my dear") "Cross Patch," "Good-as-Gold," "Wet Blanket," "Eaves Dropper," the famously loquacious "Little Bird," and a host of other creatures the children would like to meet, conduct Oliver on a round of unusual experiences.

Price \$1. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Onesimus, the Slave: A Romance of the Days of Nero," by Laurel M. Hope.

At a period in the world's history where intrigue and immorality were

rampant, and honor and loyalty, justice and truth were so lightly esteemed the story of Onesimus, who was willing to sacrifice everything that life held dear that he might remain true to his convictions, will certainly stand as a perpetual beacon light for generations to come. Onesimus was one of the first in ancient history to show the true Christian spirit. An entertaining story of antiquity.

Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

"The Sea Wind, A Book of Verse," by William Colburn Husted.

The volume is restful in its simplicity of wording, pleasing in imagery and the unassuming dignity of its measures, and inspiring in the sanity of its moods.

Price \$1. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Riddle of the Beast," by Josiah Nichols Kidd, author of "The Guiding Hand," etc.

"Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." With this riddle for a symbol the author sets forth in compelling verse the all absorbing problem of war, and endeavors to explain God's relationship to this evil and how it is always made to serve His plan for the ultimate good of man.

Price \$1.00 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"To One from Arcady, and Other Poems," by Theodore L. Fitzsimmons.

The poems are divided into two groups: first, the lyrics and sonnets, which are simply word-paintings of moods, such as "The Sea Enchanted" and "Moon-magic;" and second, metaphysical poems, in which the spirit is more important than the form, as in "The Unseen Sculptor," "The Prayer to Brahm," and the short poem entitled "Fate."

Price, \$1. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.



The Vose Player Piano is so constructed that even a little child can play it. It combines our superior player action with the renowned Vose Pianos which have been manufactured during 63 years by three generations of the Vose family. In purchasing this instrument you secure quality, tone, and artistic merit at a moderate price, on time payments, if desired. Catalogue and literature sent on request to those interested. Send today.

You should become a satisfied owner of a



The Photo-play Review

WEEKLY

Handsomely Illustrated Well Printed

Is the Great Leader Among Motion Picture Magazines

Nearly Everybody Reads It

Full of Good Stories. The Best Picture Plays. Special Articles on Motion Pictures. Interesting Notes About the Players.

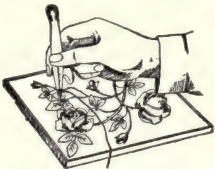
Subscribe Now \$1.00 A Year

On News-stands at Five Cents a Copy

The Photo-play Review Publishing Co., Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Strawberry FREE To introduce our Pedigreed Ever-bearing strawberries we will send 25 fine plants free. PEDIGREED NURSERY CO., SULLIVAN, MO.

AGENTS WANTED!



Either Sex. To sell our silver handle Embroidery Needles. The easiest and quickest seller ever placed in hands of agents. Show a woman what this needle is capable of producing and a sale is assured. Write for Terms. Address

WHALE ART COMPANY
6187 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Construction News Press Clippings

Contractors, Material Men, Builders, Manufacturers, in fact, anybody interested in construction news of all kinds, obtain from our daily reports quick, reliable information. Our special correspondents all over the country enable us to give our patrons the news in advance of their competitors, and before it has become common property.

Let us know what you want, and we will send you samples and quote you prices.

Press clippings on any subject from all the leading current newspapers, magazines, trade and technical journals of the United States and Canada. Public speakers, writers, students, club women, can secure reliable data for speeches, essays, debates, etc. Special facilities for serving trade and class journals, railroads and large industrial corporations.

We read, through our staff of skilled readers, a more comprehensive and better selected list of publications than any other bureau.

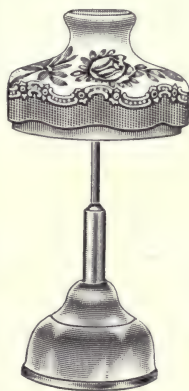
We aim to give prompt and intelligent service at the lowest price consistent with good work.

Write us about it. Send stamp for booklet.

United States Press Clipping Bureau

Rand McNally Bldg.

CHICAGO, ILL



The Favorite Home Lamp

250 C. P.--1 Cent a Day

Portable, safe, convenient. No connecting wires or tubes. Operates 60 hours on one gallon of gasoline, saves money and eyes. Automatically cleaned, adjustable turned high or low at will. Positively cannot clog. Operates in any position. Guaranteed. Decorated china shade free with each lamp. Just the thing for homes, hotels, doctors' and lawyers' offices. Ask your local hardware dealer for a demonstration, if he doesn't carry it he can obtain it from any Wholesale Hardware House or write direct to us.

National Stamping & Electric Works

438 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Illinois

MEN OF IDEAS and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice **FREE**. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 86, Washington, D. C.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast 443 Marquette Building, Chicago

640 Old South Bldg., Boston	1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis
324 Whitehall Bldg., N. Y.	855 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco
435 Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh	518 Central Building, Los Angeles

Write nearest office

Hitchcock Military Academy

San Rafael, Cal.



One of the Four Main Halls

A HOME school for boys, separate rooms, large campus, progressive, efficient, thorough, Government detail and full corps of experienced instructors, accredited to the Universities.

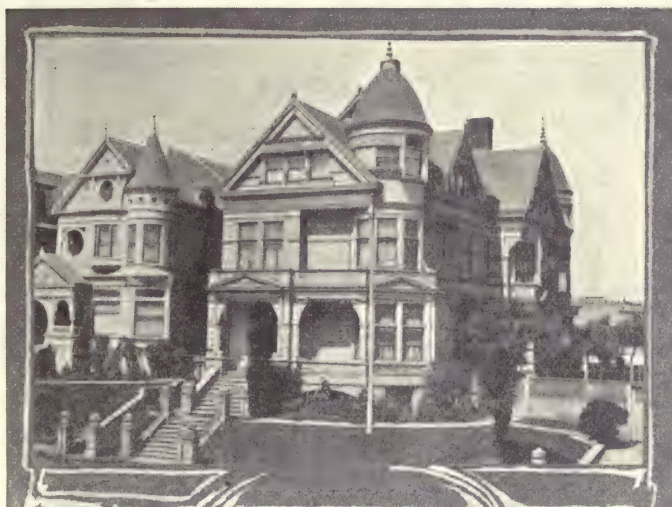
Ideally located in the picturesque foothills of Marin County, fifteen miles from San Francisco.

Founded 1878.

Catalogue on application.

REX W. SHERER and S. J. HALLEY, Principals

Miss Hamlin's School For Girls



Home Building on Pacific Avenue
of Miss Hamlin's School for Girls

Boarding and day pupils. Pupils received at any time. Accredited by all accrediting institutions, both in California and in Eastern States. French school for little children. Please call, phone or address

MISS HAMLIN

TELEPHONE WEST 546

2230 PACIFIC AVENUE

2117 } BROADWAY
2123 }

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

HALFTONE ENGRAVINGS

FOR SALE

6 Cents Per Square Inch



For Advertising Purposes

For Illustrating Booklets

For Newspapers

For Magazines



The halftone engravings that have appeared in the various issues of the Overland Monthly represent subjects suitable for almost any purpose. Having been carefully used in printing, they are

As Good As New

Prints of these illustrations can be seen at the office. Over 10,000 cuts to select from.



Overland Monthly

21 Sutter Street, San Francisco



FIRST IN SAFETY

CHOICE OF Four Routes EAST

NEW ORLEANS—OGDEN—PORTLAND—EL PASO

"Sunset Route"

Along the Mission Trail and through the Dixieland of Song and Story.

Two Daily Trains to New Orleans via Los Angeles, Tucson, El Paso, San Antonio and Houston. Connecting with Southern Pacific Steamers to New York.

"Ogden Route"

Across the Sierras and over the Great Salt Lake Cut-off.

Four Daily Trains to Chicago via Ogden and Omaha, or via Denver and Kansas City to St. Louis, Shortest and Quickest Way East.

"Shasta Route"

Skirting majestic Mount Shasta and crossing the Siskiyou.

Four Daily Trains to Portland, Tacoma and Seattle—through Oregon and the Pacific Northwest.

"El Paso Route"

The Golden State Route through the Southwest.

Two Daily Trains to Chicago and St. Louis via Los Angeles, Tucson, El Paso and Kansas City.

Southern Pacific Service is the Standard

Best Dining Car in America

Oil Burning Engines—No Cinders, No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke

Awarded Grand Prize for Railway Track, Equipment, Motive Power and Safety-First Appliances, San Francisco Exposition 1915

For Fares and Train Service, Ask Southern Pacific Agents

FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR FIFTY

Send your boy to an agricultural college if you can, but if you find that impossible, get him a scholarship in the Campbell Correspondence School of Soil Culture. It will cost you fifteen hundred dollars to send him to an agricultural college for three years. You can buy a scholarship in the Campbell Correspondence School for fifty dollars and educate your boy at home. If he applies his spare time to study and takes pains with his work on the farm, he will know as much about scientific farming at the end of three years as he would if he spent that time and that fifteen hundred dollars at an agricultural college. He does not have to pass an examination, and can begin at any time and go as fast as he pleases.

Of course you are too old to go to college, but you are not too old to study at home. We have students all the way from 19 years old to 84 years young. Write for a catalog and save \$1,450. You can't make that much money as easy in any other way.

CAMPBELL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
BILLINGS, MONTANA

established July 20, 1850

NEWS LETTER

California Advertiser.

F. MARRIOTT, Publisher

A Journal for the Cultured
Oldest and Brightest Weekly
Newspaper on the Pacific
Coast. 10 Cents Per Copy

Subscribe for the LIVING AGE

IF YOU WANT every aspect of the great European War presented every week, in articles by the ablest English writers.

IF YOU WANT the leading English reviews, magazines and journals sifted for you and their most important articles reproduced in convenient form without abridgment.

IF YOU WANT the *Best Fiction*, the *Best Essays* and the *Best Poetry* to be found in contemporary periodical literature.

IF YOU WANT more than three thousand pages of fresh and illuminating material during the year, reaching you in weekly instalments, at the cost of a single subscription.

IF YOU WANT to find out for yourself the secret of the hold which THE LIVING AGE has kept upon a highly intelligent constituency for more than seventy years.

Subscription---\$6 a Year.

Specimen Copies Free

The Living Age Co.

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

GOLDEN STATE

EXTRA DRY

Champagne

AWARDED

“Grand Prix”

at the

Panama-Pacific
International
Exposition

The FOURTH

“Grand Prix”

(three abroad)

Awarded this
Wine in the last
five years





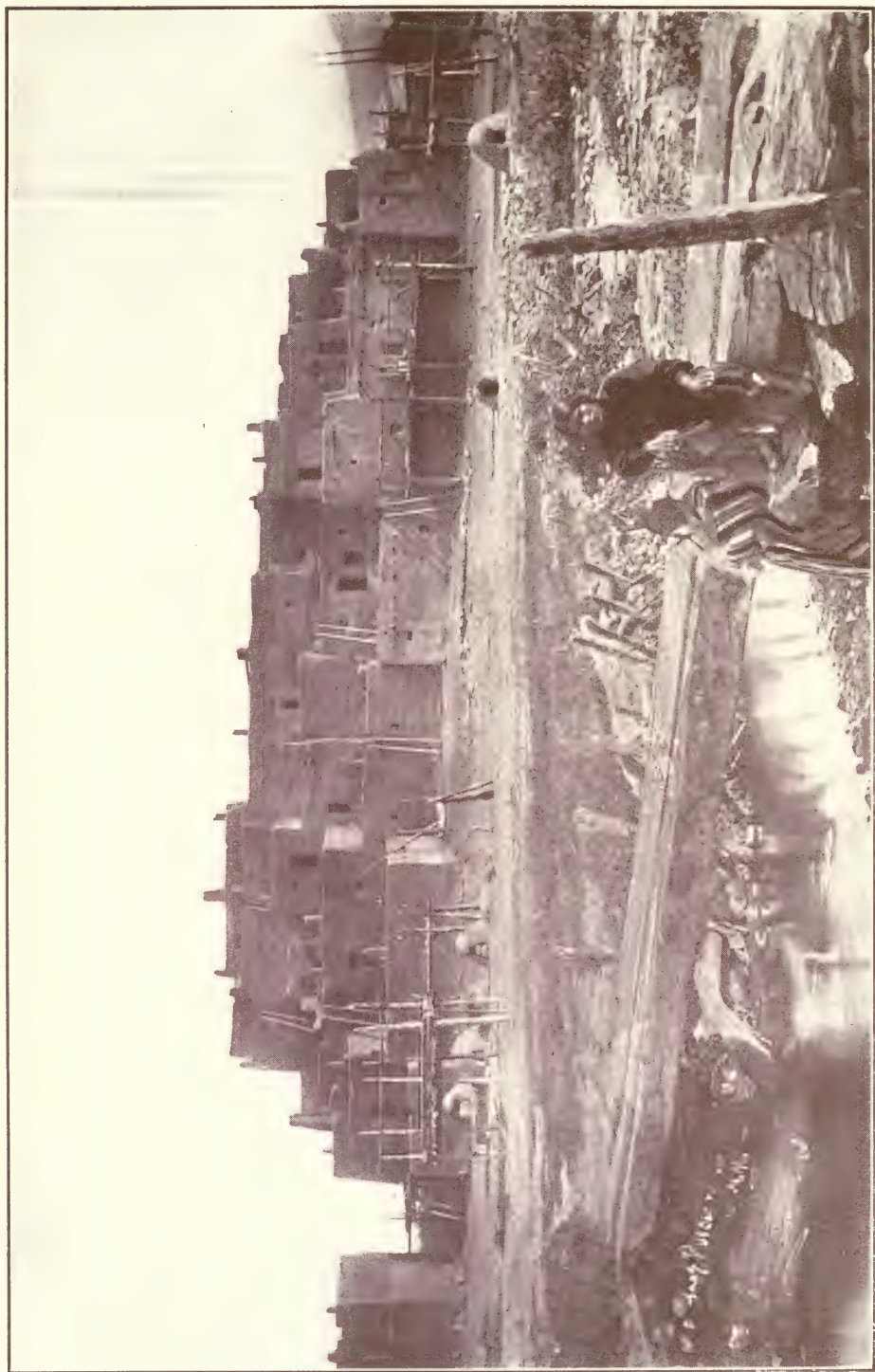
On Fickle Hill

Twilight time on Fickle Hill—
Seems as if there could not be
Any fairer thing to see—
Let us stand
Striving just to fill
Weary brains with beauty, till
The velvet darkness hides the land.

Redwoods in the gorge below,
And the centuries that made
All their scented black-green shade,
Steadfast, still,
Giving time to grow
Somehow seem to merge and flow
With twilight time on Fickle Hill.

Murmurs reach us from the sea;
Little town and crescent bay
Wreathed with fog, fade far away;
Ah, be still—
Closer lean to me,
Best can silence pay the fee
For twilight time on Fickle Hill!

VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON.



Passing an old-time Indian village in Arizona.

OVERLAND

Founded 1868



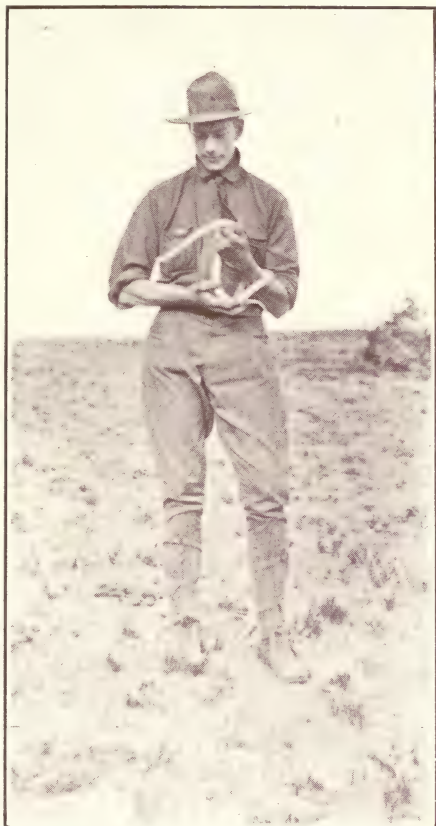
MONTHLY

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXVII

San Francisco, February 1916

No. 2



Luther King handling a bull snake.

Crossing the Plains in a 1915 Model Prairie Schooner

An Overland Trip by Wagon
from Kansas, a Thousand
Miles, Ending with the Hopi
Indians in Arizona

By

Paul H. Dowling

THE Overland trail from the Eastern and Middle Western States has always been full of romance and adventure for the traveler who undertakes the trip, whether he comes by Pullman, automobile or stage. Many have made the trip during the Exposition year by automobile, and have found the way none the less interesting than did their forefathers in the great prairie schooners of forty-

nine. But unusual for as modern a date as the summer of 1915 was the experience of two families of tourists who completed a journey of a thousand miles from Kansas to California on board two white-topped wagons and drawn by horses and mules.

Hunger and thirst, cold winds of the plains and the baking sun of the South-western deserts were all a part of the ups and downs of the experiment in



1. Indians circling our camps as we breakfasted. 2. Fording a stream in Colorado.

roughing it, but those were all things which the party expected more or less, and they got their full share. Mr. Luther King, one of the members of the Overland wagon party, kept notes of the experiences of the expedition at times, when he was not rustling wood for the camp fire or hunting runaway horses and mules, and the following are quotations from his diary:

Hitching up Barney and Rastus, we began to get back to nature in earnest without rigging up prairie schooner. With sleeping accommodations in the wagons, besides small tents and plenty

of groceries, we felt sure of making the trip with all the comforts of home. Leaving Goodland, Kansas, April 12th, it was not long before we began to run into cold wind and rain. This kept up until the fifth day out, which found us in a sorry predicament. We had camped in a field when there ceased to be a road, staid there all night, but were forced to break camp in the morning to search for water. By good fortune we came upon the deserted house of the 2M2 ranch, which we immediately took possession of until the weather should clear.



1. Passing a traveler on the road, New Mexico. 2. A desert freighter in Keam's Canyon, Arizona.

Here, in possession of a windmill for pumping water, it happened that the wind, which had blown upon us furiously so far, ceased to blow, and the water had to be pumped by climbing up on the windmill and turning the wheel by hand. To add to our dependance upon chance, Rastus drew our attention quite forcibly one evening, while we were eating supper, by disappearing in full flight over the plains. Chasing him for three miles did no

good, and by that time it was dark, anyway.

Looking for a runaway horse on a ranch that is eight miles wide and ten miles long is not much fun, and one whole day's search was fruitless. The next day, the two mules were hitched up and a search party was sent out by wagon.

After we had gone some 12 miles on the back trail it was learned that a cowman had already returned the miss-



Indians at the first mesa, Arizona.

ing Rastus to the ranch house of the 2M2.

Leaving this location, we paralleled the Union Pacific, then the Missouri Pacific and the Santa Fe Railroads, coming down through La Junta and following the old Santa Fe trail. This old trail furnishes ideal camping places, but the going is bad. As evidence, here is an inscription, left on a postal card by the road: "Notice—Be careful. This arroyo is HELL."

If the roads were rough, the scenery was not the less picturesque. One of the camps could not have been in a better place. There was a circle of pine and cedar trees on the top of a hill, with a small stream of clear water just below. The final touch to the picture was the dim figure of a coyote, who stood, howling, on a distant ridge.

The day of all days that far in the trip was when we came through the celebrated Raton pass into New Mexico, circling some dizzy places where the road winds around the mountains 8,790 feet high. The next day, at the camping place just across the Red

River, the water froze in the water bags, and we nearly froze in our tents—and that May 2d in New Mexico, of all places. The call of the city was upon us a few days later when we came within 2½ miles of Las Vegas, about camping time in the evening. The call was very insistent, and we walked into town after supper for the sole purpose of going to a "movie."

At this point we received supplies, mail and a Krag carbine, thus bringing the "arsenal" up to three shotguns, two rifles and two revolvers. We were very anxious for some one to lead on the big game, but none of this appeared any nearer than shell range in the European war. Leaving Las Vegas we passed through a lot of little Mexican towns with their adobe houses, and each town with its church and priest. By this time the horses were getting quite proficient in moving about with their hobbles on, and this necessitated trailing their excursion four miles. It was hard pulling the next day over twenty-six miles of mountain roads to Santa Fe, but we were glad to see the



Camp in Keam's Canyon, Arizona

historic old place. We were interested in the old plaza, with its monuments and government building, three hundred years old on one side. The old structure, now used as a museum, has walls of adobe, four or five feet thick. In this building 76 Spanish and Mexican rulers as well as 19 territorial governors have held office. Many of the interesting relics of the museum have been secured from the ancient ruins of the cliff dwellers northwest of the city.

On reaching Gallup, an Indian trading center, we encountered several of the freighting outfits that are characteristic of that region. Seven and eight wagons in an outfit, some of them requiring six and eight horses each, are used in carrying freight more than a hundred miles. That was the reason for our having to pay \$3.50 for a sack of corn. Many Indians come to this central point, driving five or six of their ponies, and bringing in wool to exchange for grain and groceries.

From there we went down into Keam's Canyon and the Indian vil-

lages. A week passed quickly in this interesting place. From our camp it was only a short walk to the Hopi Indian pueblo, where the famous annual dances are given. On top of the mesa, which rises five hundred feet above the floor of the valley, are the Indian villages. Walpi, the oldest of these villages, lies at the extreme end of the mesa, and is a pueblo of three stories. There are two other villages, situated thus close together, but the languages of the three are entirely different.

Several trails and one fairly good road lead up to the top of the mesa from the valley. The top is solid rock and the houses are of stone and plastered with mud. This seems a strange place to locate a city, because all water has to be carried up the trails from the spring at the foot, but when considered as a retreat from the enemies of the Hopis, the Navajos, it isn't so bad. It is here and at the next mesa, six miles west, on alternate years, that the annual snake dances are held.

There were lots of Indian women sit-



New settlers moving in to build on their land claims.

ting around making colored biscuits. The mixing of these very interesting delicacies requires three bowls. In the first the meal is mixed in a very thick batter and some coloring matter added. Then the dough is passed to a second bowl, where it is worked and thinned. In the last bowl the mixture is worked until it has about the consistency of paint. A large, flat stone with a wood fire under it serves for an oven. The stone is greased and a thin layer of the batter spread out with the hands. The dough bakes and is folded into small rolls while hot. Sometimes the Indian women make the rolls with three or four different colors and these are all light and flaky, and not bad eating, in spite of the crude cookery employed.

The annual dances are, of course, the most interesting feature of the life at this place. The corn dance comes on Saturday and the Kachina dance on Sunday. We walked up the trail to the top of the mesa, where we secured a vantage spot for the entire performance. Fifty-five Kachinas danced in a line. The leader ran up and down the

line with an air of importance, stopping now and then to utter a quavering yell. Several old men, who seemed to be the directors, gave orders now and then, while the dancers kept time with the steady beat of a drum, and sang in a low tone. The dancers merely stamp their feet, or rather stamp on one foot, while the leader quite energetically makes more complicated movements. Each of these dancers had on a hideous headgear, with a mask coming down over the face. Fancy girdles and fox pelts hanging down their backs, necklaces, bracelets and trinkets, fancy moccasins and turtle shells added to the finery of the attire. In one hand the Kachinas carried a bow and arrow, and in the other a small bag of corn and a sharp pointed stick. Many of them had their bodies painted in fancy colors. After dancing for fifteen minutes, the performers adjusted their headgear and marched to the first village, Tehua, where the dance was repeated, this time with the headgear left on. Next they went to the middle village, Sichomovi, and then to Walpi. From here the dancers filed off to the



The "haystacks."

corn field, two and a half miles distant.

Arriving at the corn field, the Kachinas took off the finery, and, with the exception of the smaller ones, gathered in a circle and smoked. A crowd of older men had already assembled and were gathered in a similar circle and were smoking. Some blankets were spread out on the ground, and on these were large piles of food. After the smoke, the men gathered around the blankets and ate. Then, after waiting about an hour or more, thirty young girls, all togged out in finery, came marching down in single file from the mesa. They were accompanied by the clown dancers, eight of these with their bodies painted brown and wearing a black breech cloth. These also

wore masks and moccasins, and were accompanied by a drummer who kept up a double-quick beat. Each Kachina, now with his sharp pointed stick dug holes in the ground, while the girls followed and dropped in the corn, together with beans, water-melon and squash seeds. After each one had planted about twenty hills they again rested and went to eating. On Sunday the dances were repeated, great crowds having arrived from the second mesa and surrounding country.

From the mesas, our way followed the road to Williams and on to Southern California by train. A thousand miles was plenty in the wagon, and the gentle roll of the Pullman over the rest of the desert country was like stepping from 1849 directly into 1915.



The Sacred Woods

By Alfred E. Acklom

I love the mysterious shadows of tall trees,
Sentinels of the forest, where shafts of golden light
Through the oriel windows of the woods pierce sombre depths,
Tracing strange patterns on the leaf-strewn floor.
Deep woods that hold cool sanctuaries,
Where, in the hush of noonday's torrid hour,
Full-throated birds compose their vesper hymns
To carol forth at eventide.

I pass these ancient, stalwart sentinels,
And wander through the dim cathedral aisles
Flanked by straight pillared trunks,
Whose tapering fingers cleave the morning mist
To pluck the sunbeams from a turquoise sky.
Silence broods below, but in dizzy heights above
Light airs weave music through the feathery tops,
That in the Western gales reel to the breeze,
As the Great Spirit with a master hand
Sweeps his tall harp and strikes wild chords of melody.

Light falls my tread
In the soft velvet of the yielding leaves.
I reverently bare my head, for here
Is God, and these tall Gothic spires
Are finials on the parapets of Heaven.
None in this sacred place could jest,
Nor clown grimace. The ribald oath
Would wither ere it tripped the tongue,
Or change to prayer in the supernal awe.

Night, the black mask of day, comes nigh,
Drawing her ebon robe about the scene;
And all is merged and hidden in the gloom,
Until the welkin's studded jewels shine
A mild effulgence. Soon brighter light appears
To bathe in molten silver of the moon
The mellowed profile of adumbrate trees.

Inscrutable darkness rules the bosom of the woods,
And so I stand without and watch
The dark, unfathomed shadows of the night,
Inflexible and constant in their form;
While from bosage and through the limbs peer forth
Indefinable shapes and faces of the lonely dead.
Spirits of those who once roamed freely here
And loved the forest and its mysteries.



"Shafts of golden light through once windows of the woods."

Modern Treaties of Peace

By John Macdonell

I DISCLAIM all idea of joining in the speculations now common as to the terms of the peace at the close of this war. I have in view mainly the past, though the facts here epitomized may be of use as guides, or, still oftener, as warnings for the future. It may seem doubtful whether there is, or can be, unity in such a wide and indefinable theme as treaties of peace. Each of them, it may be thought, stands by itself; nothing can profitably be said as to such treaties in general. No doubt they vary according to the age in which they are concluded, the race, degree of civilization, and the moral standards of the parties to them. Certainly, if I were to attempt to range over the whole field of history, I should be able to name few, if any, features common to them all. But, confining the inquiry chiefly to modern treaties, I think that certain broad facts emerge; of the nature for the most part of tendencies and subject to exceptions, it is true, but tendencies distinct and unmistakable.

One fact is fairly clear; it may seem a platitude, but it has consequences apt to be overlooked; the characters of treaties are mainly determined by the issues or results of the wars which they close, and the manner in which they have been waged. A further circumstance may affect the definite treaty of peace; if the victors are allies with interests divided or devisible, the terms are pretty sure by skillful diplomacy to be made more favorable to the vanquished than if there were only one conqueror.

If the struggle has ended in the decisive victory of one of the belligerents the treaty will record that fact; if it

has been pursued with brutality and cruelty, brutality and cruelty will probably characterize the terms of the treaty; the conqueror will seek to impose harsh terms on the vanquished. I might go so far as to say that treaties of peace are the true and durable records of military results; probably equitable, if those results have been indecisive, generally ruthless if they have ended after large sacrifices in complete victory to one of the belligerents. For, after reading of late many such treaties, I am struck by the absence in the majority of them of all signs of chivalry, forbearance, or generosity to the vanquished. They almost all indicate a desire to use force to the utmost limit; the diplomatist continues, sometimes with less mercy, the work of the soldier; so that most treaties of peace are the completion or aggravation of crimes. Rarely do they seem to be the work of statesmen who, for the sake of durable harmony, are willing to sacrifice passing advantages. The Romans distinguished between the *foedus iniquum* and the *foedus oequum*; and the old books make much of this distinction, i. e., in modern language between treaties which confer reciprocal advantages and those which do not. Broadly stated, every modern treaty of peace, not the sequel to a drawn battle, is a *foedus iniquum*. If there is an exception, it is to be found in a treaty of peace formally closing a long war with uncertain military results, or a war in which the conqueror has succeeded with ease. No war in modern times accomplished so much with so little loss of blood or treasure as that between the United States and Spain. There were no great

battles on land or sea. The loss of life was not so serious as in some railway accidents and in many shipwrecks. The victors acquired a large territory almost without striking a blow; and the fact is reflected in the Treaty of Paris on December 10th, 1899, between the two countries. No modern treaty exhibits greater forbearance. The United States did not annex Cuba. They acquired the Philippine Islands, Porto Rico and certain other islands. But they paid for the acquisition \$20,000,000. They did not follow the modern practice of exacting an indemnity from the vanquished; they expressly relinquished all claims thereto. Perhaps I ought to put in the same category the peace of Pretoria; a remarkable instance of wise forbearance, considering the fact that the war cost England some two hundred and fifty millions sterling and thousands of casualties.

I ought to add, as a further qualification to what is above stated, that treaties of peace prove that nations differ much as to the manner in which they use their power as victors; some show to more advantage than others. Desiring to be a faithful exponent of international law and its history, I am little inclined to single out any one nation as specially ruthless in exacting terms of peace. No nations are in this respect wholly free from reproach. Most of them when victorious have driven as hard terms as they could press upon the foe. But this much one may say that, with the exception of those treaties terminating wars in which Prussia was unsuccessful, no nation has so consistently from the days of the Greater Elector pressed her demands on the conclusion of peace as she has done. Sweden, Poland, Austria, Denmark, several of the smaller States of Germany, and France have each in turn suffered. The history of her treaties, from that of Oliva, is the history of absorption of the territories of her neighbors. She gained territory by the treaty of Utrecht, though less than she desired. In her war with Austria in the seven-

teenth century she acquired Silesia. More than any of the Allies in 1815, she pressed upon France; and, but for the resistance of England, she would then have absorbed Saxony, even as she absorbed the Rhine provinces. One cannot help remembering the fact that there was a difficulty, after the seizure of Paris of 1815, in preventing Blucher from blowing up the bridge of Jena. If Gneisenau had had his way he would have shot Napoleon. Prussia drove hard terms with defeated Denmark in 1864. In 1866 she acquired Hesse and Hanover, and did her best to acquire Saxony also. Necessity justified this course—the plea is old. These governments had “appealed to the decision of war for themselves and their countries. This decision, according to God’s decree, has been against them. Political necessity obliges us not to restore to them the power of government.”

By the treaty of Frankfurt, Prussia acquired for the Reich, of which she was the ruling member, Alsace and part of Lorraine, and she set an example of a new departure by imposing upon prostrate France an indemnity of an unparalleled amount. I am not criticising this policy or forgetting that in some of the wars which ended in conquest Prussia had legality on her side, and that her territories were until recent times scattered. This policy might, as some of her historians assert, not be a sign of her voracity and appetite, but of the virile vigor of the race, the foresight of her rulers, and her position as leader in the movement towards German unity. I am merely attesting facts on the face of the chief treaties to which she has been a party.

Some striking differences are to be noted between ancient and modern treaties of peace. The latter at first might seem much the more humane. The typical Roman treaty of peace, technically described as “*deditio*,” was merciless. The conqueror acquired everything belonging to the conquered State, private as well as public property, and the entire population

was liable to be sold into slavery. According to the formula preserved by Livy, the vanquished surrendered themselves, their arms, their temples, their cities, their territories and their gods. In practice this harshness was mitigated; but from time to time it was exercised, and the old theory was never abandoned. According to the feudal conception of the State, the property, public and private—certainly private lands, if not movables—became the property of the conqueror; though no doubt this was not often carried out. But neither in theory nor in fact in these days and for some centuries has this view been entertained. No modern treaty of peace declares the lands of the subjects of the conquered State to be forfeited. Some expressly confirm them in their rights. But the changes are less humane than they would at first blush seem. Of later years, the difference, so much to the honor of modern times, has in effect been diminished by the imposing of heavy indemnities to be paid by the subjects of the conquered.

I note a second difference. A modern treaty of peace is necessarily much more complex than earlier treaties of the same class. War in these days severs so many arteries and veins; the diplomatist must stanch so many gaping wounds if they are not to continue to bleed. Contracts between private persons have been annulled or suspended. Ships may have been seized but not condemned. Treaties or conventions, except those specially providing for a state of war, are annulled. Private as well as diplomatic intercourse has ceased. The instrument of settlement must provide for the new order of things. And when annexation of the territory of one State takes place, provision must be made for a multitude of matters which once were neglected and might be so, with no great harm. Thus provision must be made for an exact demarcation of the new frontier line; for the withdrawal within a fixed period of inhabitants who wish to depart with their property from the districts which have

changed hands; for transfer of part of the public debt fixed according to population or otherwise; for the transfer of archives or titles to property; for the payment of pensions charged by the old government on the revenue; for the evacuation of territory; for the surrender of prisoners of war; for the purchase of railways; for a score of other matters, the majority of which were not provided for in earlier treaties of peace. The complexity is still greater if, as is the case with many treaties, several States with conflicting interests are parties thereto, or if a settlement is effected by means of several treaties. At the close of the Crimean war in 1856 a whole group of treaties, conventions or declarations were entered into. The final "act" of the treaties of Vienna in 1815 consisted of sixteen Actes annexed to the Acte General; that is, treaties, conventions, declarations, reglements, some of them of great complexity. The process of liquidation may go on for years after the treaty of peace has been signed.

There cannot fail to be one notable difference between any treaty terminating this war and treaties of peace concluded in past times. Hitherto, Colonies have been passive subjects of the Mother State; they were not consulted in negotiating the treaties forming the basis of our Colonial Empire. That cannot again be. The dominions which have taken their part in the struggle must have their say in the settlement. It may mark their coming of age politically.

One of the principal subjects of modern treaties is the provision for the payment of an indemnity by the defeated belligerent. To a statesman such as Burke, with his veneration for what he conceived to be the rules of public law, it seemed an objectionable innovation. Discussing the subject of the rights of a conqueror in his "Observations on the Conduct of the Minority," he remarks: "The principle laid down by Mr. Fox is this: 'That every State, on the conclusion of a war, has a right to avail itself of its conquests towards indemnification.'

This principle (true or false) is totally contrary to a policy which this country has pursued with France at various periods, particularly at the Treaty of Ryswick, in the last century, and at the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in this. Whatever the merits of his rule may be in the eyes of neutral judges, it is a rule which no statesman before him ever laid down in favor of the adverse party with whom he was to negotiate. The adverse party himself may safely be trusted to take care of his own aggrandizement." These are nobler—I am inclined to believe wiser—principles than those which to-day prevail. The prospect of imposing an indemnity is held constantly before belligerents while war is going on. It is sometimes a lure to engaging in war, or it diminishes the deterrent force of expense. At all events, the practice has become common. Three forms of it are to be found: (1) An indemnity in the strict legal sense—that is, complete reimbursement of the expenses to which the victorious State has been put. An example of this is to be found in the Treaty of Vienna (October 30, 1864), to which Prussia, Austria and Denmark were parties (Article XII), and in the Treaty of Prague terminating the war between Prussia and Austria (Article XI.) Perhaps we may put in this category the provision in Article IV of the Treaty of Paris of November 20, 1815: "*La partie pecuniaire de l'indemnité a fournir par la France aux puissances allies est fixee a la somme de sept cent millions de francs*"—(\$140,000,000—not an excessive sum. A second variety consists of an indemnity coupled with a reasonable fine. I will take as an example the Treaty of Lhasa (September 17, 1904), between our government and that of Thibet. The third type is the exacting of a sum quite irrespective of the costs of the war, so large as to be likely to impoverish the payer, to disable him making preparations for a renewal of hostilities, and to enrich the receiver; a sum measured by the resources of the conquered country. In diplomatic language it is termed an indemnity; it has in fact

no relation to that definite legal conception; it is in strictness one of the many forms of booty, and not the less so because it is taken in cash, not in kind, and is collected after the war instead of during its progress.

So far there have been few examples of this policy, or this variety of so-called indemnity. Even the Napoleonic wars, with all their excesses, afford few examples of it. The classical instance is to be found in the Treaty of Frankfurt, which imposed, in addition to the very large sums levied by way of requisitions and fines upon the communal or other local authorities, a so-called indemnity of five milliards. Originally, Bismarck demanded six, which he consented to reduce to five. No reasonable estimate brought the outlay to much more than three milliards. The difference was plunder.

I note a further peculiarity of modern treaties of peace. The introduction into them of an amnesty clause, couched in wide terms, is one of the great improvements in the public law of Europe; there is to be no vendetta, public or private; the past and its misdeeds and wrongs are to be buried; the combatants are to start afresh. From some recent treaties an amnesty article is omitted. I do not, however, doubt that in its absence immunity from punishment for acts done in the prosecution of war is implied. Even in its widest terms now known an amnesty does not give immunity to all acts of violence and crimes, or to those which are only remotely connected with the war. There have been instances, and they may recur, in which there has been express exclusion from amnesty of persons guilty of certain offences. Three examples occur to me, and, as they may have interest in the future, I quote them. When hostilities between the English government and the Boer government ended in 1881, and peace was concluded, some persons were excepted from the amnesty. The commissioners who were to negotiate the terms of peace were instructed by our government to

promise that there was to be no molestation for political opinion, and that a complete amnesty was to be accorded to those who had taken part in the war, and that from this were to be excluded "only persons who had committed, or are directly responsible for, acts contrary to the rules of civilized warfare." The Boer generals assented to these terms, and certain persons were put on their trial. Later they were acquitted.

The second example is to be found in the peace of Pretoria, which terminated the Boer War in 1902. Article IV runs: "No proceedings, civil or criminal, will be taken against any of the burghers so surrendering or so returning for any acts in connection with the prosecution of the war. The benefit of this clause will not extend to certain acts contrary to the usage of war which have been notified by the Commander-in-Chief to the Boer generals, and which shall be tried by court-martial immediately after the close of hostilities." A still later example of a qualified amnesty is found in the treaty of peace between Italy and Turkey in 1912 (Article IV), which specially excepts persons who have committed "crimes of common law." My hope would be that such exceptions will multiply. Conventions regulating the usage of war will continue to be as useless as some of them have proved to-day if hideous crimes pass unpunished or are deliberately and publicly pardoned.

I turn to some of the many defects or shortcomings in modern treaties of peace. In the history of diplomacy some four or five treaties stand out conspicuously from others as the close of old epochs, the beginning of new. The first of these is the Treaty of Westphalia. With it began the history of modern Europe. Then closed the struggle for supremacy of Spain. Then, too, Germany received a constitution, imperfect, it is true. The independence of Switzerland was then recognized. Then ended the religious wars which for nearly a century rent Europe. Then, too, ended the patrimonial conception of sovereignty. Future

rulers might be despots over their countries; they were not owners. Some might next name the Treaty of the Pyrenees, which marked the zenith of the power of France in her struggle for supremacy, or the Treaty of Utrecht, when the power of France was on the downward grade. Others might name the Treaty of Carlowitz, the beginning of the dissolution, still in progress, of the Ottoman Empire.

Undoubtedly among the great treaties of the world should rank the Treaty or group of Treaties, of Vienna in 1815: "*L'axe autour duquel a evolue la politique europeenne.*" Never has diplomacy attempted so much, and, on the whole, be it said, so successfully. It was reactionary and repressive. It carved out Europe with complete indifference to the wishes of the people. But, in spite of the faults of this group of treaties, they had "the undeniable merit of having prepared the world for a more complete system." "If ever," to quote the words of Von Gentz, the Powers should meet again to establish a political system by which wars of conquest shall be rendered impossible and the rights of all guaranteed, the Congress of Vienna will not be without use."

Here has been a declension. Judged by their handiwork, diplomatists of the eighteenth century had a larger outlook than their successors at the close of the last or commencement of the present century. Those who negotiated the Treaties of Ryswick and Utrecht had a reasoned faith. They recognized that Europe was a political unity. They had a theory as to how it was to be maintained. The chief treaties of that period were prefaced by words of homage to the principle of the balance of power. Each treaty was not regarded as standing by itself; it was part of a system; and usually there was a promise to maintain the provisions of the early fundamental treaties. It is easy to criticise the theory of the balance of power; it is easy to show, as M. Sorel has done, that this theory had its supplement or counterpart in the theory of equality of spoils; the

powerful States might prey upon the smaller provided the robbers shared alike. Treaties prefaced by approval of the balance of power were compatible with the partition of Poland. They were often intended merely to create "a true strategic equilibrium" (Toynbee, "Nationality and the War," p. 54) or to carry out the "rounding off system," fatal to weak neighbors. But diplomatists had a common theory of political action, and there was at least an attempt to look beyond the dispute of the eighteenth century to ask: whole, and frame enduring settlements. One is tempted in reading the treaties of the eighteenth century to ask: "Shall we ever again have that larger and common policy?"

The very ideal of unity seems gone. Modern treaties rarely show any conception of common interests of a general society or family of nations. Each State, or group of States, makes the best terms for itself. There is no Europe as a political unit. Count Breust's famous saying as to one treaty, "I do not see Europe in it," is true of almost all treaties. Then, too, there is no background or general body of doctrine, there are no principles of public law of Europe to which in negotiations the weaker party can appeal with certainty that the principles will be admitted, even if the particular application is disputed. The phrase, "public law of Europe," an expression much used in the old books, was perhaps sometimes only an imposing name without much reality underlying it. It had a distinct meaning only with respect to Germany; it signified the body of law, chiefly contained in the Peace of Westphalia, regulating the relations of the various members of the Empire. Its meaning otherwise was no doubt somewhat vague. But it enshrined an ideal; there was to be enduring equilibrium, a condition of Europe in which all States, great or small, were permitted to live, and certain fundamental treaties were to be respected. Only three times in the history of Europe have the nations of Europe attempted to rise to the height of their

opportunities: when they concluded the Peace of Westphalia; when they attempted to reconstruct Europe in 1815; and when they sought in 1878 to settle in the Near East the many outstanding questions menacing the peace of the world. The latest of these attempts showed, I am inclined to think, the least foresight, and was the least successful.

I note a further defect. Many treaties—at all events those involving annexation—are in flat contradiction to principles which have in these days obtained wide acceptance. That large masses of people should be free to determine their fate; that they should not be dealt with as if they were slaves or cattle—all that has become a commonplace. The declaration of 1789, "*le principe de toute souverainete reside essentiellement dans la nation*," would be disputed by few; it is no longer revolutionary doctrine; it is part of the common creed of civilization. This principle is forgotten or disregarded when modern States settle their frontiers. Strategic or military considerations, or the desire to acquire rich territory, are the usual determinants. I state the same facts in another form when I say that, while the principle of nationality is everywhere nominally recognized, while it is universally agreed that arrangements which ignore it are frail and precarious, it is rare that this counts for much in the actual settlements at the close of wars. So many of them seem either the terms extracted by duress or the hasty agreements patched up between those who think only of the exigencies of the hour. In peace time statesmen acknowledge modern maxims, and among them that which I have quoted; in times of war, and at its close, they cling to the old regime and the maxim "*La force prime droit*," with the result that the boundaries of States do not correspond to those of nations, and that communities, different in race, language and traditions, are linked uncongenially. And if the principle of nationality were recognized in treaties of peace, would there necessarily be

an improvement? Might not "Cabinet wars" of the past be replaced by peoples' wars, with the result that passions would be embittered to a degree barely possible in, say, the eighteenth century, when Bavaria and Saxony, for example, as often as not fought on the side of France? If there is to be this glorification of national character, is it not likely, as Eucken predicts, that the unfairness and bitterness formerly produced by the inter-religious conflicts may experience a revival on the basis of nationalism? May there not be "a state of mutual repulsion and hostility amongst the different peoples?"

The world seems to have moved back. There are new perils without new safeguards—at all events, those provided by treaties of peace. There is the conflict between the desire for territorial expansion and large empires and the aspirations of nationalities leading to political Particularism. There is the exaltation of the State as an end in itself, and not as a stage in the development of a higher organization embracing several States, and, one far-off day, perhaps, will embrace all.

There is importation of the racial element into political relations, with a revival of feelings not unlike what existed when "enemy" and "alien" were

synonymous. The growth of industrialism, which promised peace, has brought with it envy and jealousy: States need to be "protected" against each other, as if international trade were not a benefit to all concerned, but a victory to some and an injury to others. While science and literature and art are becoming cosmopolitan; while capital and labor observe no frontier lines, political Particularism tends to be more pronounced. We look in vain for constructive treaties of peace; those which form new ties between countries and uproot the causes of war. To do this not only should they renew severed engagements, they should provide for the open discussion and pacific settlement of future difficulties, for partial disarmament—the real test of a sincere peace—and for common action as to matters of interest to both nations. Modern treaties of peace are so often of the nature of truces. It is no wonder if they rarely fulfill the expectations of the victors, if arrangements which they seek to establish are seldom durable, and if treaties are in truth written in water. Generally framed with reference to passing exigencies and in order to obtain the maximum of advantages to the conqueror, they are monuments of the limited foresight of diplomacy.



The California Caballero and His Caballo

By M. C.¹⁸⁴³ Frederick

YOU SAW him in some of his glory in the 1915 pageants of San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, for no California parade or festal occasion has been complete without him from the coming of the Mission Fathers to the Panama Exposition.

Caballero, horseman, gentleman—it is all one. So it has been for hundreds of years. As in the old Spain, so in the new, on the western shore of our own continent, the California caballero was a veritable centaur. To think of him apart from his horse would be to think of Mona Lisa without her smile. He never walked—feet were for the attachment of spurs.

Like the Arab to whom he was related, he was among the most expert riders of the world. His horse, also of Arabian stock, if well trained, had perfect trust in his master, would obey his slightest wish expressed by a wave of the hand or a tap of the latigo, and go where his master directed, be it a leap over a precipice, as in the famous case of Alvarado. Said Colton: "Nothing but a tornado or a far-striking thunderbolt can overtake a Californian on horseback."

It is a common saying that he was born on horseback. He certainly was there as soon as he got his clothes on, being taken by the godparents to the mission to be christened. After a week or two he was taken to ride almost every day. By the time he was ten he was an expert rider, and literally rode from the cradle to the grave.

Moreover, the caballero did not yield the arts and blishments of personal



*General Andreas Pico
(Copied from an old portrait)*

adornment entirely to femininity. Why should he? In all sentient beings except man, is not the male trigged out in greater splendor? Then why should not the caballero wear gold and silver and jewels, and silks and velvets and laces and embroideries, and adorn his horse with as rich equipage as he could command! Small wonder that the Californian, fine, dashing looking fellow, was famed not only for his grace and skill in handling his caballo, but for the beauty and splendor of his *montura*.



The cattle raiser and his superintendent. (From an old color print of the early part of the last century, the early '30's.)

If his purse afforded, as it frequently did (and sometimes when it did not) his horse was loaded down with elaborate and costly trappings—stamped leather, gay embroideries and hand-wrought silver, which came from the City of Mexico, where many of the natives were skilled in their production. Many of the accessories seemed designed solely to furnish space for ornamentation. As for the caballero himself, he might have graced the canvas of a Van Dyke.

His costume was of black, brown, green or plum-colored broadcloth, with ball shaped buttons of gold or silver down the sides of his trousers, which were slashed at the outer seam from the knee down, revealing the *botas*—or, when these were removed, the trimmed white underwear beneath. At times slender chains held the slash in leash; and always a bright silk sash girdled the waist.

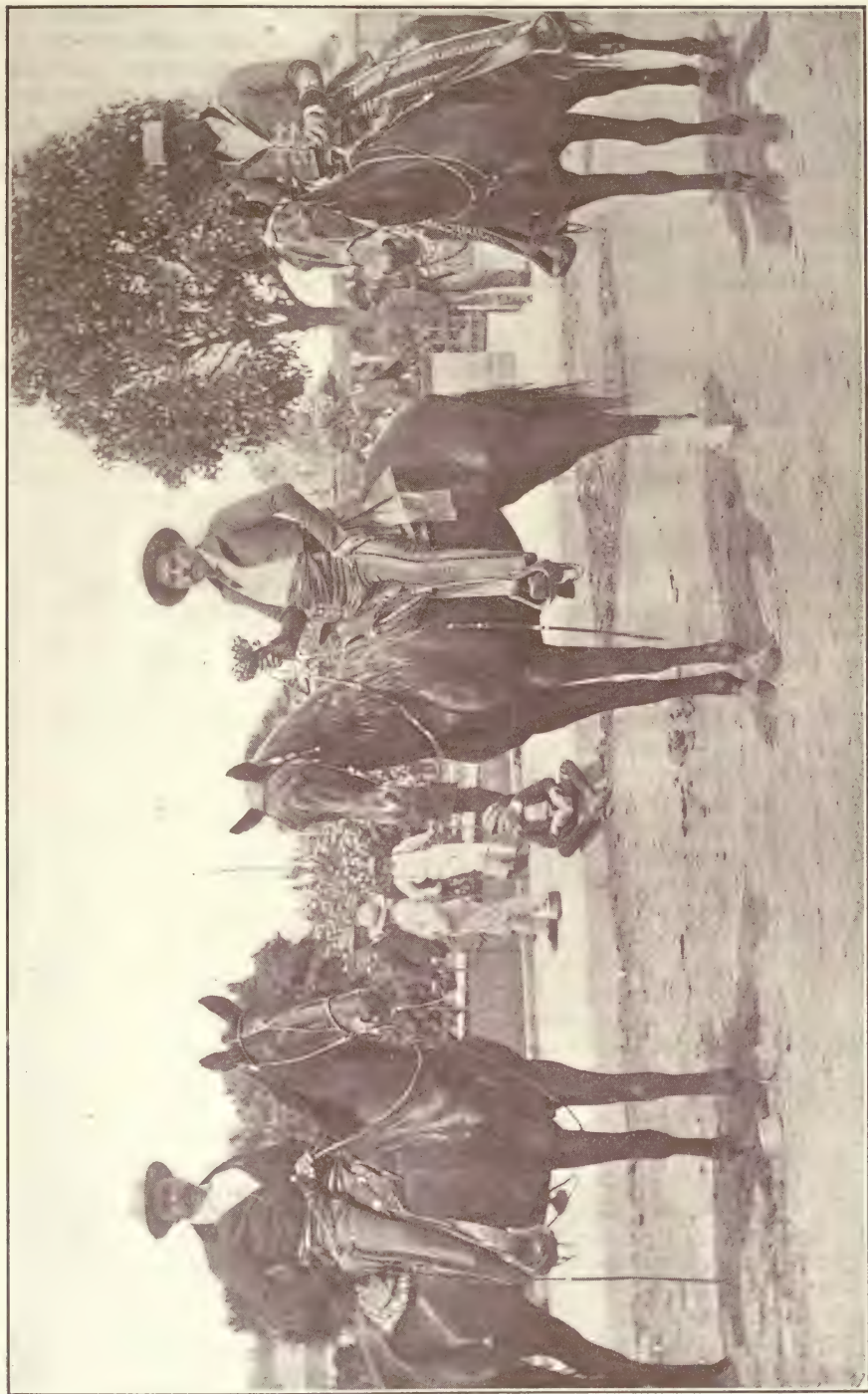
The jaunty, short jacket was made to match, and over all, when riding, was the *mangas de montar*, a piece of broadcloth three yards long by one and a half yards wide, rounded at the cor-

ners and slit in the middle to slip over the head, gorgeously trimmed around the slit with bullion fringe and embroidery. The broad brimmed sombrero was likewise ornamented, the width of the band and the upper part of the brim sometimes encrusted with gems and gold and silver embroidery.

The caballero wore buckskin shoes, and when in the saddle, *botas* or leggings of fine soft deerskin richly colored and stamped and embroidered in beautiful designs. Besides wrapping twice around the leg, the top of the legging extended into a flap that, when desirable, doubled over the outside to protect the decoration from dust and grime, but was folded in again before the destination was reached.

Both ends of the *botas* were elegantly finished in different designs, so that either might be exposed, to harmonize with different costumes.

The stamped leather *bota* illustrated is a rare old piece of work owned by a Spanish lady in Los Angeles. The design shown in detail is embroidered directly on the leather—the work is done entirely by men—in most beau-



The modern type of saddles and bridles now used by Spanish-American riders in California.

tifully shaded pink and green silk, filled in with threads of silver. The receptacle which forms the base of the conventional flower is of soft old pink and blue and gold, with veins of gold through the entire design. The point border is in shaded blue crossed with silver. The opposite end of the *bota* is in green and gold. There was always a pair of garters for each end, in this instance one pair of green and gold, the other old pink and blue, with gold warp.

Some of the California ladies who visited in the City of Mexico learned the manner of weaving the garters on tiny looms similar to those used for weaving beads, and the little confectations were often highly prized gifts from the caballero's sweetheart.

His heavy spurs, which jingled with little plates and chains, might be inlaid with gold and silver, and had a shaft some ten inches long, with a rowel maybe six inches across. He did not attempt to walk in them, and be it said he never wore them on dress parade. It would be an insult to think he rode a horse on such an occasion that needed a spur.

His saddle, "whose elaborate lines were comparable only to those spoken of in naval architecture," was wondrously constructed. The wooden frame was covered with tightly stretched rawhide, and open down the middle so that it did not gall the horse. The decorated leather fittings were attached with thongs, with never a buckle to hold a strap.

Thrown over the saddle on dress occasions was the *mochila*, through which the cantle and horn projected. In the *mochila* illustrated the brilliant effect of the stamping and colored embroidery is enhanced by slightly puffed blue satin showing through the pierced designs and the open-work interlaced semi-circles.

Back of the saddle was the *anquera*, a round leather covering for the hind quarters, similarly decorated, with a fringe of metal pendants that jingled with every movement of the caballo.

From the saddle horn depended the

coraza (from cuirass) or *armas de agua*, long and wide leathers, also decorated, or they might be of goat, bear, jaguar or mountain lion skins. At the horn, too, was a pair of small saddle bags (*cojinillos*, "little cushions") which contained a flask, fresh handkerchief, little gifts for friends, and so forth.

The bridle was in keeping with the rest of the outfit. For every-day use it might be of soft, intricately braided leather. The reins and lash were often of hair selected from the horse's mane, perhaps woven in sections and joined with silver links; and for best the bridle might be almost entirely of silver, with broad brow band, frontal star or other device attached to chains, also nose piece and a breast-plate of a heart or other design, all of solid silver. The reins and *latigo* were made of silver—cold-drawn from Mexican dollars—and the wire knitted into a flexible rope, perhaps in foot lengths, linked together.

The Spanish bit was an elaborate mechanism, highly ornamented, like the spurs, with inlaying and wrought silver.

The halter rope, the pride of the caballero, was of finely twisted hair, strong and durable, of two or more colors beautifully blended, the ends finished with a pretty tassel. The *cincha* was also of hair twisted into cord and woven back and forth between two rings. The braided rawhide *reata* completed the outfit.

Decked out in all this array, what a magnificent appearance the caballero must have made on the feast days of the saints. No Moorish warrior prancing over the Vega with his palfry's housings of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, made a braver showing than he. What would the caballero have cared for a modern go-devil, be it never so red!

But it was on his wedding day that he shone most resplendently. Mounted on the best horse to be bought or borrowed, with the richest of housings and all the extra touches the occasion demanded. A *mantilla* of silk, hand-

somely embroidered, was thrown over the *mochila* as an additional adornment and protection for the bride's dress, for they both rode the same horse on their return from the wedding.

Davis tells us that the horses were divided into *caponeras*, according to their color, and that a *caponera* of *palominos*, or cream-colored horses (provided by the groom) was a favorite for the wedding cavalcade. Or the groom might prefer two *caponeras*, maybe one of *canelos*, or red roans, and the other of, say, twenty-five black horses. Mares were never ridden.

All the early writers thought the caballero's *monturo* worthy of their pens. Dana, in "Two Years Before the Mast," writes: "I have often seen a man, with fine figure and courteous manners, dressed in broadcloth and velvet, with a noble horse completely covered with trappings, without a *real* in his pockets and absolutely suffering for something to eat."

Colton tells us that beside the weight of the rider the horse generally carried fifty or sixty pounds in the gear of his saddle, and double that in a soaking rain. It required, he says, two large tanned ox-hides to fit out a California saddle. Then add to this the wooden stirrups three inches thick, the saddle tree with its stout iron rings, a pair of goat skins across the pommel, holsters, pistols and spurs at the heels of the rider, weighing from four to six pounds, and we have some idea of what a California horse has to carry. Still he is spirited and cheerful, and never flags till nature sinks with exhaustion.

Says Robinson, who arrived on the scene in 1829: "I was unable myself to comprehend the use and necessity of all the trappings connected with the saddle gear, which appeared to me cumbrous and useless in the extreme; but my companion, who was an old cruiser in these parts, was well acquainted with their convenience and necessity."

And after all, most of the trappings could be accounted for. If the cabal-

lero was always on horseback, he was not always on dress parade. With a ranch of twenty or thirty miles on which were thousands of wild cattle and hundreds of equally untamed horses, he was not without occupation. It was his way to ride furiously—often on an unbroken horse—and a saddle that never lost its grip, a bit that gave absolute control, a stirrup and leggins that prevented a crushed foot or broken leg, if the horse rolled on one, were among the requirements.

Off on long rides in all kinds of weather, the *coraza*, which spread over the thighs and legs, and the *anquera*, were a protection to horse and rider from dust or rain, from the horns of cattle, from ugly scratches on wild rides through thickets at the "round-ups" or bear hunts. In short, both man and beast were practically encased in armor, and in the very early days, with the addition of the sleeveless six or seven-ply deerskin jacket and a heavy shield of several thicknesses of hard rawhide, he bade defiance to the arrows of hostile Indians.

The saddle, when adjusted, was on to stay. The horse might go down, but the saddle horn was so high he could not roll over; doing his prettiest at bucking did not dislodge it. It was a trick of the caballero to race his swiftest, and with a slight motion bring his horse suddenly to a dead standstill, yet he was never thrown forward in the saddle.

When a wild steer, broncho or bear was lassoed, the saddle horn must furnish secure anchorage for the other end of the *reata*, and withstand the terrific shocks of the plunging captives; and the trained horse, a most sagacious little animal, while going at top speed would suddenly stop stockstill as the *reata* descended, prepared to receive the shock with the steadfastness of Gibraltar.

The horse was described as having "long, flowing mane, arching neck, broad chest, full flank, slender legs and full of fire. He seldom trots, will gallop all day without seeming to

be weary. On his back is the Californian's home. Leave him this home and you may have the rest of the world." By most excellent authority the caballo was considered to have had few equals in endurance and no superiors.

"A hundred miles from sun to sun" was the measure of a day's ride, meaning from sunrise to sunset. "It is singular," continues Colton, "how the Californians reckon distance. They will speak of a place as only a short gallop off when it is fifty or a hundred miles. They think nothing of riding 140 miles in a day and breaking down three or four horses in doing it, and following this up for a week at a time." The build of the saddle has much to do with these remarkable records.

A good saddle once secured, it was rarely that the caballero could be induced to part with it. History records that Senor Don Antonio Arrellanes of Santa Barbara once gave two hundred head of fine beef cattle (which, however, were valued only at \$5 a head) for a highly ornamented saddle which is said to have been embellished with precious stones.

The caballero and his caballo, which attracted so much attention and gave a bit of old-world color to the pageants of 1915, are no longer a part of California. In Mexico, of which California was once a part, they still flourish in modified form, but the huge, massive saddles of California's early days no longer exist, only enough remaining to show something of their style and manner of workmanship.

UNSTAYED

With quiet fingers patiently
Through spring and summer hours,
Beneath the haze of summer noons
And springtime's misty showers,

The grass toils tirelessly to hide
Man's deeds, his hopes and fears,
And hides them well as fame is hid
Beneath the dust of years.

So do the days weave with their toil
Enshrouding nets to spurn
The hastening feet of absent love
If love again return.

But never can the eager years,
Their weavings' heaped array,
So hide the path of heart to heart
Love cannot find the way!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.



The Grand Canyon and Its Wonderful Caves

By Harold Dean Mason

EARTH cannot present to view any spectacle more sublime than the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Were we speaking simply of its dimensions, few words would suffice to tell it, but a difficult task lies before the writer when it comes to the act of describing the magnificence of this canyon. No tongue or pen can do it justice; therefore I shall simply try to describe as clearly as possible the impressions which came to me as I traveled from Rim to River one perfect September day.

My companion, being somewhat acquainted with one of the guides of the Grand View Trail, we very naturally chose that trail as our starting point. Arriving there a little before sunset, we hurried to the rim that we might have one long look into those wonderful, terrible depths before darkness should fill them. Note book and pencil were at hand, but with the first glimpse they were forgotten, and I closed my eyes that I might by so doing, slip away from the indescribable sensation which gripped my heart and brain. I looked again, and seemed to pass into another world more strange than any fairyland could possibly be. It is not a small matter to look down upon a score of mountains; upon temples, towers, peaks and pillars; down upon gorges and ravines, deep, black and unknown, the depths of which no human foot has ever trod!

Faint murmurs came to our ears from the purple depths as of innumerable voices—mayhap the spirit voices of some prehistoric race, whispering of the mysterious past, claiming prece-

dence of knowledge of this gigantic chasm. Such musings are not strange when one looks down into such shadows.

Early dawn found me at Signal Point. Only the topmost peaks of many mountains were visible. In a few moments all the higher points were changed from a deep purple hue to scarlet and orange, and then to pink. The entire canyon, as far as the eye could reach, was filled with a luminous mist, in which the temples and all higher points seemed to float in midair, and as I watched the ever-changing scene—every moment adding to its charm—the sun suddenly burst over the horizon, flooding the plateaux with morning light and inviting the mists to arise from the canyon, thus disclosing to our eyes a clearer view of the panorama below us. Thus for two hours I sat, filled with awe—lifted into realms of thought before unknown.

Nine o'clock found us on our way down the trail, following the zig-zags for some distance, halting every few moments to look up to the towering walls above us, and then down over dizzy, beetling precipices below; every turn in the trail affording a different view. It is wonderful to be able to study the colors of the different strata; the brilliant red, cream, gray, olive and deep buff—a field of labor which might well make the heart of the geologist rejoice. One is apt to forget to travel—lost in wonder—as the trail makes a sudden turn, and an Angel's Gate comes into sight; a Vishnu Temple, with cathedral dome;

majestic towers and buttes, all standing in the heart of the canyon, each painted with such richness of colors—such attractive contrasts. One's soul cannot but be filled with awe, and the feeling that this is holy ground, possesses the reverent heart.

In due time we arrived at the Horse-Shoe Mesa, where the Canyon Copper Company mine is located. Here are the bunk houses and boarding houses of the miners. The distance from the rim to this camp is three miles. Here we had lunch, rested for an hour, and then continued our journey downward. All the way down the marvelous scenic features of the canyon remain in evidence, until at last the Colorado River it reached. And what a wonderful river it is! One must stand on its very brink if he would form a correct idea of its wild nature. One is almost deafened by the sound of its sullen roar as it leaps and tumbles over the rocks between the walls of the canyon. Here we spent the night, and it being a moonlight night, our imagination ran riot. Shadows took on life, fantastic beings moved here and there among the rocks; multitudes of ghostly forms seemed to be having a carnival of high glee, if one might judge from the shrieks of laughter which reached our ears from time to time.

Morning light flooded the canyon as we awoke to a new day. Breakfast over, we began the journey upward, arriving at the Mesa some little time before noon, which afforded us an opportunity of making a short visit to the Copper mine, then to lunch at the boarding house, after which our guide led the way to the smaller one of the Grand View caves.

These caves were discovered in 1897 by the camp cook, Joseph Gildner, and are worthy of much time spent within them. The smaller one of these caves is located about a mile from the cabin. The trail leading to it is very steep and narrow, and requires undivided attention. Our guide gave us each a candle and we passed through the opening and were, as it seemed to me, brought suddenly face

to face with the wonders of another world. The cave is about three hundred feet long and from ten to ninety feet in height. It was once called "The Hanging Gardens of Babylon," and might well bear such a name, so wonderful are the stalactites and stalagmites which are found here. Some of these are several feet in length and tapering in diameter from three inches down to the size of a slate pencil, but the majority of them are smaller. Some are smooth like pipe stems, while others are curly like tiny cedar trees. These are very beautiful.

An interesting fact concerning these stalactites is that they will give forth clear musical sounds when one strikes them. A lady who visited the caves succeeded in playing nearly all of the scale upon them. On the point of one of them was a drop of water, clear as crystal, and the guide said he presumed it had taken twenty-four hours for that one drop to form. Imagine, then, how long this fairyland must have been in the state of formation.

In one of the many rooms are three trees, the tallest of which is fifteen feet in height. They look exactly like the cedars which we saw on the highlands, except that the prevailing colors here are pink and cream. How pleasant must be the task of nature's sculptors in such a workshop. I felt to dreaming, and half-expected to find ourselves surrounded by strange beings, and felt relieved when we came to the entrance, up out of the very heart of mother earth, into the welcome light of late afternoon.

We were hungry, and enjoyed the hearty supper at the camp, after which we walked out to the edge of the Horse Shoe Mesa for the sunset view. This is one of the great features of the trip, arising from the fact that the Mesa extends well out into the heart of the canyon, thus affording a panoramic view which one cannot afford to miss.

Just before sunset we set out for the larger cave, which is located one-half mile from the cabin, and although we passed over some very dangerous places along the way, we arrived

safely, lighted our candles and once more disappeared from the outside world.

This cave is about the same length as the other, but the walls are higher; indeed, we were unable to see the ceiling by the light of our candles.

Our guide led us first to some "Tombstones"—unwelcome spectacle amid such surroundings. They are white rocks standing upright, the size and form of tombstones. The "Baby Elephant" is there, whose head especially is a perfect resemblance. And the two "Bells," the larger one being eight feet in diameter. In this we carved our names as many others have done before us. We then passed on to a massive boulder with peculiar overhanging rocks, and this is called "The Gallery."

Passing through a narrow opening, just large enough to admit one at a time on hands and knees, we came into another large room, and from that into another, and still another. It is related that a gentleman who visited this cave, and who carried an abundance of avoidupois, was brought unpleasantly, but necessarily, to a sudden halt in one of the doorways of this cave, being unable to either go forward or return, until finally he was helped, through the ingenuity of the guide, to make a safe return, vowing vengeance on all who got him into such a scrape.

As we passed through the different rooms, we gazed with wonder at the bunches of grapes and bananas hanging from the wall, and the birds' nests, all in pink and cream, and so delicately and beautifully wrought. There is also "The Old Man's Bathtub," with his cap lying in the bottom of it. The "Tan Shop," where several sheepskins seem to be hung upon pegs, which extend from the wall from one to four inches, thus leaving a space between the wall and the sheepskins, which are pink and very curly on the outer side, the inside being a pure cream color. A large fish, splendidly formed, is also very interesting; indeed, words fail me with which to tell of all the wonders of these caves.

At last we came again to the entrance and then the fun began—our guide had forgotten to bring a lantern. A fierce wind was blowing from the southeast, and soon our candles were out. The night sky was covered with clouds, not even a friendly star in sight. The guide tried to comfort us by saying that he could go anywhere along that trail blindfolded, and so we started on with as much courage as we could muster along that terrible pathway. I was climbing up just behind the guide and my companion back of me, the darkness being so intense that I could scarcely see the guide's heels, except when the lightning flashes came, which only plunged us into deeper darkness a moment later. Much of this trail is very steep and very dangerous. In some places little steps have been hewn out of the solid rock wall, just large enough in which to place one foot at a time, with towering walls on one side, and walls straight down thousands of feet on the other side, so that if one should make a single mis-step he would be hurled into Eternity in a moment's time.

Just as we were passing over the most dangerous place—clinging to the rocks, scarcely daring to breathe, our heartless guide said to us, "Do not cling to the rocks, because if you do you are liable to be stung by a scorpion, as they are frequently found here." But nevertheless we held fast to the rocks, preferring scorpion stings to instant death.

Finally we arrived at the cabin at half-past nine o'clock, just as a terrific thunder storm burst upon us in all its fury. Such lightning! Such thunder! It seemed to us that all the mountains in the canyon were being rent from top to bottom; while a continuous, deafening, mighty roar easily suggested the end of all time. Peals of thunder followed each other so closely that seemingly there was no interval between them. The roaring in the canyons below us of one terrible peal of thunder which had just passed over, and which seemed to be plowing a world-wide furrow into the very heart

of earth, was followed by a splitting, cracking and shaking of the foundations of the mountain beneath our cabin, and again followed quickly by another terrifying peal in the mountain tops above us, and together with all this was heard the rushing of many waters, as the rain dashed from rock to rock, filling all the ravines, and they, in turn joining forces, thus making wild torrents in all the side canyons, rushing on to join in the mad revel of the angry, raging Colorado far below.

We listened until the roar of the

storm was lost in the distance, and fell asleep thinking of our weakness and the greatness of our God, who remembers us in the time of storm. With such thoughts as these still in mind the following morning, we slowly, but steadily climbed upward, our eyes lifted to the peaks above us, then rising above them, one by one, until at last we reached the level of the Rim, tired but thoroughly satisfied with the greatness, the grandeur, the majesty of the Grand Canyon of Arizona—the greatest of the seven wonders of America.

ROMANY SONG

O I built a little cot for my Gipsy love and me,
 In the wood, in the wood,
 Just a place to be a-staying
 Round the world no longer straying
 Under hill and over lea,
 And so fair and fine it stood
 With its scented roof of thatch
 And the string beside the latch
 That all safe at home my love was glad to be.

O at morn and eve my Gipsy love had smiles for me
 Till the spring, till the spring,
 When the bees and birds a-Maying
 Past our doorway went a-straying
 Down the winds, so glad and free,
 And the sweet wild things a-wing
 Made the cottage seem her cage,
 And its pleasures naught to gauge
 With the white roads where my love was fain to be.

O my Gipsy love is true, and she here would biding be,
 Though she sigh, though she sigh,
 But I'll stay no wild bird's winging,
 So we'll follow after singing,
 Under hill and over lea,
 Round the world, my love and I,—
 Leave the scented roof of thatch,
 Let another lift the latch,
 And away, so but my love be glad with me!

VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON.

Women Doctors; An Historic Retrospect

By Dr. Melanie Lapinska and Lady Muir Mackenzie

THE European war has brought the question of women surgeons and doctors to the fore. The Russians have many women surgeons in the Medical Department of their army, and, though the English R.A.M.C. and I.M.S. have not yet admitted women to their ranks, the War Office has reluctantly begun to recognize hospitals entirely officered by women doctors. Only recently they sanctioned the opening of just such a military hospital in London, the woman doctor in charge being very appropriately Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson. The Belgians and French have always been ready to accept the services of medical women for their wounded. Last September Mrs. St. Clair Stobart and Dr. Florence Stoney established a hospital for Belgian wounded in Antwerp. Driven from there by the Germans, they did fine work in Cherbourg among the French wounded. The French men doctors were so interested that they asked permission to watch these expert women surgeons at work.

The activities of medical women, both in military hospitals and elsewhere to-day, make it an interesting moment to glance backward at the history of women doctors. There are people who imagine that the woman doctor is a product of the modern feminist movement; but the student of history knows that at practically every stage of human development women studied and practiced medicine. It was not until the fifteenth century that the male physicians of Europe banded themselves into a species of trade unionism, and discouraged and sup-

pressed the medical activities of women. In the nineteenth century, however, women, in spite of determined opposition, won again the right to practice medicine.

In very early times do we, for instance, find women esteemed as medical practitioners? We can only conjecture by examining the beliefs and customs of primitive tribes found to-day in various parts of the globe. These in fact give us the only clue to archaic conditions no longer existing among civilized nations. Medicine is invariably combined with sorcery and religion among primitive peoples. The doctor is practically always a priest or magician, and, except where women are only regarded as beasts of burden, they act as priestess-doctors, on equal terms with the priest-doctors. It is quite a question whether the witch is not held in higher esteem than the wizard. In the Eastern Archipelago, for instance, male doctors in certain tribes wear female dress, and the woman doctors in other tribes array themselves as men. There are villages again where both a male and a female doctor may be found; and in other places women doctors are forbidden to marry, and form something in the nature of a sisterhood. No matter where we look, whether it be among the Indian tribes of North or South America, or among the peoples of Africa, Australia, Kamtchatka or Cochin China, we come across women taking part in medical ceremonies. Everywhere we find "the medicine woman," or the "wise woman," held in deep reverence.

Medical art among savage and uncultured peoples does not consist entirely of magic practices; their knowledge of herbs, and even of surgery, is far from being contemptible. It is not surprising, however, to find that midwifery is the medical woman's peculiar province among unsophisticated peoples. It is not far-fetched to imagine that the ancestors of the first civilized peoples, such as the Egyptians and Greeks, were much like our primitive brethren whose ways sociologists study to-day. Following primitive traditions, the art of medicine among the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans was inextricably interwoven with religion. Priests and priestesses practiced the healing art; the Delphic Pythia, for instance, gave medical consultations, her prescriptions being delivered oracularly. In those times there was no question of arguing with a physician. Only an irreverent generation such as ours dares to criticise the sages of Harley street. In the *Iliad* we learn that the daughter of Augeas knew "as many remedies as the wide earth produces," and the reader cannot fail to gather that a knowledge of pharmacy and therapeutics was counted as a womanly accomplishment among the people of the heroic Greek age. In later Græco-Roman times women doctors were evidently numerous, and Pliny the Elder and Galen mention some by name. In Christian cemeteries in Asia Minor tombs of women doctors have been discovered. Medical lore written by women remains to us, notably some able fragments by one Aspasia. Then a certain Metradora wrote about the diseases of women, and the MS. still exists in Florence.

Not till the first century A. D. do we find real evidence of the existence of women doctors in Rome (*medicæ*, as distinct from *obstetrices*.) In the fourth century, Octavius Horatianus mentions two learned medical women, Victoria and Leoparda. Epitaphs of women doctors may occasionally be found among Roman remains. The tradition of Roman culture survived long in Southern Italy, and the admission

of women to medical studies in the famous schools of Salerno may have been due to old usage. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the *Muliere salernitanæ* were well known for their medical lore, and their writings were considered valuable. The work entitled *De Passionibus Mulierum*, by one learned in medicine, Madame Trotte or Trotata, still survives from the eleventh century. "It shows no sign," says the historian, "of superstition and futility, and bears the mark throughout of the experienced practitioner." A license to practice medicine and surgery was given to Francesca, wife of Matteo de Romane, of Salerno, in 1321, and the document is still preserved among the archives of Naples. Similarly, we find mention of women doctors among the State papers of Venice, Florence and Turin. Those who are interested enough to examine these papers will find that some of these medical women with charming names, such as Ghilietta, Leonetta, and Beatrice, were celebrated and held in high esteem.

Medical art was often acquired in the Middle Ages by a pupil apprenticing himself to an established practitioner. We read of doctors taking female apprentices, and a document in the archives of Marseilles, dated 1326, shows us a woman doctor with a male apprentice. This was a case of "culture while you wait," for the lady engaged to convey her art to her pupil in seven months. The Faculty of Paris grew strong, and decreed that non-academical medicine and surgery must cease. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries many women doctors appear to have transgressed the order, and sentence of excommunication was launched against them. Women doctors flourished in Germany from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, and during that period special mention is made of fifteen *medicæ*, three of whom were oculists. German Jewesses seem to have specially cultivated the art of medicine. In England we have no record of women practicing medicine professionally during the feudal period.

Many of the great ladies of those days were taught surgery, and used to dress the wounds of knights who asked for succor at their castle gates. An ecclesiastical law of the time of King Edgar without doubt gave permission to English women to practice medicine. Many convents, both in England and on the Continent, had infirmaries and hospitals attached to them, and several orders of nuns specialized in the art of medicine. Saint Hildegard, Prioress of Ruprechtsburg, wrote medical treatises, and it is said she knew facts of which the doctors of those days were ignorant.

As Europe emerged from the medieval period, women began to be rigidly excluded from the study and practice of medicine. Man's interests alone were represented in all the forms of government, and it was natural that masculine monopoly should be protected. The universities were very hostile to women and to free lances of all kinds. Italy was an exception. In the fifteenth century women professors were found in the University of Bologna. In the eighteenth century, too, this famous university was a center of medical training for women. When Napoleon passed through Bologna in 1802, he was so struck by the learning of one Maria dalle Donne, that he established for her a Chair of Obstetrics, which she occupied till her death in 1842.

The women of Spain have not distinguished themselves as doctors, although we must not forget that Ana de Osoris, Countess of Chinchon, introduced the "Jesuits' bark"—or quinine—into the pharmacopœa. Her husband was Viceroy of Peru, so she had occasion to come across this valuable remedy. In the same way Lady Mary Wortley Montagu introduced inoculation into England, having first seen it used in Turkey in 1716. In 1587, Donna Alivia Sabuco, a Spanish woman, published a remarkable book, *Nueva Filosofia de la Naturaleza del Hombre*. This psycho-physiological work touches on the relation of mind and body and the influence of

the passions upon health and disease, and must have been far in advance of the thoughts of the age.

Even when the medical profession was closed to them officially, French women continued to interest themselves in medical studies. The Baronne de Stael, for instance, carried her studies in dissection so far that Duvernay observed she was "*la fille de France qui connait le mieux le corps de l'homme*." Mademoiselle Biheron, born about 1730, was devoted to the study of anatomy, and reproduced with astonishing truth in colored composition various parts of the human body. Surgeon-General Sir John Pringle was so struck by her models that he said: "Madam, they give me everything but the smell!" Her scientific exactitude made her a worthy forerunner to Madame Curie. Madame Necker, mother of Madame de Stael, rendered great service to humanity by reforming the French hospitals. Before her time patients were huddled together, three and four in a bed, and all the sanitary conditions were unspeakable.

The German universities were not altogether successful in keeping women from studying medicine. For instance, Dorothea Leporin, born in 1715, attained such fame by her medical knowledge that Frederick the Great, in 1741, gave her special permission to study at the University of Halle, where she eventually took the full Doctor's degree.

Ever since the French Revolution the great tide of individual emancipation has been rising. Though the violent reaction against absolutism had a marked influence on the fortunes of women, freeing them from many bonds it was not the direct means of opening to them the doors of the medical profession. However, writers influenced by the Revolution, such as Mary Wollstonecraft, demanded the same quality of education for boys and girls. She was almost the first English feminist who set her thoughts on paper, and she believed that in politics, as in all other branches of human activity, women, as well as men, should be given

equal rights. Saint-Simon, the French Socialist, also proved himself a true child of the Revolution. He subscribed to the doctrine that men and women had identical rights, and he and his followers held that both sexes ought to share the same power in social, political and religious matters.

In spite of the Revolution, and of the fact that Continental countries had produced distinguished medical women in the Middle Ages, it fell to the lot of an Englishwoman, Elizabeth Blackwell, to overcome the opposition of the male universities, and thus to open the doors of modern medicine to the women of the world. At the age of eleven, Elizabeth left England for America, and there, when she was old enough, she sought admittance to various American colleges, with a view to becoming a doctor. She met with many rebuffs. She was told that a position of dependence and inferiority was assigned to women, both by nature and society, and that it would be inconvenient and immoral for a woman to study the nature and the laws of the human organism. At length a college in the State of New York received her. Her studies were conducted under difficulties. The men students were not always respectful, and she was pointed at in the streets as being a queer new being. When her friends advised her to adopt male costume she announced that what she was doing was more for other women than for herself, and that she must accomplish her task as a woman. In 1849 she passed her last examination and received her doctor's diploma. After traveling and studying in Europe, this brave pioneer tried to practice medicine in England, but she found public opinion too hostile. In 1851 she commenced to practice in New York, but at first the men doctors refused to meet her in consultation. Finally, her serene strength of character enabled her to overcome all prejudices, and she was so much trusted and admired that she was able to found the New York Infirmary and College for Women.

In 1859 she delivered a course of

lectures in England, at Marylebone Hall, and she records that her "most important listener was the bright, intelligent young lady, whose interest in the study of medicine was then aroused—Miss Elizabeth Garrett—who became the pioneer of the medical movement in England, and who, as Mrs. Garrett Anderson, lives to see the great success of her difficult and brave work." We know what a fight Dr. Garrett Anderson had to make before she could secure a doctor's degree. At length, in 1865, the Society of Apothecaries granted her a license; otherwise she would have had to depend entirely on American and foreign diplomas. The constitution of the Society of Apothecaries did not allow the exclusion of any person who had satisfied the ordinary tests, and the opponents gave way to law and not to conviction; for immediately after this one woman had obtained a license, they altered their constitution so as to exclude all women.

In 1869 the controversy about the wisdom of allowing women to take a medical degree was revived in England, when Miss Sophia Jex-Blake and her companions attempted to obtain medical degrees at Edinburgh University. Their opponents said the usual things—that they only wished to carry on intrigues with men students, and were trying a new way of getting husbands; or, again, that the study of anatomy was inconsistent with female delicacy. To these arguments were added the complaints of professional jealousy. The men students became very hostile in Edinburgh, and pelted their women colleagues with mud upon several occasions. This is hardly surprising when grave and responsible people treated the legitimate aspirations of these women with scurrility.

English women, finding it impossible to obtain a doctor's degree in their own country, went to Switzerland, and in 1877 we find Dr. Jex-Blake receiving her degree of M. D. at Berne. The University of Zurich was the first in the Old World to open its doors to women medical students, and here, in

1865, Madame Souslova found what had been denied her in Russia—a fine medical education. She was able to return to Petrograd armed with diplomas and the full degree of M. D. She was the first fully-qualified Russian woman doctor who practiced in Russia.

In every European country, as well as in America, the number of women doctors is increasing every year. The proof that the art of scientific healing is naturally and legitimately woman's work may be found in the fact that women doctors we meet have, for the most part, those gentle, tender qualities we especially love in women.

The entrance of Indian girls into the medical profession is a very interesting study. Here we have these most fragile and ethereal beings developing into expert surgeons and doctors. The story of the Hindu doctor, Rukmabai, is well known. She refused to ratify her marriage made for her when a child. The question was argued in a court of law, and the English Judge said the consequence of her refusal would be imprisonment. Undaunted, she chose imprisonment, and finally came to England and took a great medical degree. One of the writers had the pleasure of staying with her in India in her perfectly equipped maternity hospital, and also has vivid recollections of another Indian hospital, presided over by a beautiful girl, Dr. Krishnabai. This fascinating little figure, clad in clinging draperies, was such a reliable surgeon that when a complicated case puzzled the men doctors in an adjoining hospital it was customary to send for Krishnabai. India ought to prove an ideal field for the activities of medical women. Imagine a population of some 150,000,000 women, the majority of whom are hidden from the sight of all men save

their own husbands. Their need for women practitioners is immense. Yet here again men's professional jealousy, and their partisanship for their own sex in the world they rule, have made the conditions of medical service in India most uninviting to women. A fight for more possible conditions has been in progress for years, and now a better state of things exists. However, the whole battle has not yet been won. The Zenana Bible and Medical Mission sends out splendid doctors to the many patient suffering women of India.

In spite, however, of an increasing number of lay and missionary doctors, India needs many more. It ought to be the serious business of the British government to encourage and not discourage the activities of women doctors in India.

The history of the Chinese and Japanese women doctors is interesting, were there space to touch upon it. No matter where we look in the great seething cauldron of the world's history, we meet to-day this question of the woman in medicine. It is more than possible that the war will have a beneficial effect on the fortunes of women doctors. Like the French Revolution, the war will destroy many artificial barriers, and if it results in increasing the power of women as doctors, the human race must benefit. Can we not all sympathize with the soldier in one of those military hospitals in France which are officered by women, who said: "Madam, you make your hospital a home instead of an institution." When the humane heart of woman—which is the same as saying the humane heart of the mother—is reinforced by exact scientific knowledge and a logically trained mind, we come very near to finding the perfect human being.



A Woman's Heart

By Billee Glynn

THERE is only one way out of it—let us get a divorce.”

The tone was entirely controlled and matter-of-fact. A blight of coldness had hardened the pretty mouth that uttered it. She was looking at him out of brown eyes calm and flower-like, the inviting totality of her nattily-gowned daintiness held languidly and aloof from him across the table. Her small hand plucked idly at the table-cover as though it might have been a man's heart. She repeated: “Let us get a divorce.”

The cafe was one of those quaint, intimate, sequestered places where such a suggestion had its dramatic significance. The man, of slender figure and quiet aspect, made no immediate reply. With something drawn, something deeply repressed in his look, he turned to gaze out of the window which opened on a little side street appearing to lead nowhere. His eyes were still the eyes of a boy, wide open blue and full of an engaging look of truth. They had remained so in the center of a somewhat frayed personality. And yet they had much of weariness, too,—the weariness of long desert distance—but based on sweetness and patience and belonging to the spirit, not to the heart. He continued to stare out the window, and she continued to regard him coolly. He turned at length, meeting her glance calmly.

“What will you have for dessert?” he inquired gently, putting her suggestion aside unanswered.

She had given vent to it so often during the last six months that his silence and helplessness before it she could not but accept. It had become a groove of blight between them. She

remembered well the intensity of his feelings when her lips had first spoken the sentence, how he had met it with a fever of love and pleading. She had never fully realized her power over him till then. Yet she had repeated this sentence which pained him so much, had repeated it till he met it with a word or overlooked it in silence as now. And with that repetition the idea of it had grown within herself till it had become a fact beyond which her senses caught the perfume of a lighter freedom. His love seemed more and more tedious in comparison. The beauty of it she scarcely understood. With a faint smile and without emotion she watched it sear beneath her words. She picked up the menu, again looking it over.

“I wonder if it is too late in the season for strawberries?”

“You might try them; they may help you to be more sweet.”

“We might as well face a fact, Allan,” she returned sharply, and with a flash in her eyes. “*I am going to get a divorce.* I shall have applied for it before this month is out.”

“You do not mean it.” He smiled in a poor attempt at banter. “What reason?”

“I do not love you.”

It was on his tongue to tell her that her soul was not made of the stuff to love any one after love had been once given her; but he kept it back because he did love her.

The waiter had come up and he gave him their orders. They ate their dessert in silence. Once he found himself unconsciously endeavoring to gaze behind the mist in her dark, golden-lashed eyes. When he had first met her they had suggested to

him the poetry of an infinite twilight into which the soul might journey forever, bring beauty and finding beauty. Now he saw in them the black frost of an autumn, and his naked love stood shivering and belonging to the dead leaves of idealistically created bloom.

"What do you wish to do to-night?" he asked, after a while. "We could see the new opera company in Thais."

"I promised Alice to call on her."

"Oh, very well, then; we can go to the opera another night."

That evening when alone he thought of Jean Forrest and started out to pay him a visit. They had not seen each other for a month, and Forrest was extremely glad to have him. He was a bachelor artist who had become famous. He and Gray had roomed together in the old days in Paris, and he was undoubtedly his most intimate friend; one of those rare friendships between men based on deep and intuitive understanding. He had large, imperturbable gray eyes and a quiet presence. He had found the few things which interested him, but habitually observed everything, and was extremely well informed. The room in which the visitor had been ushered seemed to possess, with its ensemble of selected art and comfortable furnishings, a rosy stillness, an unuttered applause to the grace, lines and poses of temperament.

Gray, smoking his cigar, said after some time had passed: "My wife is going to get a divorce, Jean."

The other opened his eyes. "You don't tell me! For why?"

"She says that she does not love me."

The artist put his hands behind his head. "Does she love any one else?"

"I think it is simply a desire for freedom, to kick her heels, as they say. And yet she has never had a wish which I have not tried to gratify. Of the fifty thousand dollars I had at the time of my marriage I have but five thousand left. I have given her, besides, the finest that is in me always."

"Not realizing that a woman born

beautiful is almost invariably born without a sense of beauty, but with an everlasting desire for decoration and a crowd."

"Don't, Jean! I have to believe in her because I love her. You know what love means to an organism like mine. If I lose her—well, there are some things that a man cannot do without—food and water, for instance!" His wretchedness caught at the cynicism with something of relief.

"I know," responded the other reflectively. "They can ridicule love as much as they like, but it will always belong to some natures—the best. It is a habit of beauty more destructive than cocaine, than ether, then opium, and the divinest dreams of the famed hashish cannot equal it for an hour. It is such an improvement on other life that the man who has ever really experienced it cannot do without it. I am sincerely sorry for you, Gray. It is the rarest game in the world to play together and the poorest game to play alone."

"But there is no reason she should not love me, Jean. She loved me when we were married—I am sure of that. And I have never failed her. I have always tried to be everything that a man should be to the woman he loves. As I told you, I have spent nearly all of my fortune on her. She made away, indeed, with fifteen thousand of it herself in an investment about which I knew absolutely nothing till it was all over and the money lost. Those two trips abroad cost a great deal, too. That is nothing—I would spend everything. But it has brought her among people who have more money than I, and she has become discontented. And yet, if she would only stand with me, Jean, give me the support of her love or even her interest, I think that I have the ability to make a name for myself, and soon. I will, anyway. You know the big thing that is looming at present for me."

"Of course you will," agreed his friend. But in his own mind he sat with the question poised silently and speculatively as in the manner of the

cigarette he held between his marvelously long fingers. He knew the nature of Allan Gray as well as if it were portrayed in colors before him. He knew well that he possessed the ability, amounting almost to genius, of which he spoke. Moreover, he was certain to get the appointment for the biggest architectural job in the State. His ability was part of that strain of beauty in the man which made Jean Forrest, the foremost artist of the day, his friend—something intensely related to his sensitiveness to life. But, robbed of its chosen inspiration, his mind would undoubtedly be robbed of its finest uses. There was no power of grosser egoism to furnish motive to carry the dead weight of a heart. No animal inclination to cling to the remnant with the best of life and its ideals gone. And though Jean Forrest had answered: "Of course you will," he knew these things, recognized them wholly in the serpentine of smoke from his cigarette vanishing like a cremation of dreams in atmosphere.

He recalled to mind a figure of wonderful dissipation he had seen one night in Paris in a cafe frequented by Bohemians in the rue Visconti, a figure of youth so corroded with age that it was startling to look upon. When he had asked the history of the man they had told him: He was one of the most promising poets of France. For a year the world spoke of him—and then he lost his heart to Yvonne Millard of the Comedie Francaise, one of those women lovely as an Italian night and with a soul like one of those common sunflowers.

From that face of profound dissipation Jean Forrest saw the eyes of his friend staring out at him. It were as though a ghost had nudged his elbow. He sat in silence while he finished his cigarette, then he turned to his companion, saying in a nonchalant way: "I expect Lylas Ward here to-night. I have been making a portrait of her, and there is a small matter in connection with it that we wish to talk over. She made an appointment for eight o'clock." He glanced at his watch. "It

is ten minutes past eight now."

"Is she as beautiful off the stage as on?" inquired the other. "The charm of so many actresses is made up of the footlights."

"She is the most beautiful woman I know of," answered Forrest, with conviction. "She has, besides, a nature of great tenderness and a mind of rare understanding."

"You seem to admire her very much?"

"Only as a friend. Her husband died but a year ago. They adored each other, and she is not one who forgets."

The conversation turned to the portrait which the artist displayed with a certain exhilaration. It was apparent that his admiration for the woman was deeper than he admitted. Perhaps only love could paint her so. For even in its unfinished state the portrait was remarkable. In the midst of Gray's appreciation there was a light rap at the door. Forrest hastily set the easel back and admitted a smiling, svelte creature. She took off her wraps and sat down all in a moment, the atmosphere seeming to throb gently because of her. Not her own beauty so much you realized first regarding her as the wonderful beauty of life which she illumined. She was one of those women whose softly radiating presence is as instant and subtle as moonlight, in the luminosity of whose dark eyes one seems to find all the poetry and desires the heart has ever dreamed, and whose reserves are like the flowered distances of spring. She spoke in a voice that was soft and low, and it led the conversation in and out of fascinating places.

After a while, Forrest, lighting another cigarette, turned to Gray and said: Do not mind, old man; I am going to tell Miss Ward about your trouble."

* * * *

Two evenings later, about nine o'clock, Jean Forrest called at the residence of the Grays. He found Mrs. Gray alone except for a maid. She was glad to see him, for she really liked

him—the inscrutability of the man—in spite of the fact that he was her husband's best friend." Allan, she told him, had just gone out on very important business on which he had not informed her. "I do not know what to do with myself to-night," she added.

"Why not come to the beach with me? The Society of Arts are giving a ball there to-night. We can be back early, and I am certain that Allan will have no objections. Besides, we can leave word here for him to come along when he returns."

Her face had shown instant enthusiasm. "I will be delighted to go. But you must not expect me to dress."

"There are some cases in which decoration cannot improve nature," he responded gallantly, though she always fancied something synical in his smile. "I will make use of your telephone to call a taxicab."

The night at the beach was full of charm. The flavor of the wild which always fills the sea air, feeding the heart, seemed more intense in its presence. The cliff-built hostelry, lit for festival, shone from feathery shadows silvery as a mirage. A wraith of music drifted longingly in the breeze. The affair here took on entirely different aspects. Sometimes it was an orgy or a spirited lilt of Bohemians mellowed with good will and culture; again the hours died like wild flowers under the opium spell of the salt spray—given to the truest expression of poetry and grace. Again a group of artists and literatti loosed their souls in revel and talked of great and unique passions, or found them here, making the occasion grotesque with the wildest fancies.

Rightly enough, the balls at the House had become famous. To-night a spirit of Hellenism seemed to reign. An air of the delicate and the aristocratic, of trailing graces, melting lines and exquisite perfumes welcomed the sense at the very entrance. At least that was the impression of Jean Forrest and his companion, as they found their way to a resting room of subdued lights and banked in flowers.

Through the open windows the stars flicked tenderly over the sea. Couples sat taking refreshments and moving to and from the ballroom, whence a Viennese waltz surged languorously and with siren allure. Here and there a pair of dazzling shoulders and glorious eyes caught the fancy and returned the gaze. A look of disappointment had come to the artist's face.

"I see that this is a full dress affair," he said. "I understood differently."

"I do not wish to dance anyway," his companion replied. "It is lots of fun just being here."

They sat for a while sipping their drink with pleasure—then, strangely, a half-hush fell on the room. An apparition of great loveliness stood in the doorway looking intently about. Her glance seemed to take in Forrest and the woman with him for a moment, then wandered elsewhere. If a Greek statue had suddenly come to life breathing the divinity and passion of a young universe through lyrical eyes, it could not have been more marvelous, more perfect in harmonic molding and simple elegance. A handful of roses blossomed at her waist and a smile haunted her lips as though the spirit of the Viennese waltz hummed itself there. Yet her personality seemed made up of the deeper and rarer music, and the gentle movement of her bosom suggested somehow great and lasting passions. She must have just arrived, for no one present appeared to know her. She crossed the room to a window, stood for a moment looking out, then turned back into the ballroom.

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Gray of the artist, repeating the question on many lips.

"Lylas Ward, the actress. She has the reputation for spurning more millions, and men with them, than any other woman alive. She is said to be looking for an ideal love affair, an ardor as perfect and lasting as that of Gabriel Dante Rossetti; in fine, the deep, tender, beautiful passion of a nature worth while. Undoubtedly,

when she does find it she will keep it, for she has the right idea about these things."

"What is the right idea?" She leaned nearer to him with opened eyes.

"Why, she takes the point of view that it is a woman's vanity which most often spoils love, particularly after a time. If the lover continues to bring his adoration to her, the woman seems to think that response is no longer necessary on her part. So she loses the finest thing in the world by bringing less and less to it and accepting the constancy and tenderness of her lover as chattel. Lylas Ward believes that when hearts have recognized that they love each other, they should not subject it to repeated strain and indifference. We do not set our great works of art in a rainstorm. The most beautiful thing possible to the heart naturally requires some attention. In return it will yield more thrills, exquisiteness and joy of living than all outer blessings combined."

"Is that your idea, too?"

"It certainly is a better one than any other I know of."

"But your own personal experience?"

"I loved a girl who is dead," returned Forrest, simply. "At that time I made a vow never to marry."

"Wasn't that rather foolish, considering everything?"

"I have never been in the habit of considering too much. Anyway, it was in Italy, and in that country one does those things."

She sat regarding his face, now toned to gentleness, and over which a shade of the deepest melancholy had passed. A thought came to her then, a queer realization—that when a man of highly developed nature loved, he gave more than any woman had it in her power to give. He returned her look for a moment and suggested:

"Let us go out in the conservatory. It is very prettily arranged."

They did so, and found a seat behind a Japanese orange tree blossoming fragrantly from a large Oriental

pot made in the shape of enclosing lotus leaves. It was a little alcove, and there was a sort of arbor a few yards distant into which they could see, and in which a Chinese lantern glowed softly in the half shadow like a suspended firefly, and a circle of damask roses gathered about the dew of a central miniature fountain. A lone nightingale led tenderly the low monotone of the sea. The spot was hemmed in by a high trelliswork of flowing, white flowered vines, and could be observed only from the smaller and darker retreat where Jean Forrest and his companion were.

They talked for awhile about the Japanese orange tree, and then the silken swish of a gown attracted their attention. A lady had entered the arbor opposite. It was Lylas Ward, and her voice speaking to a man who followed her was low, soft and of lingering sweetness. In his dress suit he appeared extremely handsome, a worthy lover for her, his bearing tense with the ardor which breathed from his every movement. He plucked a rose, a rose deep as the night, and as he gave it to her he kissed the hand which lay white and dainty as a shell in his. She was smiling at him now, something luminous and adorable in her eyes, that gaze which opens up the farthest reaches of the soul and softly sums the totality of its gift. At this moment the two in the alcove happened to make a slight noise. The man turned full face.

"My husband!" gasped Mrs. Gray in a harsh breath. "My husband!"

She made a movement as if to spring out at them, but Jean Forrest laid a hand on her restrainingly, and placed his fingers lightly on her lips.

"Be quiet," he commanded in a low, intense whisper. "Let us hear this thing. We should hear it out." In this attitude they remained, listening, the woman's breath coming in quivering shocks.

Gray was gazing again into the eyes which beamed so beautifully upon him. His voice of poetic quality came charged with feeling.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you have never forgotten the sweetheartship of our boy and girl days?"

"As true," she replied, "as that I never can forget. Did I not send for you after all this time? Only the courage of a love which cannot forget would do that. And, remember, I was told that you adored your wife."

"I have loved her," he said. "But one does not continue to love where he finds nothing. You, Lylas, comprise everything in the world. You are the flowers, and the height of the stars, and the depth of the sea, the madness of music, and the dove dream of twilight. I come to you because I find in you all that my heart craves. My wife understands only what belongs to the world, not at all what belongs to the soul. She will be glad to be free."

"And I will wait for you even if it be a long time. I promised that my heart will always be waiting on you. Though it were years and I bound by some other tie, I would not hesitate to break it when you came. But let us hope that it will only be days or weeks," she added, her hand caressing him.

No scene from any play could have been more charming. Facing even this divinity of the flesh, the man appeared an ideal lover. To the last tone and gesture he was perfect. He had paused in silent adoration before her, and now he bent forward quickly, gath-

ering her in his arms, while she yielded completely, and with an audible sigh. Their lips found each other and clung in one of those kisses which thrill even onlookers, and which many an artist has tried to picture in vain.

Swiftly and silently Jean Forrest rose to his feet. His hand over the mouth of his companion had stopped in time her exclamation. Hurriedly and rudely he forced her away. In another minute they stood outside and he almost carried her into the taxicab. She crouched in the seat, her face covered with her hands.

"Oh, to think that he could do it, just to think of it!" she moaned tragically.

With ferocious pity Jean Forrest sat regarding her. "What difference does it make?" he said in a tone of iron. "There are lots of others. You do not love him."

"I do love him," she averred, rousing herself with a flash of anger. "I have always loved him, but, perhaps, I did not know it. And she is beautiful—she is ten times more beautiful than I."

Jean Forrest said no more, except to bid her goodnight when he left her at the house.

A few evenings later, Allan Gray called on the artist. His face was glowing with happiness. "I have the most loving wife in the world," he said.

MEMORY

Not when the hand of death is laid upon
The body that you love and it is wrapped
Forever from your sight by shrouding earth;
Not when you fold the last worn garments up
Or face an empty chair, comes grief to you;
But when thought-rambling through a pleasant past
You find some happy mem'ry half complete—
A name forgot—some trivial incident
You would recall—The pleasure at its height,
At thought: "I'll ask my friend! He, too, was there!"
Ah! by so small and simple thing you're tricked!
And fall into the very lair of cruel Grief,
Rememb'ring, with a start, that friend *is dead!*

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

The Heel of Achilles

By Carroll Van Court

MR. JOHN SHELDON was a stern business man. He owned the Royal Flour Mills, was reputed to be worth half a million dollars and employed more than six hundred men.

Those that came in daily contact with him said he was a hard man. As one of his clerks put it, he had a "stern and rock-bound heart."

He was never known to be sick or late at his office. He never took a vacation; hated to give his employees a vacation; never forgave a mistake, and when in an especially ugly mood, was known to discharge a clerk for dropping a lead pencil on the floor.

Sheldon was religiously honest in all his business dealings, but he believed in working twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four. As a slave driver he had Simon Legree lashed to the mast.

His sole ambition, thought, dream, pleasure—day and night—as far as his employees and acquaintances could see, was business, business, business. King Midas was a piker alongside of John Sheldon.

His employees hated him; his acquaintances (he had no friends) disliked him, his business rivals were almost ruined by him, and his wife feared him.

Only one person in Hamilton City had a good word for him. That person was Dr. Crofts.

Dr. Crofts had a theory that no matter how wrapt up in a pursuit, hobby, habit, vice or ambition, a man might be, he could always be made in some way to see his folly and selfishness.

The doctor's own hobby was studying human nature, but he never allowed it to impair his usefulness to

the community as an excellent physician and adviser.

So when he heard people remark about Sheldon's mad chase after the almighty dollar, he did some deep thinking.

The Sheldons had never sent for him in his professional capacity, and he had met John Sheldon only occasionally.

One morning Dr. Crofts had a rush call to attend the baby of Fred Allen, a clerk in Sheldon's office. Crofts was very popular with the boys at the Sheldon Company, for besides being a good physician, he was a good mixer.

The Allen baby had a serious case of typhoid, and the doctor soon found that he was going to have his hands full to prevent the disease from becoming dangerous, if not fatal.

Allen had stayed home to hear the doctor's verdict before leaving for his work; consequently he did not arrive at his desk until two hours after his regular time. He could not afford to miss a whole day's work unless it was absolutely necessary, for the salary Sheldon paid him scarcely sufficed for his family's needs as it was, and Sheldon invariably docked his employees' wages if they missed a day.

Sheldon noticed Allen's absence soon after he entered his office, and when Allen hurried in, the reception handed him was enough to freeze the blood. Allen fully expected his employer to knock him down. He started to explain his tardiness, but Sheldon cut him off and refused to listen, snarling at him like an animal.

He stopped growling when his breath gave out, and slammed some papers on Allen's desk to be gone over. Allen silently picked them up and

turned to his work as the old pirate stormed out of the room.

The next day Allen's baby was worse. The young father could hardly keep his mind on his work, he was so worried and anxious. Toward evening he was almost frantic. The work came so fast he could not get away long enough to telephone the doctor and hear his report on the child's condition.

Then the crash came. With his mind full of fear for his child, Allen made several mistakes on the papers he was preparing for Sheldon.

Four minutes after he had handed them to Sheldon for his approval the door was yanked open. The old man stood glaring at poor Allen like a wild beast. His face was paper white with fury.

"Allen, get out of my office. You are discharged," he bellowed.

Allen quietly put on his coat and hat, and left without a word.

The fellow employees of Allen were furious at his dismissal. They knew what was on his mind, and had they dared, would have protested.

When the news of Allen's dismissal reached Dr. Crofts, he made a vow.

"I'm going to cure Sheldon of his inhumanity or break his heart," he promised. Then he went home and sat way into the night planning a way to reach Sheldon's vital spot.

The Allen baby recovered, but Fred Allen was out of work for weeks. Dr. Crofts positively refused to accept a cent from Allen until he obtained another position.

It was January now, and Sheldon's four year old daughter caught a severe cold, the first illness, within the memory of Dr. Crofts, that ever had come upon the Sheldons. They sent for him.

He found Jack Sheldon, the most-feared man in the city, on his knees watching a tossing form upon a bed! The sight was strange to any one who knew the temperament of John Sheldon.

As Dr. Crofts examined the child, he saw that Sheldon was unnecessarily

alarmed about the baby. He saw also that here was one thing, at least, that actually made Sheldon forget himself and his business for a while. In ten more minutes the doctor discovered that Sheldon passionately loved his baby, and before he had answered half of Sheldon's anxious questions, he had planned a way to break through the man's iron will.

The child's fever was not very high, but Dr. Crofts made it appear that the baby's condition was very grave, and after giving it the proper medicine, which he called a long Latin name to frighten Sheldon, he departed, promising to send a trained nurse immediately.

The nurse, whom Dr. Crofts had taken into the plot, took charge of everything, and ordered Sheldon around like an errand boy. Sheldon obeyed meekly and eagerly. For once in his life he was civil.

At the office the next morning, the clerks expected to put in a terrible day, but the boss was silent most of the time and gave his orders shortly and sharply.

The whole office force were invited to dine that evening with Dr. Crofts. At the dinner, Crofts explained his plan, to which the boys eagerly consented.

As Sheldon walked down the corridor toward his office a week later, the janitor who was sweeping, stopped him and in a respectful tone asked: "How's the little girl, sir?"

Sheldon was taken aback. Never before had the janitor dared to address him unless in answer to a question. He was too surprised to be angry, so he replied almost decently, "She's better."

"Glad to hear it, sir," said the janitor, coolly, and went on sweeping. Sheldon entered his private office and rang for his secretary. The secretary, a mild young man, actually smiled as he entered the pirate's den.

"How's the sick girl to-day, Mr. Sheldon?" he ventured. Any other time he would have been taking his life in his hands.

"She's improving some," grunted the bear, as he made a perceptible effort to appear unconcerned.

The secretary replied that he hoped she would recover rapidly, and took his pad and pencil out for dictation.

Sheldon tried to dictate an important letter or two, but his nervousness soon distracted him from the work in hand. Before he could get fairly started, he rose from his revolving chair and began to pace the floor as he talked, something he had never done before.

His secretary never changed the expression of his face, but calmly continued making his shorthand notes.

Suddenly Sheldon stopped abruptly.

"That's enough for the present," he ordered. "I'll finish those later."

Quietly the young man closed his notebook and returned to his own desk in the adjoining office.

The old man could not think of his business for more than a few seconds at a time. His thoughts would turn to his child again. The sight of his desk and papers seemed to irritate him. With a gesture of disgust he turned and stalked out of the office, slamming the glass-paned door behind him.

He strode down the corridor to another office and watched his clerks at their books. As he approached the desk of the nearest clerk, and looked over his shoulder, the man turned, and when he saw it was his employer, said politely: "Good morning, Mr. Sheldon; I hope the little girl is better."

The troubled father murmured a reply that the clerk did not catch, and turned away. He visited every department in the establishment to ease his mind, but wherever he went he was greeted by the same question, from the janitor to the superintendent.

Men that he had never spoken a kind or civil word to in his life came up to him and expressed the hope that his child was better. Dr. Croft's scheme was beginning to work.

The effect on Sheldon was anything but soothing to his nervousness. In despair he returned to his office, put on his hat, and rushed homewards.

He had not gone two blocks when

Fred Allen, the last man he had discharged, stepped up to him and touched him on the arm. Sheldon scowled, expecting Allen to ask for his job back.

"Pardon me, Mr. Sheldon," he apologized, "I hear your little girl is ill. I hope it's not very serious."

This was the last straw!

Sheldon gulped for a reply, but the words would not come. After an unsuccessful effort to answer Allen, he stuck out his hand and gripped Allen's hand silently. Then, without a word, he passed on.

When he entered the room of his baby he was a broken man. The little child, however, was much better, and smiled up at him. He knelt down and kissed her again and again, and when he arose his face was wet with tears.

* * * *

The telephone bell in the secretary's office rang sharply. Sheldon's secretary took down the receiver and listened. Three seconds later he was on the way to his employer's residence, with his pencil in one hand and his pad in the other.

The next morning when the men arrived at the mills, typewritten notices greeted their eyes from every door. The notices read something like this:

"Employees of the Royal Flour Mills are hereby notified that the wages of every employee are raised 10 per cent. The increase to take effect next pay day. Also, every employee who has been with the company more than six months shall be given two weeks' vacation annually, with full pay. (Signed: John Sheldon.)"

When Fred Allen opened his mail, the same morning, he found an offer to return to his old job at almost double his previous salary, and the letter was written in Sheldon's own handwriting.

Fred hugged his wife and baby, and then jumped for the telephone. He succeeded in getting Dr. Crofts on the line, and in excited tones told him the glad news.

"I told you we'd get him," chuckled the doctor in reply.

Skip-A-Long

By Ruth Huntoon

DAN ARDON flung his tarp back and sat up. The Buffalo flats reached out in dim, green miles under an unbroken circle of star-studded blue. Fence lines stretched thin and long and crossed; and in a corner formed by such a crossing, two tarpaulins snuggled against the prairie.

"Say, Jack," and Ardon leaned upon an elbow to look out over the flats, "how far did you take those yearlings? They're coming back."

"The bloomin' torments! I take 'em half way to Barnett's. Did you fix that fence?"

"Pretty much, but I doubt it's stringing 'em all till morning. Well, let 'er bust," and Ardon rolled back contentedly.

"Just one critter coming," yawned Wayne, still watching. "He's a hustler. Sorter inquirin' agent, I reckon. Where's that gun?" And Wayne proceeded to fire a shot into the stillness of the cattle land. "Rose like a stage horse," he chuckled, "but he didn't turn. He is coming like blazes, Dan."

Ardon lifted his head again, and stared, too.

"It's no sorter cow-brute. Why, you loocoed grub-rider, it's Skip-a-long," he added, as a single footer's hoofbeats struck the sun-baked trail. "Dale said we shouldn't ride him. Savin' him for that there pesky girl he's got a-comin'. The boys have sneaked Skip, sure. Glory be! Jack, what's that a-flutterin'?"

The little horse came on like a butterfly; smooth, swift and bewinged. Nearing the tarps, he swerved sharp to the south.

"Steady, Skip," sang out Ardon, while the punchers looked hard at the Girl, who guided him.

"Hello," she called, and it came like a bell-tone through the starlight.

"Well, I'm d-dinged."

"Thanks," she laughed. "They said the one who swore first would be Ardon. The other one must be Wayne. I just came to-day, and they're celebrating. They seemed so sorry you couldn't be there. Uncle Dale said he wished some one had time to come after you. He proposed going down the south fence to-morrow to tell you what you'd missed. But he'd shown me the horse, and I found the south fence, so I came to-night. Well——" And Skip-a-long turned cornerwise.

"Just wait," shouted Wayne, "till we've got our trowsers and our wits together, and we're with you to the soiree."

"Your horses are beyond the ridge there. I'll drive them in," she offered.

"Now, isn't she the—gentleman!" demanded Wayne, as they scrambled into their clothes and rolled up the tarps to keep out tarantulas and centipedes. "Dan, she's the Terrapin's collar button!"

"Curly mustard," confessed Ardon, effusively. "And us makin' calculations to hit the flats when she lit." But the rattle of hobbles interrupted the rhapsody.

Night horses are often private property. It is easy work and given at least to favorites. Wayne and Ardon thanked their luck for this as they slung on their saddles. There was blood and nerve in the run they made after a speculative glance at the fig-

ure upon Skip-a-long. The girl had no hat and the soft light shone upon short, brown curls. Eyes, dark, and with a laugh in them, pleaded for haste. So they crossed the levels of buffalo grass, and the wind came heavy with the breath of Yucca blossoms.

Ardon's unearthly yell startled the ranch, and Dale running out with the rest, looked at his niece in a bewildered way.

"Aren't you abed?" he asked, doubtfully.

"No," sighed Velma, as he helped her down. "But that ride was a dream come true. Uncle Dale, why do you call that splendid little horse—just Skip-a-long?"

"Doesn't he?" Dale grinned.

In the kitchen they found a lively crowd arranged upon the bunks and boxes. A dozen different types of cattle hands, all of them good natured, nearly all honest, and a few surprisingly cultured for the rough, free life they led.

Tod's buxom wife was improvising a spread; and Velma passed the coffee, and Jack Wayne watched her shadow on the bare, gyp wall.

That wall and the others, the little old sod house itself and all inside, evinced the qualities of a chameleon during the week that followed, flashing out color, comfort and new interest as the girl's touch strayed here and there. The men worked as though Old Nick was after them, and Dale laughed up his sleeve at the moving done.

Jack Wayne was undeniably first as lady's man. Though ten years on the plains had rusted him considerably his early training often glimmered through. Ardon was better looking, and could double them all up with his droll stories, but Ardon was negligent. He had beautiful hands and took care of them; good eyes which he was usually too lazy to open. He and Wayne were well matched as to height and strength, though Ardon was the heavier; dark as Wayne was fair, and his bluntness equaled Jack Wayne's tact.

Just a week.

In the dust and danger of the branding pen they wrestled with the longhorns. They rode the hot days through upon a fence-line, or they raced down mount after mount in the skirmish of a round-up. And at night they spread their tarps and themselves over the slope about the shack, and argued the hours away over the advantage or the disadvantage of a three-inch cylinder without a sand-screen; or they played upon a few stringed instruments and sang, until the heat of the long day lifted, and a cooler breath brought them a fresh scent of the Yucca bloom.

Velma must see it all and take a shade of tan each day, hug Dale harder and look a little longer into Dan Ardon's sleepy, aggravating eyes.

The eighth day Wayne proposed. He hadn't much to offer, but he could make it if she would wait. The rest were more hopeless but equally willing and worshipful. The rest—all save Ardon. Ardon laughed and told his stories, looked volumes and said nothing.

Perhaps it was pique at first that Velma felt. Why should one of the dozen refuse to abdicate? Really he wasn't so much better looking. Jack Wayne was surely better posted. Yet Velma was dissatisfied. When all was said and done, Ardon seemed to be the one worth while. Just a little while, of course, but such a nice while to experience and remember.

So far Ardon held his own. Occasionally there were bets among the earlier victims that he would never stand the pressure. Velma was not aggressive in her tactics. She never singled Ardon out for especial favor. Jack Wayne generally received that. But Ardon had his glimpses too. And Ardon whistled temptation out of business, watched her and appreciated every possibility about her, and figuratively speaking, shook his head.

One evening of the third week, as they settled comfortably for a night of reminiscence and music, Velma rose quietly and slipped away. She had

been too far behind Dale for the rest to notice, and only Ardon saw.

The weather was unusually oppressive. Heat flares from the clouds that had exasperated them for months with promise of rain, lit the flats at intervals. The twilight was full of nervous energy.

Ardon watched Skip-a-long maneuvered skillfully from the barn, but not a sound attracted the others until the girl was well out beyond the corrals. Then a sharp neigh brought half of them to their feet. Before they had recovered, Ardon's big bay had given his last futile kick at the grip of the tightening cinch, and Ardon himself was at the water tank.

"Well, I reckon this bunch was about asleep," snapped Dale. "Now, what do you figure that will-o'-the-wisp cavorted out into them clouds for?"

"Tempting the thunder-god," suggested Sam Barkley. "Here, Boss, this is a chance, if I ain't off some, for you to let go part of that dough you're always throwing around after Skip. I'll take you even that Dan's old bay walks all around your black."

Dale hesitated. "That's hardly fair, Sam. She won't work him. See, you chump, she's going to wait."

"Oh, she is, is she?" Barkley jeered, and a gasp of astonishment escaped Dale, too, for Skip-a-long had paused only long enough to give the bay a fair advantage before he headed the race again. Headed it straight into the white stillness that hovered over the range and pulsed to life in the hot flashes from across the dry bed of the Cimarron.

A sudden rumble of thunder drowned Ardon's call. The man's blood stirred sluggishly and rushed through his veins, carrying with it caution and diplomacy. Like the veriest barbarian, under the same goad, he was after her, and the big bay stretched into his wonderful run.

Then the little black tossed his head. His rider took up the reins a bit, and at the touch four nimble feet beat steadily into quicker time. Not a hitch, not a jar, not an awkward move,

even on the uneven buffalo sod, as slowly but surely the smaller horse crept farther and farther from the horse behind.

Excited admiration murmured over the crowd upon the tarps, and a cheer fairly shook the ranch as Ardon snatched off his soft hat and slapped the bay across the flanks.

"Put him to it, Kid," "Hit the grit, Sandy," mingled with cries for Skip-a-long to make good his name.

Then one by one they grew a little serious, for Skip-a-long was nearly out of sight and Ardon was not gaining. A gust of rain-tanged wind sent Todd's wife scurrying things into the house, and somewhere out on the flats two horses were racing into the night.

Long before that Velma had tried by every trick she knew to regain control over Skip-a-long. Time and again she listened eagerly for the big bay's coming. Then, suddenly, as such things happen when they happen at all, the small black whirled completely off his feet.

Thanks either to quick wit or a sure instinct, Velma cleared the stirrups and flung herself as far as possible from the horse. Ardon found her buried nearly knee-deep in the prairie-dog burrow that Skip-a-long had failed so dismally to skip. The dog town was an old one, and the earth sandy and soft. The horse had turned his somersault without injury, but the girl lay horribly still.

Ardon jumped to the ground, and with little consideration for the order of things, gathered her into his arms. The rush of tenderness and solicitude that Velma encountered when she found herself again was surely satisfactory.

"Velma, tell me you're not hurt," begged Ardon. "You're still mine, little girl."

The "little girl" sighed comfortably. "Considering the evidence," she began.

"For always?"

"Always is a long word."

"Not half long enough to love you," he decided, and Velma nodded, won-

dering to find that she felt the same way, too.

"It's raining, Dan."

"We need it," Dan said vaguely.

"Say, sweetheart, we'll go back to God's country, where there's rain a-

plenty and fresh vegetables. Hustling isn't my graft, but I've enough to make life pretty easy. Let that little black imp go back by himself. Old Sandy can pack two for once."

And Sandy did.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRACKIN

On November 13, 1915, the city of Santa Cruz honored Mrs. McCrackin in a special ceremony arranged by the Saturday Afternoon Club. Leading citizens and people of prominence in the literary world were present. Letters of felicitation were read from many distinguished men and women who were unable to attend.

This veteran newspaper woman and author, of noble German birth, has long been a resident of the Golden State, and was associated with Bret Harte and his celebrated coterie of writers in the early days of the Overland Monthly. She is known as the "Savior of the Redwoods," and as the protector of the feathered creation.

Ye forests whisper a message,
And birdlings chant her a lay,
The woman who loved and saved you
Is being honored to-day.

O writers, bring forth your tributes,
And crown her, ye sons of men!
This woman of seventy-six
Who still is wielding her pen.

Unfurl our flag to the breezes—
She once was an Army Bride—
Mast-high float gayly our banners,
She's worthy a soldier's pride.

For hers is the martial spirit
That lives but to dare and do,
That knows not cowardly shirking—
A spirit loyal and true!

Oft bowed 'neath *stripes* of misfortune
Yet *stars* illumine her way;
Unfurl, then, flag of our country,
In honor of her to-day.

Far birth-land across the water,
And land of the sun and gold,
Unite in greeting this woman
Whose heart has never grown old.

MARIAN TAYLOR.

Vasquez on the San Juan Hill

By W. C.

HERE, son, bring out Bay Charley. Put this new rope in his halter, and tie him behind the trail wagon. Guess he'll never make the trip between San Juan and Sargent's again. He's been the best nigh leader on the road since the Southern Pacific laid the rails from San Francisco to Soledad. I hate to let him go, but the trade's getting slack since the railroad captured the traffic from the New Idria mines, and I'll have one less to feed. I'd take you along, boy, if it was Saturday; you'll have a new suit out of the two hundred and fifty dollars I get to-day for the horse. I wouldn't have taken three hundred for him a year ago, and he's a better leader to-day than he was then. Jack Bigley, the San Juan freight agent, drove out the gate and headed for Salinas, light of load for the two wagons, with his team of eight, and heavy of heart at the thought of leaving his best leader on the other side of the mountains. Being hardened with toil over the dreary road, Mr. Bigley paid little heed to the view behind from the summit; to the northeast, below, lay the beautiful San Juan Valley, surrounded, as it is, by the belt of hills, with the Pacheco and Santa Cruz Mountains rising behind, in the east and west; El Gabilan's pine-clad crest near by, above, on the southeast; the old redwood cross on the lower shoulder of the mountain, silently inviting the faithful spirits of long by-gone days to worship beneath its wide-spread arms.

The mists dispelled by the summer sun revealed below the once bustling pueblo, and in the effort to recall the proud days of its wealth, the bells of San Juan Bautista pealed forth their anniversary chimes to the patron saint in his honor and the founding of the

Mission. Lingering wreaths of smoke from the chimneys of easy-going homes bespoke the spirit of the time—*manana o pasado manana*—to-morrow, or day after to-morrow. Yet, with the rising mists and smoke, San Juan must wake up to meet the events of its greatest day, June 24th, in commemoration of the time when the faithful Father, Junipero's ardent wish was fruitful in the founding of San Juan Bautista by his worthy successor, Father Lasuen.

A different picture sprang into the sailor's mind as he sniffed the salt of the white caps of Monterey's bluest bay on earth, at the foot of the western slope of the mountains. Jack Bigley lived again his days of youth on the mighty deep. Ah! the difference—his business in Salinas, the town of salt marshes, was destined to bury his dreams. Nine dreary miles of dust, beyond the green slopes of El Gabilan, and then the needed gold in place of the faithful "Charley."

"Whoa! We'll lay by a bit and have a look over the brakes; hello, this aft-block will easily stand another stave. Well, Charley boy, you're here; what's more, you'll ship a good bit of valley dust before we get to town."

The driver's brawny arms, habitually bared to the elbows, displayed a grizzled coat of black hair, underlaid with the tan of many a summer's sun. With his pipe of clay well filled, an extra reef in the brake rod, and a caressing slap for Charley, all was ready for the swing down the steep grade.

"What ails you, Charley? A body would think you expected to go to a sanitarium." Swinging around the first sharp turn, the bay horse tossed high his head, gave a snort, and bounding outward, fairly threw the near wheel of the trail over the edge of the

walled grade. A slight rustle in the carpet of the chapparral above, a trickle of sand over the rocky bank, and then for a moment a flitting, shadow-like form glided through the brush. Then from a huge rock, but a dozen feet in front of the leaders, with warning tail lashing from side to side, the first challenger of that memorable day for Bigley demanded blood—a California lion, without disguise. A rock of the outer wall loosened by the recovering wheel shot through the underbrush, then bounding high, cleared the intervening gulch, routing from his cover a graceful four-pointer, then crashing through the fringe of young willows, rested in the slime of the insignificant stream of the canyon's bottom, which, before nightfall of that day, was to receive a name. No belted weapon was here to meet the demand of the infuriated hold-up—in an instant the reins were clutched in Bigley's left hand, his right commanded the weapon that had settled many a trouble on the dusty road and in the swollen stream.

Answering his lusty shout, again and again given back from the echoing canyon walls, the curling lash hissed over the terrified leaders' heads, cutting the crisp morning air with a crack that seemingly opened the mountain side. The momentary distraction was his game, well played; the die was cast; before him was the open road, and the hold-up cat was left behind to trail the unresisting buck. Well it was for man and team that Bigley had before that day faced fearful odds. His demeanor—as cool as the morning—was the saving of himself and outfit on that downward dash, and now only the open plain lay before him and his destination. Like fading dew upon the meadow grass stood the sweat of fear upon the horses' coats. Nearing Salinas, the summer sun, driving away the persistent sea fog, played upon the plain. With dazzling glare the mirage dancing under the eastern horizon coupled itself with Tule Lake till the vast expanse seemed a waving waste of liquid.

True to appointment, Mr. Sherwood, from Alisal Rancho, was on hand to receive "Bay Charley." "My man is waiting at the stable with a six-horse team; I'll have him put the new horse in place of the grey leader and try him down the main street," said Mr. Sherwood.

In spite of the dusty sweat, Charley made a good appearance, and the best bay team of six to be found in the land swung down the street and on to the Alisal. At the Abbot Hotel bar the deal was closed, a social drink to which the occupants of the room were invited, including even the two Mexicans at the card table, and the transferred gold pieces from the horse trade slid into the long buckskin wallet and into Bigley's jeans. "Good-bye, Mr. Sherwood; I must be down to the mill to load up before dinner; it's a slow trip to San Juan." "So long, Bigley; good luck go with you."

The two Mexicans resorted to a friendly game of poker; various colored chips soon stacked on Filipe's side; he was loath to quit the game, but there were "other fish to fry."

"Well, friend, I am going."

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Paso Robles."

Filipe set up the drinks; the two strolled across the street to repeat, after which the inevitable cigaritos were rolled. Filipe's buckskin mustang stood restlessly champing his bit under the shade of a nearby tree; the saddle readjusted, with blanks loosened and slightly raised over the weathers, cinch tightened, the rider swung into the seat, expelled a twin stream of tobacco smoke from his nostrils, pulled his tilted sombrero in place with safety strap unded chin: "Bueno adios!"

Filipe turned into a side street, ordered out a bottle of claret, with crackers, cheese and some sardines, which, being placed within the folds of his coat, he tied behind the saddle; then headed for the open plain, chuckling to himself with the thought of success in evading his "pueblo" friend. Silhouetted against the eastern horizon tow-

ered the impregnable Palisades, where Filipe must find his chief. Well for him that he rode the buckskin that day. By one-thirty he drew rein in the mouth of their Pinnacle stronghold.

"Que hay, Filipe?" said Vasquez, viewing with no little surprise the steaming mustang. In a trice the incidents of the Salinas horse trade were related; two fresh horses were saddled, and as the two bandits wound through the brush-covered ridges toward the summit, Filipe pulled out the lunch, congratulating his chief in that the bottle had stood the test on his flying trip from town.

At the crest of the range they halted in a group of pines; tightened the saddles, and lighted each his cigarito, Vasquez soliloquizing: "Pobre Bigley! I'd rather take another man's money. By three or four, at latest, he will reach the top of the hill. We must ride."

The fresh sea breeze stimulated horses and riders; none too soon they dropped down on the brush covered trail to the little stream that paralleled the Camino Real (the grade over the San Juan hill.) A cloud of dust preceded a lonely team at the foot of the mountain.

Vasquez suddenly drew rein at the canyon bottom. "Who's been in here to-day?"

"Why think you any one?" said Filipe.

"Look up to the point; see that fresh trail through the brush and on the turn of the road: see that hole in the wall?" said the chief.

"Well, and what of it?" was the rejoinder.

"It makes no difference to us," said Vasquez, "but somebody had the edge of the road, and see that scar on the rock next the hole; a close call, boy. This rock in the mud filled that hole on the point."

"Quen sabe, who knows," said Filipe. "This rock made the trail no more! Tie the horses in the willows, cover your face the same as I do."

Suiting the action to the words, Vasquez liberally coated his face with

mud, and together the two Mexicans ascended to within a rope throw of the grade, keeping the while under cover of the chaparral.

The grating wheels of the loaded wagons below the turn announced the near approach of the lonely teamster. All was against the sailor, with his prairie schooner loaded. The game was easy—two mud-masked men vaulting the rock wall, demanded a halt. Vasquez reluctantly covered the hard-working freight agent, while his accomplice relieved him of his dearly gotten gold.

All that was left for Bigley's part in that dastardly game was a word to the home-bound team, right glad to find the summit on the next turn ahead. The shamed and silent bandits, omitting the usual parting salutations, sprang over the walled rim, disappearing in the chaparral, just as two mounted men galloped over the summit.

"What's doing, Jack?" they asked. In a moment the story was told; two saddled horses, apparently riderless, were passing behind the scant young willows of the canyon stream.

"They're off," said. Bigley. "See that spur locked behind the saddle seat and that hand on the horn? Lend me your gun!" "It's a small mark for you, Jack." The new arrivals alighted; in a moment the reports of revolver and rifle shot reawakened the echoes of the morning. The buckskin mustang reared in answer to the first shot from above. "A horse for a horse!" exclaimed Bigley. A jet of smoke from under the mustang's arched neck, and wheat trickled from a bullet hole in a sack back of the wagon seat. The answering shot brought a curse in return, as the Mexicans disappeared, amid the dense willows of Mud Creek, a bloody shirt sleeve beneath a clenched fist proved the game but partly played.

Swinging slowly down the curving grade, the old sailor listening to the vesper chimes, called to mind the more happy days of his old home, when night found him safely within, after a day of plenty and no regrets.

The Sun Dance

By Max McD.

THE PASSION for dancing is most strongly manifested in savage nations, and their dances are mostly associated with religion and war. The North American Indian is very religious, and we are not surprised to find him managing in a number of dances of a religious nature. Chief among these is the Sun Dance, which, as far as is known, was indulged in by every Indian tribe on the continent.

This performance or religious orgy is under the supervision of the Medicine Man and those who participate in it are victims of his wiles. An Indian, let us say, sees himself in vision doing some great deed. He relates his dream to the Medicine Man, and that functionary promises him that if he goes through the Sun Dance he will be able to do the great deed he dreamed of.

The Sun Dance was a most barbarous celebration. The ceremony is too horrible for words. It is the ordeal through which the Indian lad must pass before he could qualify as a brave and attain the status of a warrior. It was a shockingly cruel series of tortures, self-administered by the neophyte, in which he must show no sign of pain. The whole tribe gathered for the celebration, and to fail was considered one of the greatest of disgraces that could come to the young Indian.

The dance was usually held in the spring of the year after the snow had left the hills. A high butte was the favored place of meeting, and for several weeks before the event preparations were under way. An immense booth or lodge had to be erected. This was done by placing a long pole, some-

times 40 feet in length, upright in the ground and fastening as long poles as could be obtained to the top. The butts of these poles were then made to rest on a circle of shorter poles set in the ground, thus making a pole roof. This roof was afterward covered with brushwood from the river bottom, carried by the old squaws. While the dance itself was held in the open beside the Sun lodge, the enclosure was used as a part of the ceremony. In it vows were performed. One historian tells that on visiting the camp at the time of the Sun Dance he found the old chief of the tribe in the lodge performing a seven days' fast. Some of his family had been very sick, and when praying to the Great Spirit for their recovery he had vowed that if they were restored to health he would abstain from food for seven days and nights. The visitor found him praying his vow, but smoking an old Indian pipe.

There was a time when all sorts of cruel tortures were the main features at these gatherings, the would-be braves submitting to having their fingers cut off, and ugly gashes cut in their chests and backs. Not all Indians without fingers, however, have lost them at a Sun Dance. It is a common custom among Indians to bite off a finger at the first or second joint when they fail in the performance of a vow. Many Indian women have noses cropped off, but the Sun Dance has nothing to do with this. An angry husband, jealous of the love of another for his squaw is responsible. With his teeth he has bitten off his wife's nose.

At the Sun Dance old squaws used

the knife. Slits were cut in the breast of the Indian boy, sometimes by his own mother. It was the duty of the Medicine Man to lift the strips of flesh with pinchers and insert rope or buffalo thongs beneath the muscles, knotting them securely. Sometimes the victim thrust two huge skewers through the flesh loops of his own chest to the end of which thongs were attached. The end of the rope or thong was then fastened high up on a pole set in the ground, and with the members of the tribe sitting in a large circle about the pole, the cruelty began. The candidate, if he would perform the great deed he had dreamed of, must dance and whirl and tug at this rope or thong until he had torn the flesh and liberated himself. Often this has taken hours, and the suffering endured must have been very great.

There are several other methods of torturing the flesh loops till they broke and loosed the braves. Instead of cutting the slits in the breast they are cut in the back. When this method is used, the rope is not fastened to the pole. Thongs are tied to the muscles as before, and to them great buffalo heads are hung just clear of the ground. The Indian youth must then dance about till the weight of the heads pull the muscles and flesh, and the weights drop away. This method of becoming a brave is not as popular as the other, because the back of the brave is seldom bared, while the breast is always open, showing the scars of many a well-fought ordeal. Chiefs point to marks from armpits to throat as the proudest decoration they can wear. Sometimes, instead of tying the end of the rope to the pole or attaching the buffalo horns, a lariat is tied to the thong, and the victim dragged about the dance ground till he is freed by the tearing of the flesh. This method also is unpopular because it requires no effort on the part of the brave.

Before the ordeal begins many back out. The relatives of others bribe the Medicine Man to get them off. Sometimes after the skewers or thongs are

put under the flesh loops, the candidate backs out. If so, the instrument of torture, skewer or thong, must be released by cutting the flesh loop. It is against all law to draw it out endwise.

If the aspirant passes through the ordeal without exhibiting signs of fear or pain, he is declared a brave, and is eligible to sit in the councils of his nation. Youths of seventeen and eighteen years of age often graduated with honors, but woe to the man who failed. An Indian who is unable to endure the strain of the ordeal when a young buck is a marked man, destined to carry wood and water and do other work usually allotted to squaws for the remainder of his days.

Indian mothers, we are told, were as anxious for their sons to qualify as the sons themselves. One writer on Indian customs tells that a young lad who was being put through the buffalo head torture danced with commendable vigor, but his strength was not sufficient to enable him to last until the heads had pulled through. Finally, tottering, swaying, his face set grim and fixed, he shook one dangling skull loose, but could not free the other. He bent, pitched and sank to his knees, while the watching tribe stirred and rustled. The lad was going to fail, and already glances of scorn were being directed toward him. Perspiration poured down his face; he struggled manfully to reach his feet and pitched forward just as his mother dashed into the circle on a horse, and seizing the buffalo horn urged the pony away, dragging her son by the thong. Not a whimper passed his lips, not a sign of pain was visible to the critical audience, and eventually the flesh gave out and the lad was a brave.

An eye witness of one of these ceremonies tells the story in a Western daily paper in the following manner:

"At about four o'clock in the afternoon they began to make a brave, a young Indian of about twenty being desirous of obtaining the distinction. Accordingly he was taken in charge by the Medicine Men of the tribe, led to

their lodge, stripped naked except his loin cloth, carefully anointed with medicine and decorated with wreathes of green boughs. He was then led to the dancing booth, where a lariat or thong of deer skin had been doubled and fastened at the top of the center pole, reaching within four feet of the ground and looped at both ends. The victim was then laid on his back, and amid solemn incantations, the Medicine Man carefully raised the muscles of each side of the breast, made a puncture with his knife, and thrust under each muscle a strong piece of wood about three inches long. To this was attached the looped ends of the lariat, and after severely jerking them to make them tight, the Medicine Man requested the suffering wretch to rise, which he did, and with blood trickling down his body, and with great beads of perspiration bursting from every pore, he danced around the pole, bearing the whole weight of his body on the aforesaid muscles, and often suspending himself from the gound. We watched the sickening performance for some time, but were at length compelled to turn away in horror.

"One of the most touching points in the whole scene was the sight of his old mother, standing by, continually uttering the war cry. When we left, the muscles were drawn about three inches from his body. At last they broke, and he was free, a full fledged

warrior, privileged to take unto himself a wife and have a seat at the council of his tribe."

Solon H. Borglum, the sculptor, tells that he has in his studio the implements used at the last Sun Dance the United States government permitted. In Canada, the ceremony was forbidden as soon as the Royal Northwest Mounted Police had gained ascendancy over all the tribes of Western Canada. It was, however, carried out with all its horrors up till 1890, and a few have been held since that date. As a consequence of the discouragement of these acts of paganism, the annual gatherings of the Indian people result in nothing more than dancing the old-time dances, chanting the brave acts of by-gone days, and propitiating the Sun by the bestowal of gifts which are fastened to the top of the center pole of the Sun-lodge. The chief amusement during the week of the dance is horse racing, and as the Indians now possess some remarkably swift horses, exciting sport is witnessed, with a little gambling on the side.

With the Sun Dance has gone the Medicine Man, not through the operation of a natural or economic law, but by government edict. For many years the authorities on both sides of the line bore with this pernicious nuisance. He was the most pernicious busybody the West ever produced. With him an Indian character type has disappeared.

GOLDEN GATE AT SUNSET

Out through the gray gate drift the ships
While the low sun dips.
The ships drift out in the stillness blind,
And every ship has a broken soul;
Mayhap the sea will make it whole,
The good salt sea and the purging wind—
And still through the gray gate drift the ships
While the low sun dips.

M. C. DAVIES.

When Betty Grew Up

By Jessie B. Wood

BETTY sat back and viewed her handiwork with pride. Betty fairly dripped Jap-a-Lac and white enamel and furniture polish. All of the sombre old oak furnishings of Betty's own room had been transformed into birdseye maple with the flourish of Betty's brush. On the old sagging back porch stood a shiny, dripping dressing table, a bureau, a desk, two chairs and a sagging, upholstered old settee. Betty sat prone on the floor and surveyed her sticky hands and mottled apron, ruefully.

"Glory, but I'm a mess!" Betty announced to her disheveled little image in the mirror above her. "But I guess I'm some painter—huh? Oh, shucks, there's Billy. He always comes when I look like this. Hullo, Billikin, come in and view my completed handiwork. Or, no, it isn't completed, either. The Jap-a-Lac's all running off. I guess I put it on too thick, maybe. Here's the brush."

"Many thanks, but I much prefer to watch you work, my dear. Betty, you are awfully messy looking. Can't you polish up the furniture without—Oh, I'm just joking! Give me that brush. Please give it to me, Betty. I'm just crazy to do something useful. Thank you, pretty maiden. Now watch some real enameling. Whoop! Aw, darn the luck! Betty, look at that—I got it all over me. Isn't that the limit. I was on my way to call on Miss Orland, too. Well, now I can't go, and I'll just have to stay here."

"Poor boy, wait and I'll bring you some nice, hot gingerbread. I smell it, so I know it is done, and I baked it."

Betty ran into the house and Billie

stood up and looked ruefully down at his bespattered trousers and shoes. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned appreciatively at Betty's array of new, white bedroom furniture. He sat down quietly on the porch railing and swung his foot slowly to and fro.

"Poor little Bettykins!" Billy spoke half-aloud. "She's so game and they are so bloomin' poor. It seems about a week ago that I had to lick the fellows when they pulled her curls. And look at her—she's all grown up."

"She certainly is!" Betty stood beside him, a plate of steaming gingerbread in her hand. "Have some, Billie. Why were you talking so solemnly about me?" Betty sat beside him on the railing and pushed her damp curls from her forehead.

"Oh, nothing; only I hate to have you grow up."

"Well, you did," she answered soberly; "so why can't I? But really, I know how you feel. I just hate to grow up. I want to stay little and I can't. I want to go on thinking everybody is good, and I can't. I want to—oh, Billie—I don't want to fall in love and all those horrid things. Why, what's the matter?"

Betty's big blue eyes opened wide, and she stared in amazement as Billy laughed noisily.

"Don't worry, child," Billy's voice became patronizing. "Why, you're about the youngest thing I know. Don't want to fall in love! Why, Betty, most girls have fallen in and out a half dozen times by the time they are nineteen. Say, listen," Billy stood up suddenly and placed a hand on either of the girl's shoulders, "listen—didn't you ever in your life love any

man a little more than any one else?"

"Nobody but you, Billy." Betty's eyes were as free from guile as a child's. "And you don't count."

"Oh, I don't count? Why don't I? But never mind—let's finish this enameling job. And say, this is some gingerbread. You're a big grown up woman when it comes to cooking, Betty dear."

The screen door opened noisily and Betty's small brother came bouncing out.

"Hello, Bill," he shouted, "ain't Betty a dandy white-washer? Gimme some gingerbread, Betty, aw, please. Much obliged. Bill, are you and that Orland girl going to get married? Her brother said you were. I said you was not, 'cause you and Betty was goin' to get married, so we had a fight, and I'd a licked him if——"

The reasons for his pugilistic defeat were drowned in a shout of gay laughter.

"Oh, Teddie, Teddie, you ridiculous child!" Betty giggled. "Don't look so fussed, Billy. I think Miss Orland is lovely—only I'm a little afraid of her. Teddie, dear, here's another piece of gingerbread. Now will you please run down to Banker's and get a bottle of gasoline? I must clean those dreadful spots off of Billy's clothes, so he can make his call."

In a few minutes Teddie returned, and Betty went vigorously to work, scrubbing at stubborn Jap-a-Lac spots. The gate clicked, but both Betty and Billy were so intent on her task that they did not hear it. In a moment Miss Janet Orland strolled around to the little old side porch. Betty sprang to her feet, startled and embarrassed.

Billy's flushed face betrayed his discomfort.

"Dear me, I hope I am not intruding?" Miss Orland's well bred voice and perfect poise always confused Betty. "Why, my dear, what are you doing? Is this a second hand furniture store or a dry cleaner's?"

"It's a little of both," Betty answered quickly. The older girl's rudeness had given Betty a becoming little air of dignity. "I'll find you a chair, Miss Orland. I guess I won't try to apologize."

"No, don't," her voice was quite amused, "I won't stay. I'll come some day when you are not so busy. And, Billy," she smiled ravishingly upon the silent young man, "I'll be home after seven this evening."

"Sorry, Miss Orland," Billy's voice was coolly indifferent, "but Betty and I are going for a little ride to-night—we are going to celebrate something."

Betty stared wonderingly from one to the other. Miss Orland started, amazed, then shrugged her shoulders and walked rapidly to the gate.

"Don't mention it, please, Miss Orland," Billy called after her. "We are not announcing it yet."

"Why, Billy, I don't understand. I——"

"I do! I do!" Teddy executed a complicated war dance on the path below. "Gee, won't I have it on that Orland kid!"

"And you don't understand—really, don't you?" Billy smiled down on the bewildered girl on the porch railing. "I guess I'll have to teach you a lot."

Betty looked up at him breathlessly. "Oh, dear, I'm afraid I'm all grown up, 'cause you do count—quite a little."



The Submarine not an Innovation

By Arthur H. Dutton, Formerly Lieutenant, U. S. Navy

CONTRARY to general opinion, the submarine is by no means a novelty in warfare. The extent and comparative success with which it has been used abroad during the past fifteen months has brought it prominently into public notice, that is all. The old, old cry of the ignorant, heard when any new and valuable weapon is invented, that "it will revolutionize naval warfare," and that "it will send the battleship to the scrap-heap," is utter nonsense. In the first place, naval science is advanced, not by revolution, but by evolution, each radical new invention at most merely modifying the science. In the second place, battleships never go to any scrap heap. As they grow old, and the later types develop, they are withdrawn from the first line to the second line, then to the reserve, and finally are put to very important uses, such as for training purposes, for receiving ships or for station ships. The old Independence, the battleship of her day, was in constant use for more than a century when she ended her honorable career in flames in Mission Bay. The old Oregon, nearly a quarter of a century old, is still in active commission, and, while no longer suitable for the first line of battle, might still be of much assistance in defending a seaport.

Submarines were used in the War of the Revolution and in the Civil War. The first one was the invention of David Bushnell, of Connecticut, a man of much mechanical genius and an earnest patriot. Aiming to injure the British warships in New York and Long Island Sound, Bushnell devised submersible craft, not unlike a large buoy, which he propelled by interior

gearing. It would hold two men. With this, one night he approached a British frigate in lower New York Bay, and attempted to attach it to a primitive torpedo, to be fired by fuse. In this attempt he failed, being discovered. Later, in making another attempt, he was more successful, discharging the torpedo against a ship carrying supplies for the British army, and seriously damaging it. There was a great uproar in England over this alleged "barbarous" method of warfare.

A new submarine tender, just completed for the United States Navy, is named the Bushnell, after the inventor of the first submarine.

Submarines were next heard from during the Civil War, in which they were used with considerable success by the Confederates against the North Atlantic blockading fleet of the Union. They were cigar shaped, like those of the present day, but very much smaller—and their propellers were revolved by machinery and not by hand gearing, as in the case of the Bushnell affair. Many of them, being very crude, were lost, with much loss of life, but the brave fellows continued to risk their lives in them.

These Confederate submarines were called "Davids." Two reasons have been assigned for this name, one being that it was in memory of David Bushnell, the other that they were good means of bringing an enemy to "Davy Jones' Locker," as the deep sea is often called in nautical parlance.

The first one was built in Charleston, S. C., by Captain Thomas Stoney, of that city. It was 50 feet long and 6 feet thick amidships, tapering toward bow and stern, the boiler being forward and the engine aft. It ran on

the surface of the water until near the enemy, when it was submerged until barely awash. The torpedo was attached to a spar made of a three-inch boiler tube, which was fixed before starting out and could not be raised or lowered thereafter. It was of copper, and its bursting charge was 65 pounds of rifle powder. It was fired by contact, by the breaking of a glass tube containing sulphuric acid, fulminate of mercury and other ingredients. The submarine's two-bladed propeller gave the boat a speed of seven knots.

The first Union vessel attacked by this David was the New Ironsides, a case-mated armor-clad flagship of the squadron off Charleston. The submarine was commanded by Lieutenant W. T. Glassel, C. S. N., and with him were Engineer James H. Tomb, C. S. N., father of Lieutenant-Commander W. V. Tomb, U. S. N., until recently in charge of the San Francisco Branch Hydrographic Office, in the Merchants' Exchange Building; Fireman J. Sullivan, and Pilot W. Cannors.

Tomb is the only one of these still living. Tomb thus describes the attack on the New Ironsides:

"The night selected was October 5, 1863, about one year previous to the destruction of the Confederate ram Albemarle by Lieutenant W. B. Cushing of the United States Navy. Running down the harbor well to the east, we passed through the fleet and guard boats, reaching the New Ironsides shortly before 9 p. m. When within a short distance of her they hailed us, but the only reply they got was a shot from a double-barreled gun in the hand of Lieutenant Glassel. The next moment we struck her some 15 feet forward of the counter. The torpedo exploded, and the big frigate was shaken from stem to stern, but the explosion produced a bad effect on the David. Lieutenant Glassel gave orders for each man to look out for himself, and we all went overboard. Lieutenant Glassel was picked up by a transport schooner, Sullivan, by the New Ironsides, and Cannors, who could not swim, stuck by the David. I swam

some distance down the harbor, and, seeing that the David was still afloat, I returned to try and save her. After getting on board, I adjusted the machinery, started up the fires once more, and, helping the pilot aboard, started back up the harbor. I reported my return to Flag Officer Tucker in my undershirt.

"The damage to the New Ironsides was not as serious as it would have been had the torpedo been 8 feet below the surface, as intended, instead of 6½ feet. She was seriously damaged, however, according to a report made to Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, U. S. N., and had to be sent north for repairs."

Later, Engineer Tomb himself commanded the same David in an attack on the U. S. S. Memphis, lying in the North Edisto river. The first torpedo to strike the Memphis was deflected by steel armor. It was a fine shot, the torpedo containing 95 pounds of powder, but the fuse was defective. A second shot also was ineffective.

An attempt was made later to attack the U. S. S. Wabash, but the sea was so heavy that the David had to return to port.

Later, a David commanded by Lieutenant Dixon C. S. N., attacked the U. S. S. Housatonic, which it sank, but the submarine itself was sunk with all on board.

Other submarines were built during the Civil War, but they were generally unsuccessful.

Like the earliest submarines, those of the present day are all the products of American minds. J. P. Holland and Simon Lake designed the first of the modern submarines, and all those now in use, both in the United States and abroad, are adaptations of the designs of these two men. In fact, most of the weapons of present day warfare are of American origin. Hotchkiss, Gatling and Maxim are the fathers of the rapid fire and machine gun, all existing weapons of these types being modifications of their principles.

The aeroplane originated with the Wright brothers of America, although Prof. S. P. Langley, also an Ameri-

can, experimented unsuccessfully with the idea before them.

It is a mistake, though to consider the armor-clad war vessel to be of American origin. The great majority of people think that the Monitor and the Merrimac were the first armor-clads. They were nothing of the kind. They were merely the first to engage in battle. Long before them, Great Britain and France were experimenting with armor clads. Before our Civil War, Great Britain had two case-mate armor-clads, the Black Prince and the Warrior, and France had some armor-clads of La Gloire type. The only thing introduced in the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac was the

Monitor's revolving turret, which at once leaped into popularity, and its use is now universal in all first class men-of-war.

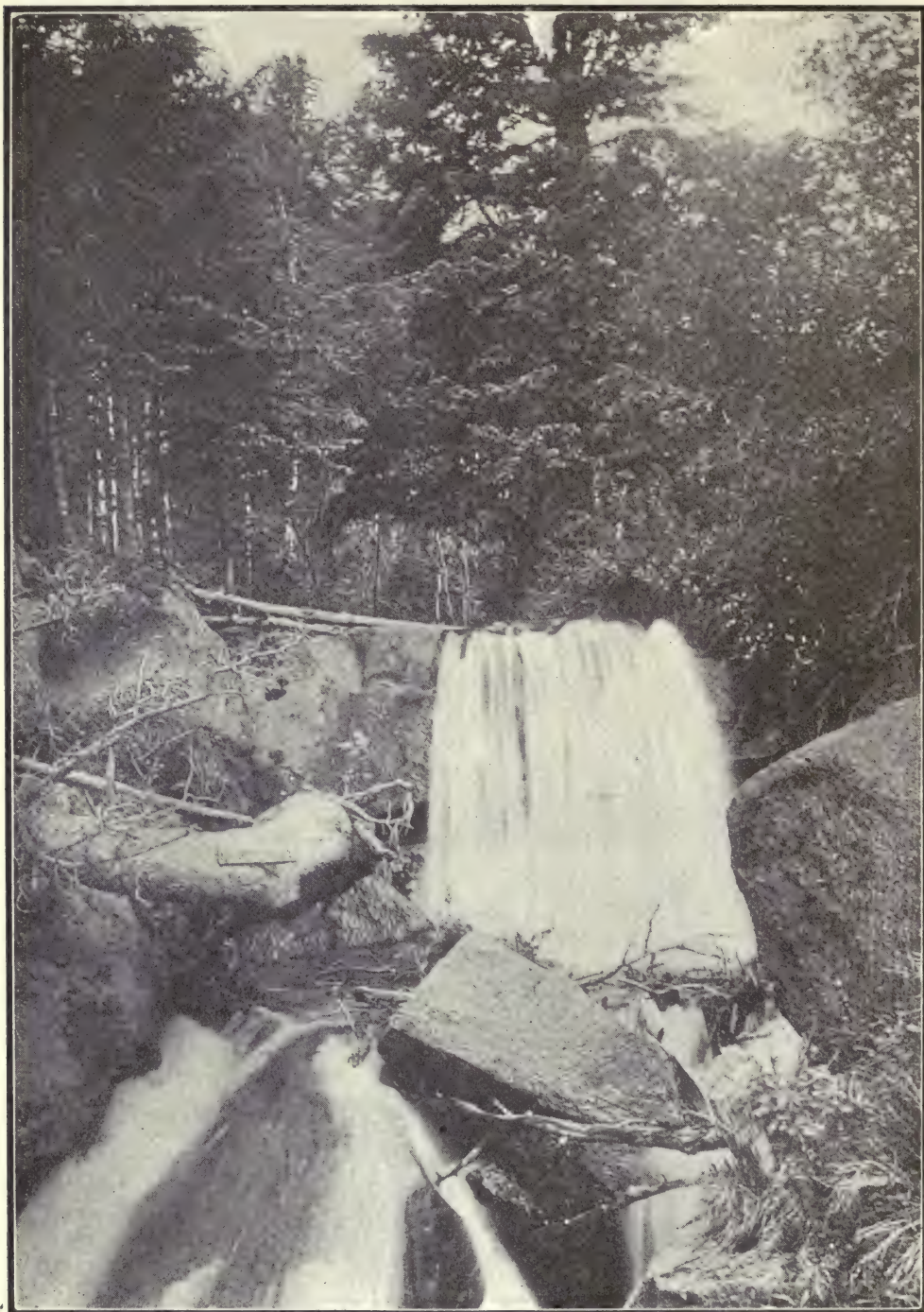
The supremacy of the battleship is no more imperiled to-day by the advent of the submarine than it was by the torpedo boat a generation ago. For every new weapon of offense that appears a weapon of defense against it is found. Armor met the shell-gun, the rapid-fire met the torpedo boat. It is reported now on good authority that the experts of the United States Navy in Washington have devised an efficient defense against the operations of submarines. The details, for obvious reasons, are kept secret.

THE CHOICE

He had ambitions, longings, fair ideals,
And talked of many things that stirred the soul;
But ever worked within him that slow doubt
Of high attainment he might never reach,
That his were powers only commonplace—
Albeit sight divine was his, inborn,
Of hidden glories of this sombre world.
Yet shrank he from endeavor too intense,
Feeling beforehand the disgrace to fail,
Pausing and musing, burning dreamy oil
In lamps that lighted paths he feared to choose.

His neighbor was of coarser clay evolved,
Or so it seemed, for no fair dreamer, he,
But rather the doer of the pressing round
Of humble work and frequent drudgery;
But in his eyes there shone the beacon gleam
Of great ideals, still far distant, yet
His gaze was ever fixed upon them, till
His puny mortal strength was gathered up
Within the circle of diviner might.
The doubter wandered in a doubter's hell,
But he who dared to fail won on to heaven.

SUZETTE G. STUART.



A traveler through a mighty forest.

In a Forest Service Camp

By Cecil Edward O'Brien

THE CAMP itself is in the Pike National Forest. You have a half day off, owing to an overdose of flapjacks for breakfast. You are consequently out just six bits, the afternoon's pay. But the misery has proved only temporary, and you reflect comfortably that an afternoon off is worth six bits anyway. With a sandwich left over from lunch, the canteen lid of your lunch pail filled with cold water from the mountain brook that supplies the camp, two magazines, your pipe and pouch within reach, and your hunting coat beneath you to give your rocky seat a Morris

chair effect, you are snugly fixed in the shade of a giant mass of boulders, the deserted camp before you. The men are all out planting trees. They will be streaming back in about three hours—three hours of cheaply bought luxury to your lazy self.

This morning you were engaged in planting trees on the slope of a mountain. Higher and higher the row of men climbed, driving their spear-headed steel bars into the soil, opening a hole deep enough to hold the sturdy little Douglas firs, deftly twisting the bar to tamp the roots, and then patting the earth down by one or two



Forest guards cutting out a trail for ready access in case of fire.



All that was left of a forest cutting after a big fire.

gentle blows with the butt end of the bar. Mingled with the laughing chat of the men as they worked would come frequent shouts: "Tree!" (as the planter made his hole and needed a little tree from the tree passer.) "Shift one hole to the right!" "Line up on this trail, fellers, and then straight on up!" "You're moving too far out from Holman, O'Brien. Keep your holes eight feet apart." Then from the tree passers the cry: "Bundle of trees!" or from a thirsty worker a shout for water, summoning Eva, the boy whose duty it is to go to and fro between the gangs and the camp, bringing canvas water bottles fresh from the brook and bundles of trees wrapped in wet gunny sacking. The boss ranged from end to end of the line, speeding the laggards who fell behind, reproving the reckless ones who got too far ahead—threatening to break the orderly trail of the new trees—keeping an observant eye on the new hands lest they plant too carelessly, and occasionally stooping

to pull inquiringly at a seedling that looked too loosely tamped.

A week ago you were a green hand, and clumsy. But you are slowly learning how to plant trees, and plant them so that they will grow, the roots hanging straight down and tamped so firmly that the myriads of little mouths will be directly in contact with the soil from which they get their nourishment. These fir trees need amazingly little; their roots can be trusted to twine in and out among the rocks and seek their food wherever they can get it as soon as the plant is comfortably settled down in its new home; but their first three years have been spent in the luxury of a nursery, and they must be given a reasonably generous start in this new wild life of the woods and mountains. And in the main they do grow. Now and then, either because a carelessly planted tree escapes the vigilance of the boss or because the roots are injured in some way, a tree dies. Sometimes they die wholesale if a dry season fol-

lows the planting. But as a rule, they live.

Where do they come from? From the Government Nursery at Monument, where they are grown from seeds, grown until they are, say, two years old, then transplanted for one year more, then shipped in crates to the planting camp. There they are taken from the crates, and those that are needed at once are thoroughly wetted and wrapped in bundles of one or two hundred trees, according to their size, making a package just large enough to be carried in a sling under the tree-passer's arm. The rest are heeled in neat green rows and kept carefully watered, to be taken up and wrapped as they are needed, perhaps from fifty to a hundred bundles a day.

The number planted in a given time depends, of course, on the size of the camp and on the nature of the ground. In an easy district, fairly free from underbrush, rocks and fallen timber, progress will be rapid, whether the men are working with the mattock or the bar. On a more difficult slope, where good dirt is harder to find, the planting will naturally be slower. The average per man yesterday was a little less than one tree a minute, or about four hundred for the day.

That is the business end of the camp—the reason why it is here at all. The planting of trees is what you are paid for by Uncle Sam. But the pay is only one of the compensations for being here. Every now and then this morning as you waited for a tree to come or when you got a little ahead of the line, you had a chance to see where you were. Below you and for miles away were the smaller mountains that looked so huge from the wagon trail, some of them savage piles of bare granite, broken and scarred, some of them clothed with dark mantles of pine and fir, some of them yellow with quaking aspen—quakin' asp, as the mountaineers and ranchmen call it. Far away, over the depression that marks the Ute Pass, you could see the prairie, a misty sweep of yellowish gray, spotted with



A trophy of the mountains.

dark islands in the nearer distance, where masses of granite or sandstone broke above the surface. It looked like the dry bottom of an ocean, stretching off to a level sky line.

When you reached the top of the mountain you all paused for a moment or two. Across a great gulf rose Cameron's Cone, Baldy, Pike's Peak, and their lesser brethren. You were ten thousand feet above sea level, as high as storied Olympus. But the peak was over four thousand feet higher, a bare, rugged mass of granite, its crevices white with snow. For miles all around you the mountain sides up to timber line were glorious in their autumn colors, all the shades of green, russet, red and yellow backed by the gray and dull pinks and browns of the rock. And at your feet were the tiny trees, sprung from the magnificent Douglas firs of Oregon, which may be attaining a noble saplinghood

when the hands that planted them are crumbling to dust.

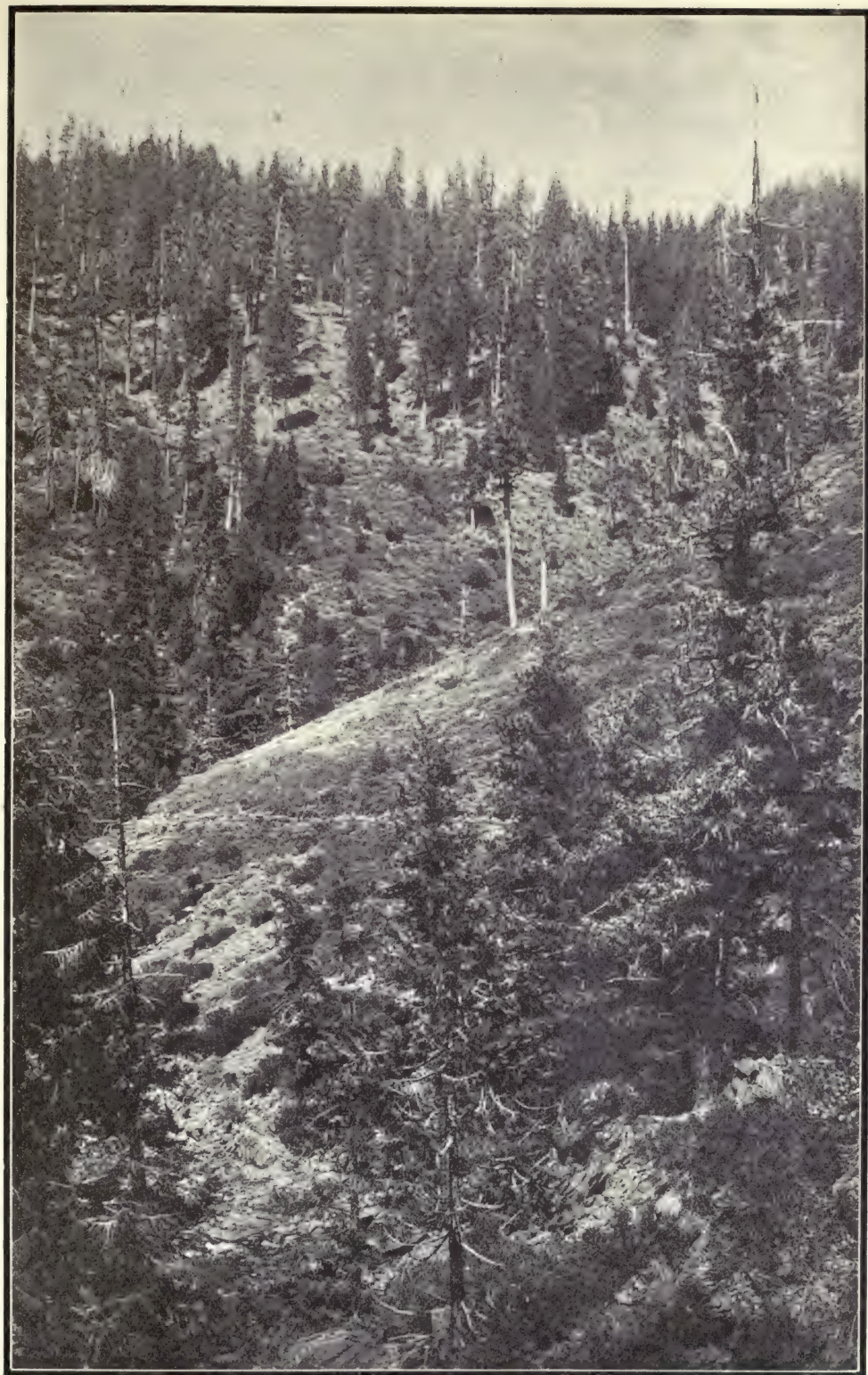
Even here in your shady nook by the camp, you get much of the glory of the mountains, for though the camp itself is over nine thousand feet above sea level the great hills tower all around it. It is tucked away in Nigger Gulch, prosaic name of another Garden of the Gods. The air and sky are those that you have always associated only with South Italy, California and the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, those regions of luminous atmosphere, radiant and saturated with sunlight. But rarely in any land are the sky and air quite what they are in the higher levels of the mountains. No smoke or dust ever rises to this enchanted country. In front of you rises a giant rockery of granite, the grayish red of the cliffs and boulders only relieved by a few venturesome firs that spring apparently from the solid rock. And from bottom to top the edge is marked with an absolute clearness of outline that is almost startling against the deep blue of the sky. You feel that from where you sit you could see even one of the tiny mountain chipmunks if it raced across the topmost rock.

Now along the three trails leading into the camp come the workers, each with his bar or mattock over his shoulder, some few provident ones carrying also a load of good dry sticks for the evening fire—a load that will save just that much chopping. Each man goes to his tent to leave his tool and get his towel, and the long wash-stand by the creek, with its row of tin basins is thronged until the cleaning up is finished. Then some chop wood, some make up their beds, and some sit by their tents and smoke in peace. You join the group of your own tent mates. You have had a rest; they have earned their full day's pay; all are content. The supper gong rings, a hungry crowd fills the tables of the dining tent, and in fifteen minutes the tin dishes are emptied. Fires are built in the inverted cone stoves that warm each tent, lanterns are lit, and the

boys gather to talk, smoke, read or play cribbage.

Much of the talk would displease the fastidious. And the roughly dressed, unshaven individuals who sprawl in inelegant attitudes over the straw and the tumbled blankets could be by no possibility mistaken for Willie boys or stray millionaires. Yet the men and their talk, the whole scene in one of these canvas huts, is far from unedifying. Here an Oregon forest man studies a blue print of Douglas County and compares experiences with another whose dad had been an engineer up there. The one tells how he once rode seven miles down a flume and the other, instead of admiring, briefly labels him a damn fool. One describes a wild fight with a forest fire, the other tells of the prettiest sight he had ever seen in the forest, a deer chased by a cougar, flashing across the trail twenty feet ahead of him. Then the talk becomes more frivolous and degenerates sometimes into purely animal converse about sprees and forbidden pleasures. Yet if a lady might not listen, not a word that is vulgar is allowed to reach the ears of the one lady in camp, the wife of a ranger. For even here, as in a mining camp, there is the rude chivalry of the wild.

To-night there are no ceremonies of initiation, for there happen to be no new hands. Every green arrival, and there are several every day or so, must go through a mild hazing. Two last night were blindfolded and led stumbling into the depths of an old prospector's tunnel near by. When far enough in, the guides suddenly simulated fear of a wild beast—a bob-cat or even perchance a mountain lion—lurking in the further darkness. They could see its eyes glowing. They fled in panic, forgetting, naturally, to unbind their victims. The bandages were hastily thrown off, revealing two bits of phosphorescent wood (fox-fire, the boys here call it) cunningly arranged to resemble fierce eyes. Followed headlong flight and satisfied jubilations at the cavern's mouth.



In a forest of young trees.

Sometimes the crowd is satisfied with blanket tossing. The blanket is a large tarpaulin held by some twenty or thirty willing hands. The one to be tossed is benevolently instructed to sit tight and clasp his hands over his knees. Then he is tossed about fifteen feet in the air three times. The experience is a weird one to the uninitiated. You feel sure that you have risen thirty feet and that you have floated far beyond the edge of the tarp. You seem to be in the air a young eternity. You expect a cruel fall on the relentless earth. But you fall harmlessly, and at the end crawl out with a vast thankfulness. The whole performance is not unlike college hazing in idea, but it is incomparably less barbarous than most of the hazing in practice. These boys are perhaps less cruel than college students because they know more of life, have felt the sharp tooth of bitter realities.

Here the realities are hardly bitter—nothing worse than hard work, straw beds and occasional rough weather—but there are some, of course, who cannot stand it. Climbing, carrying and wielding the heavy bar, making your way over huge boulders or among tangled and fallen timber, and doing this at from nine to ten thousand feet above sea level, is not a job for soft

muscles, weak lungs or flabby souls. Sometimes a good worker, tireless and capable at lower levels, finds to his mortification that he cannot stand the altitude. At any rate, for one reason or another, men drop out every day. Of two men who came out the night before last, one left for town immediately after breakfast because he had been cold during the night, and the other collapsed before he had quite achieved the thousand feet of straight climb that initiated the day's work. But if you can stand it, the beauty that surrounds you, the pure air and sunlight, and even the fascination of the work itself will be ample reward for the few inevitable hardships.

Not least is the fascination of the work and what it means. Every one of the tiny trees that you plant drives home the fact that you are helping to make this glorious mountain country even more beautiful for the generations to come. Every day's work is done for a whole people, the people of whom you are a little working part. And it gives one a little thrill of pride to think as evening comes that fifty years hence two to four hundred noble firs will stand as the monument of the work your puny arms have done since the sun dawned that morning on Nigger Gulch.



B.H.



Hauling a polar bear aboard a hunter's vessel, Bering Sea.

The Wonderful Voyage of Egadahgeer

Showing Truth to be Stranger Than Fiction

By Henry W. Elliott

ONE December evening, 1872, the natives of Saint Paul's Island, Bering Sea, gathered at the invitation of the writer in their village store. They were asked to tell him what they knew of the early days of Russian discovery and occupation of the Pribilof Islands in 1786, and thereafter. They were asked because several of the elder men then present were the sons of those men who had landed with Gearman Pribilof on St. George and St. Paul in 1786-'87.

After the usual serving of tea and crackers that always precedes any business where Russian custom has prevailed, they listened to the reading of Bishop Veniaminov's account of

Pribilof's discovery. It was not new to them, for they had heard it often recited, in parts, before, by their own priest, Kazean Shaishnikov, who was a personal friend of the Bishop.

"Ah, yes," said old Kerick Artamonov, "the Bishop was right in saying that the Russians did not know about these islands before the natives did." Then being pressed to tell what he and his associates knew, he related the following amazing story of Aleutian adventure. The simple details of its relation are fairly incredible viewed in the light of what we know so well to-day as to the danger and difficulty which a man in a small boat would have of surviving when adrift on Bering Sea, in the teeth of a fierce south-



Walrus hunters, Bering Sea.

easter gale, without chart, compass, food or water. This is the recitation of Artamonov:

It is true that white men knew nothing of the location of these islands until Pribilov found them in 1786, but it is also true that our people, the Aleuts of Akootan and Oonalaskka knew that this summer home of the seals on these islands was here, long, oh, long before they ever saw the first white men (the Russian hunters.)

Yes, they knew that these little islands were up here, more than four days of steady bidarka travel away in good weather. But they knew that they had not one chance in a hundred of getting to them if they started through the winds and steady summer fogs.

How could they set their course to-day, and find them, even now, in

their skin boats—their bidarraks and bidarkas?

My father was the Shaman at Makooshin, under the big volcano there at Oonalaskka; he told Pribilov, in April, 1786, that these seal islands were up here, and that they were not more than two days' sail (for his sloop) away; and that the course was to the north and west. How did my father know this? He knew it because he had received the following story from the old men and women when he was young.

It came to pass that a young Aleut, a sea-otter hunter, when coming across in his bidarka from Oonimak Island to Makooshin, was caught by a sudden storm which grew into a furious southeastern gale with thick fog and driving rain. To save himself from being turned over and smothered



Modern home of polar bear hunters in the Bering Sea. Pelts of polar bears, seals and other animals of that region are drying on the poles.

by the crests of breaking waves, this hunter had to run with the sea, keeping his back to the wind and waves. You know that the sea-otter hunters always, when they seat themselves, in the bidarka, lift up the skirts of their kamlaika (waterproof shirt and hood made of sea lion's intestines) and lash it over and around the rim of the man-hole: this makes the bidarka watertight even if it is entirely submerged. In this way Egadahgeek ran safely before a howling gale, with seas breaking all over him and his bidarka. Of course, it required constant vigilance on his part to keep his bidarka always straight before the sea, which was lashed into foaming fury by the strength of the wind, since, if he "broached to," and a sea broke on him he would be capsized and smothered before he could possibly right himself.

Two days and two nights was this hunter driven before that gale in this manner, with no signs of its abatement; and when early in the morning of the third day (the wind was dying down and the fog lifting) the worn, nearly exhausted Aleut was astonished and delighted to see hundreds and hundreds of seals playing around his bidarka, leaping out of the water and seemingly wholly unafraid and fearless. He knew that he must be near some land, and that it must be the summer home of the fur seals. Soon the wind calmed, the sea became glassy, and the fog lifted to show him the landing on Saint Paul Island, at Lukannon Bay.

When he pulled his bidarka out on the broad sand beach, he stood amazed at the sight of the tens of thousands of seals all around him, hauled out there, and way back into the uplands.

Still more yet to his astonishment and delight, he saw the sea-otter everywhere there, at the surf-wash, hundreds and thousands of them, too. The sea-otters which were so wild and wary at his Oonimak and Oonalaskan hunting grounds had no fear of him here! He was the first man that they had ever seen there!

This astonishment and delight com-

mingled made Egadahgeek forget the terrors and sufferings of his long drive before an angry sea; he had no means of making fire with him, but he had his sea otter spears and club: it was summer time, and he did not need the warmth of fire, while the Aleut eats the raw flesh of birds and animals quite as well without cooking.

Egadahgeek visited every nook of St. Paul's Island and surveyed every rookery where the vast herds of seals were resting. The novelty and multitudes of wild life assembled kept him contented and happy until the chill winds of September began to blow, and he was able to see St. George Island, one clear day. This sight spurred him to make ready for departure, to at least reach that island, where there might be others like himself. He took advantage of a fine September morning which had followed a week's storm, and pushed over to St. George in his bidarka, to which a good native can paddle such a canoe in less than five or six hours (it's only thirty miles.)

He spent a week on St. George, and found more sea lions there than fur seals. But sea otters—oh, they were very plenty, and all unafraid.

Finding that he was all alone, that no human being had ever been there before him, he now began to plan for a return to his native home from where he had been driven by the stress of that southeastern storm of July last. He knew that as he had been compelled to run straight as an arrow before it that he had been driven north-northwest to St. Paul's Island from Oonalaskka: therefore to return he must seize the opportunity to run directly before a north-northwest gale from St. George (192 miles.)

So, one October morning, when the wind had settled in to blow a stiff gale from the north-northwest, Egadahgeek launched his bidarka at Garden Cove; he ran straight before it, and on the morning of the third day he saw the peaks of Akootan and Oonalaskka Islands, his native land again. He came ashore there among his people, who had given him up for dead.

Thus, you understand that while the Aleuts knew all about these islands long, long before they ever saw a white man, yet the danger and slight chance of ever finding them if they were to attempt the journey, was enough to deter another Aleut from following Egadahgeek.

(Note.—This relation of Artamonor is the more significant when the dis-

tance traversed from St. Paul to Oonaskka, as Egadahgeek made it, is known to be not less than 225 miles. The physical difficulty of sitting for at least fifty or sixty hours, *without changing position*, lashed in the bidarka, can be better imagined than described. No one but an Aleut trained from infancy to sit as they do in these bidarkas, could do such a thing, and retain his nerve and consciousness.)

AFTERWARD

The song of wheels; the crash and creak
Of a rushing train, and its rising shriek—
Swaying and grinding its way in the dark
As we tear through a black void, with glare and spark—
And my tired thoughts fly backward to you—to you—
And the tumult dies, and grows faint and far—
Just the snap of our fire, and its shadows' soft hue,
As you sing there, under our trees, and our star.

A lurch and a twist; a long lift, and a slip;
And the wash of waves that rush by the ship.
The groan of strained timbers; the engines' throb;
And the sound of my heart, each beat like a sob.
But they fall away, wave and wind, like a dream;
And I drift with you down the wide, white stream,
And the high moon lights the shining track,
And the cliffs slip by, and our fire guides us back.

Smoking chimneys and shining tracks,
Street cars and wagons, motors and hacks;
A land-locked harbor where tall ships ride;
Where the waves wash oily and slow at ebb tide.
And the city hums with the light of the world
Where we work and worry, and laugh—and are hurled
From the Old to the New—and forget. And yet—
A gleam—a dead memory—vague regret.

EVERIL WORRELL.





Mrs. Rachael Berry

Mrs. Francis Willard Munds

Arizona's Mothers of Law

By Geroid Robinson

EVERY woman knows" that some sayings sound best unsaid—such, for instance, as "I told you so." But even at that it is surely high time that some one relieved the women of Arizona of a burden of two years' silence.

The first two women to enter Arizona's legislature are grandmothers, and at the same time leaders in the constructive educational work of the State. Those most interested in the advancement of the cause of equal suf-

frage will say that this is no mere coincidence—rather is it the fulfillment of a prophecy—the very sufficient basis for a nice "I told you so."

The Votes for Women campaigners told the people of Arizona a couple of years ago that political activity would not interfere with woman's work in the home—it would simply give her a larger home to work in. To-day the diffident "shall" gives place to a very positive "is." For behold—through their work in the educational commit-



A political meeting gathering at a big mining camp.

tees of the House and Senate two pioneer mothers of Arizona have made the State their "home," and the children of it their children.

Large as is this all-State family, Mrs. Francis Willard Munds, "the Lady from Yavapai," refuses to be overwhelmed by the cares of it. This breezy woman of surpassing Westernness is simply too busy to be overwhelmed—and anyhow the turmoil of the Senate is as nothing after fifteen years of campaigning for "Votes for Women."

During these fifteen years and some more that came before, Mrs. Munds was learning to do things, and right now she is more of a Roosevelt than a Jefferson, in spite of her large-D Democracy. She has always lived in the West; California first, then Nevada, and now for many years her adopted State, Arizona. She first served the new commonwealth when, as a girl, she presided at the desk of a little log school in one of the mountain valleys of Yavapai County.

But once upon a time there came a

cowboy—and pretty soon after that the school board had to look around for a new teacher. As the wife of a prosperous cattleman who won often at the poles, Mrs. Munds began to take a great interest in the public affairs of the State. When the Arizona Woman's Suffrage League was organized in 1898 she became its secretary, and from that time forward she has had a hand on the pulse of the people. As president of the league she was commander-in-chief of the campaign that gave the ballot to the women of Arizona in 1913, and her election to the Senate came as the natural result of her success in the "Woman's War."

Mrs. Munds is an exception to but half the rule that the chairman of the Senate Committee on Education is a busy "man;" and yet she has found time to defeat a bill to prohibit smoking in the Senate chamber. She has even consented to preside over the upper house on two occasions, and in this wise has gotten herself written down as the first woman in America to rule so august a body.

But Mrs. Munds has not been particularly anxious to make this kind of history. When the legislature split over the mine tax question early in the regular session, all hopes of constructive legislation were abandoned, and both houses gave themselves over to hopeless wrangling. But through it all, Mrs. Munds remained faithful to her educational policy, advocating an expert survey of the schools of the State as the basis for the thorough reorganization of the school system. When the Senate threatened to cut the school appropriation to less than half the amount allowed to the schools last year, she opposed the measure valiently.

dressed in sombre business black is at her desk in the lower house, losing sight of nothing, deep in the whirl of State affairs. It is characteristic of Mrs. Rachel Berry of Apache County that only once during the course of the whole double session has she been absent; characteristic of the firmness and persistence which carried her through the long years of the suffrage fight to final victory.

In a Mormon community that is even now a day's journey from the railroad, Mrs. Berry was the apostle of a new sort of freedom. And when the fight was won the women of her church and State gave back to their leader the votes she had done so much



Fording a stream on the way to the legislature.

With the "morality bills" up for vote, the Junior Senator from Yavapai was always numbered with the "Ayes" in their efforts to advance the marriage age two years and to impose a medical examination upon persons about to wed. All this is but the consistent working out of the First Lady's theory that women must be depended upon to preserve the balance between "dollar bills," which are always plenty, and morality measures, which are all too few.

While Mrs. Munds is busy with a reluctant Senate, a firm-lipped woman

to win for them.

Apache's representative comes of a race that has kept abreast of the frontier. Her father trekked westward to the lake-lands of Utah ahead of the railroad, and taught the children of pioneers from text books brought with him in his wagon. Born near Ogden, a chief settlement of the new country, Mrs. Berry came likewise to lead the children of her neighborhood in the paths of learning. Shortly after her marriage she and her husband drove away across the mountains to the newer land of the south, and there in



A candidate making a personal campaign on a big stock range.

the little town of St. Johns, Arizona, their seven children grew up with the new State.

When Mrs. Berry's pilgrim father was steering his prairie schooner across the plains it would have been hard to convince him that one day his daughter would be chairman of a legislative good roads committee in a State yet unborn. Yet she holds this position to-day, and divides her time between roads and schools, and a dozen other interests that demand her attention. She "mothered" a bill which provided for an overhauling of

the State's educational system, but like Mrs. Mund's educational survey bill, this measure was put aside by a hurried and harried legislature.

She also supported the "morality bills," and joined with Mrs. Munds in steadfast opposition to the cutting of the school appropriation.

If these two women have not been always successful in their legislative ventures they have at least blazed the trail for a multitude that is to follow them. And that is the right sort of work for pioneers anyway—Mrs. Munds says it's her reason for being.

MUTABILITAS AMORIS

As when the summer sun transforms the sea
 To transient amber, shot with strands of gold,
 So in your eyes the glow of love I see
 Reflected as a mirror's face may hold
 Some charming image for a breath's span, clear,
 And then before my gaze the rapture flies—
 Passion I see, tempestuous, then a tear;
 Again the love-light mingled with your sighs,
 And violet shadows play 'neath ivory brows.
 I think I love thee better for the change
 Which every magic hour my love endows
 With some mysterious beauty which remains
 No longer than the morning's precious dew—
 Moods are as music when the heart is true.

R. R. GREENWOOD.



International Club conducted by the San Francisco Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association and the Immigrant

By Frank B. Lenz

Immigration Secretary, San Francisco, Y. M. C. A.

THE immigration question is so closely allied with our problems of industry, education, economics and religion that we scarcely know where to begin in seeking a solution. Many books have been written on the subject, many conventions have been held, many investigations have been made, but nothing has been accomplished in the way of a constructive domestic program. The immigration laws of the various States

are in no way co-ordinated. The Federal Government's interest in the immigrant ceases when he leaves the port of entry. Very little human interest is being shown toward him.

From 1820 to 1910 there came to this country from across the seas 27,917,000 people. During 1914, 1,218,480 immigrants were admitted. To-day there are more than 13,000,000 foreigners in the United States. To-day 87 per cent of the immigration is com-

ing from southeastern Europe. There are more Italians in New York City than in Rome, while more Jews can be found in New York City than in Jerusalem.

When the present war is over it will be found that capital is least impaired in the United States, and that capital will call loudly for labor. It is reasonable to look forward after the war to a great stream of immigration. By that time the Canal will be in full operation again, and a large number of immigrants will find their way to the Pacific Coast. At present more than thirty nationalities are represented in San Francisco. Seventy-two percent of the population of San Francisco is foreign speaking. Twenty-five percent of California's population comes from across the seas. The immigrants are here. The nations of the earth are at our feet. What is our attitude toward them? What is their need?

In the first place the problem must be handled in a humanitarian way. A rational program of assimilation must be worked out, by which our immigrants, who are to be found in every strata of society, can find entrance to our schools, churches, recreation centers, homes and best institutions. The immigrant becomes a menace to society only when he is permitted to link himself with the nether world.

What is rational assimilation? In order to know an immigrant his race characteristics and national customs must be studied. It is a mistake to imagine that when one race is known all the others are known. Each race must be studied independently of all others, and the student should lay aside all prejudice while he is making the study. Every immigrant neighborhood should be thoroughly investigated. When carefully gathered facts about housing conditions, sanitation, social vice and unemployment have been presented to respectable citizens they protest, saying that such conditions do not exist in their city. They do not know "how the other half lives." They have left their municipal affairs to politicians who were careful

to have all these things decent and well regulated in the residential part of the town, but the tenements and congested districts where the foreigner is forced to live is left to filth, disease and death.

What does the word assimilate mean? Literally to assimilate is to make like ourselves. If we could only make the foreigner like ourselves everything would be all right. But what is implied in this suggestion? If he becomes like us he must adopt our practices and customs. He would adopt our standards of education. When we consider the foreigner's illiteracy, we desire that it be perfect. Yet when he is thrown into many of our communities he merely becomes like the average of that community, and that is far from satisfactory. In this country in 1900 of the native-born of native parents, 4.4 per cent were illiterate. Do we want the foreign children to be illiterate? As a matter of record it has been shown that children of foreign born parents made better scholarship records than the children of native born-parents.

In search of an ideal family life we would hardly turn to the average American home. Childless marriages and divorces are too common among us.

Would we have the immigrant adopt our institutions of the nether world, such as the saloon, the dive and the gambling den? Do you think that assimilation merely becoming like ourselves is a thing to be desired? Unfortunately another meaning of assimilation adopted by some social workers is that we root out all the foreign ideas which the immigrant brings with him and plant in him American ideas. But where did we Americans get our splendid ideas? If we take away the elements which we borrowed from the foreigners—the ideas of law from the Romans, the conceptions of art and philosophy from the Greeks, the doctrines of religion from the Hebrews, the teachings of science from the Germans and the French—what would be left of our American civili-

zation? If we root out these ideas which the foreigner brings with him we destroy the very man himself. Human nature is the same in every race. If we destroy that we leave but a husk which is ready to receive all sorts of anarchistic and unpatriotic nations.

We cannot assimilate him by making him like ourselves because we are so imperfect. If we take away his ideas with the intention of supplying him with new ones, we destroy his very life. How, then, can we assimilate him? Assimilation should be an exchange of ideas. We should take from the foreigner the best he has to give, and give in return the best we have in our civilization. Assimilation should be a give and take process.

There is a natural tendency among all peoples to group themselves with their kind. In San Francisco, for instance, we find more than 30,000 Italians living in the Latin Quarter near North Beach. About a thousand Spaniards and Porto Ricans are living on Telegraph Hill. In Chinatown there are 10,500 Chinese and Filipinos, while in the Potrero district we find more than a thousand Russians.

Many of the foreigners leave their districts only occasionally. They are too busy earning their daily bread to spend much time away from these sections. Last summer we found by personal investigation that out of 148 Russians interviewed more than two-thirds of them had never been down in the business section of the city. One person who had been in the city six years had never heard of the park. If such a recreation center as the Golden Gate Park is unknown to them, how can you expect them to know about and patronize the Young Men's Christian Association? We, therefore, claim that the association should be taken to the immigrant. "But," you say, "we cannot erect a building in every foreign section of our big cities." No, but we can take the spirit of the Association to every foreigner in every section of these cities. The spirit of the Y. M. C. A. is not in the furnishings of the lobby, nor in the equipment of the

gymnasium, nor in the books of the educational department, but the spirit of the association is in the men back of all these departments. The trained secretaries doing work for the foreign born of this country are filled with the spirit of service. English classes and international clubs have been opened in basements for the benefit of the foreigner, with great success, simply because the men behind the movement believed in his fellows. It was George Williams, in 1844, who met in an upper room of a store with a dozen young men clerks and started the movement which has grown into the great worldwide Christian Association—a movement which works among any race or class because of its adaptability.

The Young Men's Christian Association, through its Immigration Department, seeks to destroy that feeling of race prejudice which threatens to overcome the highest American principles and ideals. It does not seek to destroy the ideals which the immigrant brings with him; rather it encourages him to cling to those principles, and at the same time to accept the new ideals which he finds here in America. The Association believes that the great mass of immigrants can be assimilated if they are properly related to the fundamental institutions of the land. It is the aim of the Association to give the foreigner a friendly reception; to protect him against exploitation; to give him a knowledge of the English language; to give him information concerning local, State and national government, and to surround him with a Christian environment, advising and assisting him personally whenever possible.

Education is, perhaps, the greatest factor in assimilating the foreigner. The Y. M. C. A. is conducting English schools for foreigners in 500 different cities of the United States. During 1914 classes were conducted in 18 different sections of San Francisco, Russians, Germans, Italians, Greeks, Swedes, Finns, Persians, Austrians, Spaniards, Chinese and Japanese were enrolled in these classes to the number

of 1,445. The system of teaching English used is known as the Roberts method. The beginner starts to talk in the first lesson. Each lesson deals with the common experiences of life in an interesting and dramatic way. Suppose the lesson is about eating. The teacher sits at the table, takes the food he needs, handles the table utensils, eats his meal, gets up from the table and leaves the room. The capable teacher acts out the lesson; as he says each sentence he suits the action to the word, and the pupils rehearse the sentence. Twenty lessons dealing with the daily things of life, such as dressing, sleeping, eating, visiting, buying, traveling, etc., make up the first series. Other lessons based on mill, factory and mine work follow. The system can be adapted to the needs of foreigners in any industry of the United States.

The Y. M. C. A. man who teaches in the schools for foreigners, has no small task. He should possess originality, enthusiasm, adaptability, perseverance and sympathy. He should know his students personally; he should be well versed in their occupations in order to connect the lesson with their daily lives. The successful teacher is the one who makes the pupil active during the process of instruction. It is unnecessary that he be acquainted with the language of the immigrant. It is his function to teach the foreigner how to *speak* and to *think* in English.

A citizenship school is operated by the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., for the benefit of those foreigners who become naturalized citizens. Technical matters pertaining to national, State and local government are explained by a competent business man. The teacher takes particular pains to emphasize the meaning and spirit of American customs and American democracy. In one year 475 men were instructed in this school, and not one failed to pass the course's examination. As an appropriate closing to those who had passed, the "Americanization Day" program was rendered on July the 4th.

On this occasion more than 200 new citizens were welcomed into the fellowship of the United States. One of the men in his enthusiasm over the event, said before all those present: "Once I was an Italian, now I am an American." Another, who was a street car conductor, was so overjoyed at passing the examination that he stopped his car to hail the teacher, who was passing, and told him of his success. Another said with great feeling: "This is worth \$50 to me."

In order to assist foreigners coming to San Francisco, the Y. M. C. A. has opened an office in the Ferry Building, with a secretary in charge, wearing a Y. M. C. A. cap similar to those worn by the secretaries in the European ports of embarkation. Thus, when an immigrant is given a card of introduction by a secretary in Liverpool he knows who to look for when he arrives at New York and San Francisco. The chain is kept unbroken. Nor does this service cease with the European Trans-Pacific liners are met at the docks, and assistance is given to Orientals who legitimately enter this country. Within the past five years more than 400 Chinese students have been assisted with their passports, baggage, hotel accommodations and railroad tickets. Every group has been entertained in the Association building.

The relationship with these groups of strangers must be a personal relationship. Personal touch is the one great solvent of this problem. More emphasis must be placed on the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. If the immigrants are to reach the heights of American manhood and womanhood they can only do it by relating themselves to Americans of the right kind. Assimilation can only take place through friendship and intercourse and hearty co-operation of all parties concerned. Pagans and barbarians used to make captives and slaves of other nations, but fortunately the teachings of Christianity have taught us to love our brothers—to love and understand—and help.

The Parting Hour

Panegyric on the Closing of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

By Wm. D. Pollock

How like a gorgeous sunset flamed,
When clouds form in the West,
With serried battlements of jade
Against a crimson crest—
With amethyst and molten gold,
And shades of palest gray,
Shot through with blood-red bars of flame
That pales the orb of day.

Uprise the fluted columns grand,
The round and circling dome,
Each jeweled spire and spreading arch,
Each shining sprite and gnome.
There flash the fires of beauty high,
And to the zenith streams,
And spread like banners on the sky
A phantasy of dreams.

Like castles on the ancient Rhine
Each stately palace stands,
A monument of pomp and state,
Of strange and alien lands;
And blazoned on their shadowy walls
Are legends strange and true,
That mark the passing of an Age—
The presence of the New.

There glow in beauty's ambient bowers
The "Gardens of the Gods,"
The stately courts and shaded groves
Where Genius slumbering nods,
Yet writes upon the walls of Time
A prophesy of Fame,
That burns in words of living fire
Art's shining, deathless name.

But soon that glorious sunset's charm
Will fade and drift away,
The glowing colors change and pass
Into a sombre gray,
And Night in rayless gloom efface
Its beauties rich and rare,
And pictures that once charmed the sight
Fade into thinnest air.

Who once hath viewed the passing scene,
The glories that were pictured there,
While memory lives can e'en forget
That galaxy of visions rare;
Who once hath seen with charmed eye
The stately pageant glow and fade,
Must long regret that such a view
Should vanish into shade.

* * * *

Farewell, bright city of our dreams,
Thou Giant of the West,
The product of a Nation's brawn,
Of Genius, first and best.
Thy name's secure, no hand of Fate
Can turn thy course astray—
Ring down the curtain, dim the lights,
Veil actors, wardens and the play.

La Fayette, Washington and Belgium

By Jean Delpit. Done into English by Pierre N. Beringer

To the Members of the La Fayette Guard:

IT IS a charming tradition calling you together on each recurrent 6th of September to celebrate the souvenir of General La Fayette.

Permit me to join you to-day in giving this great Frenchman and great American the tribute of homage he merits, in an expression, as laudatory as may be, never reaching the heights of his virtue and his glory.

One cannot remember him or speak of his life, without being filled with a veneration for the people of France who so signally rewarded him on his return. According to the Count of Vergennes, La Fayette returned to France, after the memorable campaign of Virginia, having assured the independence of the United States only to be glorified by the people of his native land. He brought to the Americans not only his sword but his youth and his fearlessness, his fortune and his soul, his entire soul, in a devotion and self-sacrifice than which history gives no other example.

One may say of him that he exemplifies the purest and most disinterested glory of America and France. He is the glory of America, because, scarcely arrived of age, in his 19th year, this gentleman of long descent, saw fit to leave everything, a brilliant court where was awaiting him the reward his merit entitled him to, an adored and adorable wife, all the pleasures and the charms of material existence, to rush to the defense of an idea, a generous idea, the liberty of the United States, an action of great nobility, of disinterestedness and of

highest virtue, to sacrifice himself and his fortune, if need be, give up his life to forward the nascent spark of liberty in the New World.

He is of the glory of France, for he was the first to give that example of fortitude of soul which, in the years immediately to follow, helped create Hoche, Kleber, Marceau and a host of other young heroes and animate their hearts in the service of their beloved land—his was an example which brought out of the turmoil of the Revolution all of those great young generals who have gilded the name of France with an imperishable splendor. These were the men who saved France from the coalition of kings, and who carried defiance to tyranny long distances from their beloved home land, to the sounds of the Marseillaise, taken of the liberty of the people, and preceded by the tricolor, flag of France and flag of glory. La Fayette, in saving the United States, saved also the honor of France, an honor and a glory dimmed by a half century of unfortunate wars, and it was he who taught our nation never to despair of its genius and its success.

You must not expect me, in this short speech, to recapitulate the deeds of a life worthy of chronicling by Plutarch. The life of La Fayette has been told by more eloquent tongues than mine. I would not risk by an inability to do such a task justice, to, in any way, contort or change your own glorified version.

I wish, briefly, taking advantage of the bright light cast by the life of La Fayette, to touch upon certain facts and rapidly sketch out certain considerations showing the peril run and

presently threatening, not only American liberties, to which La Fayette devoted the best part of an energetic existence, but, threatening also the liberties of the entire world, a threat that would, were he living to-day, call forth the same devotion in defense of an ensanguined Europe.

You must not forget that Prussianized Germany, in its all-conquering insanity, is a menace to all of the nations of the world, and that the United States itself may not find in its splendid isolation a defense against the cankering envy of the Germany of the future.

Let us ask ourselves, then, what would La Fayette have counseled, if faced with the fearful peril that now encompasses the people of the earth? What would have been his stand, in the face of this attempt at subjugation of the independence of all nations?

Despite the passage of time and despite the advance made since the days of La Fayette, one can, guided by his writings and his deeds, approximate his opinion and to his truly youthful enthusiasm one may add the cold, dispassionate and wise counsels of that friend and second father, for La Fayette considered himself as an adopted son of the greatest American statesman, soldier and patriot, of Washington, because, fronted by so grave a peril, a single idea would have surged in the minds of either—that of being first champions of oppressed liberties.

Observe that the position of the United States of North America in 1776 and that of the smaller nations of Europe, which in 1914 saw their independence trodden under foot by Germany, present a disparity all in favor of those smaller nations.

Without a doubt the 13 colonies suffered under the tyranny of England and this culminated in the Declaration of Independence, and it was this burst of energy that brought them the sympathy and the help of La Fayette and the affection and help of the French people, a nation that had been itself humiliated toward the end of the 18th century, through the greed of

England for world conquest and domination, an attempt at grasping the scepter of the world, placing "England over all." Who knows but that, without the help of the young and enthusiastic bloods of France, that tyranny might have triumphantly survived and lasted to this day?

However one may regard the right and the wrong in the matter, and whatever may the stand be as regards England and her colonies, who is there to-day, after reading all of the diplomatic exchanges and the pourparlers before the declaration of war, dare say that Germany had a valid grievance against Belgium or Serbia?

The ultimatum to Serbia by Austria was the occult work of Berlin, for, at the very hour that Serbia ceded everywhere to Austria, and Austria was feigning to accept the conference with the Czar, England and France to settle the Serbian differences, the Kaiser himself was imposing on his advisers, his diplomats and his chancellor, suddenly affrighted at the unexpected intervention of England, the war of conquest, misery, death, destruction and barbarism he wished to loosen on an astonished world. This Emperor of Peace dropped the mask, and appeared before the world as a sinister Nero. So, this war, counseled to Austria as against Serbia, was nothing but a crime against a defenseless small people, and an outraging of the liberties of nations. Admitting the horrible criminality of the counsel to Austria, what more terrible thing is there in history than the crime committed against Belgium, directly by Germany, a massacre of peaceful people, a reign of terror and confiscation, rapine and blood, the prime law of war by Teutons.

To whom belongs eternal honor as having, faced by such a terrible catastrophe, of all people on earth, before the cry of help from stricken Belgium could be heard, rushed to its aid? Belgium, under penalty of death, was saved by England.

I speak not of France, because France, under the force of circum-

stances, had to come to the aid of Belgium, and, whether the natural tendencies, the ties of centuries, the sympathy of a common language, had dictated, necessity would have imposed a stern duty to France, and one which she, in no event, could have refused or overlooked.

Why, then, did England come to the help of Belgium? Why did she succor the land menaced through Germany's ultimatum? England had given its word. England had engaged, on its honor, to protect Belgium. It had agreed to the neutrality of Belgium, and it had engaged to protect Belgium in its neutrality, and it protected it, even at the moment that Germany was dishonoring herself for the ages through the violation of the territorial rights of a country with whom it had entered in similar agreement *on its honor* as a nation and a people.

Without a doubt, if we are to take the word of those who sympathize with Germany, Belgium had an opportunity, had she chosen to exercise a pusillanimous egotism, to cede ungracefully, allowing the passage of the Germanic hordes, and she might have invoked in self-defense the doctrine of *force majeure*. But this would have been a moral complicity; she would have failed in her duty to herself, that of defending her neutrality against all comers, which was imposed on her through her agreement with the signatory powers; to do this would have been dishonorable and Belgium did not consider such a course for one minute.

The records tell us to-day that the German Chancellor admitted to the Belgic ambassador that his nation had taken "the only step possible and yet retain her self-respect" and prevent a stain on her honor as a nation.

What shall we say of the other world powers, onlookers at this dreadful tragedy, those that had also guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, and whose duty it was to protect Belgium from invasion and defend it against criminal aggression?

Is there an American alive who,

putting the same question to himself, *remembering the lives and the examples of La Fayette and Washington*, would not have been indignant and filled with a revulsion that would have caused him to fly to the help of such a country as Belgium, exposed to its trials and tribulations through no fault of its own? Was it not rather the duty of the American citizen to have asked his country to protest to Germany and to fly to the help of Belgium and its liberties? It is to be presumed that, in the face of a crisis, Americans *would* be animated with the spirit animating Washington and La Fayette. What was the spirit of La Fayette? Here is what La Fayette said in a letter of the 7th of June, 1777, to his beloved wife:

"Defender of that liberty which I idolize, free myself more than any one, coming, as a friend, to offer my services to this so interesting Republic, I bring it but my good will and my frankness. I have no ambition that is personal and no particular interest is served thereby, in working for glory, my glory; I work for the happiness of others, theirs. I hope that, to favor me, you will become a good American; that is a sentiment of which any virtuous soul might be proud. *The happiness of the United States is a happiness that is closely allied with the happiness of all humanity; this country is to become the safe and respectable asylum of all liberties.*"

Despite anything that may be said by latter-day Americans, who are unmindful as to what they owe this great man, forgetful of the gratitude they owe this noble voice of the eighteenth century, liberator of minds and people, it was the same eloquence animating Voltaire and Rousseau; it was the genius of Diderot and Beaumarchais; it was the precursor of that Immortal Magna Charta of human liberties, the Declaration of the Rights of Man.

Later on, after the triumph of the American Revolution, the aged Voltaire in a spirit of admiration and ecstasy, wished publicly to fall to the knees of the Marquise de La Fayette.

This occurred in the salons of the Duke de Choiseulle. The old philosopher cried out that "the defender of the cause of the just and right and liberty of man replied, on the 11th of December, 1784, to the American Congress, which had just received him in order to thank him for his services and devotion in bringing about American independence, in these words:

"May this immense temple we have just erected in the name of liberty offer for all times a lesson to the oppressors, an example to the oppressed, an asylum for the rights of the human race, and may future ages rejoice in the names of its founders."

Do not believe, gentlemen and ladies, that I desire to incriminate or blame, neither America nor the eminent statesmen who direct its destinies. I simply wish to limit myself to recording, *with regret for this country and its repute, that which is and that which is not.* The best intentioned politicians sometimes commit grievous errors, irreparable mistakes. History shows us memorable examples of this.

America has been saved from obloquy by the fact that the liberties of Belgium and those of the world will be saved, despite it and despite its non-intervention. The United States will not share in the glory. Undoubtedly, from a practical standpoint, America will lose but little prestige from not having spontaneously protested against the invasion of Belgium, having forfeited, temporarily it is hoped, her place as the protectrice of the oppressed. It failed to take its proper place as a defender of human rights in the greatest war of the world, in its glorious annals of righteous conduct and in defense of the rights of man.

Others will tell you, perhaps, that, since the days of Washington, it has been deemed an heritage to not meddle with the quarrels of stranger nations. The logic of this is advanced in an argument that such a course might involve other nations in quarrels on this hemisphere. Others still

will excuse the United States on the ground of unpreparedness. That the army and the navy of the United States was not in a condition to affront the powerful armada and the land legions of the great European central empires.

To those who have the idea that Washington would have so narrowly construed the national duty toward Belgium and its dismemberment, it might be well asked why that great nation, the United States, went so far afield to invade the Philippines in an endeavor to release its people from the tyrannies of Spain? Happily, the oppressed were delivered of the yoke of the oppressor, but where is in this case the tradition, the heritage supposed to have been handed down by Washington, which makes of a similar thing a verity in the Philippines and an error in Belgium?

It has been truly said that to govern is to prevent. I am asking myself what would have been the terrible awakening of your great statesmen, if Germany had been successful in placing her yoke of "blood and iron" over the people of Russia, England and France? What of the United States, if Europe were indeed the vassal of Germany and its allies? The Kaiser might then, and with good reason, proclaim himself as Emperor of the World; and the United States, with an inadequate navy and a small and utterly unprepared army, would soon see itself reduced to one of the provinces of Universal Prussia.

What a splendid mission it was then that seemed so logically to impose itself upon this great country, the United States, as "the asylum of human rights," the defender of liberty and protector of the weak, when Belgium was seized at the throat by the Germanic colossus! She could, in the first place, have imposed on Germany a moral suasion, by protesting in concert with England against the ultimatum to Belgium as to the violation of a formal treaty and in scorn of the most sacred human rights. Such a high example of state morality and

courage would no doubt have drawn every other nation on earth to her side and to that of outraged Belgium. Bullying Germany would have been slow in hurtling its military spirit against the conscience of an aroused world.

But should it have been that, drawn into the world war through the sinister designs of the Central Empires of Europe, America had recourse to arms, separated from the theatre of operations as she is by the Atlantic, she would have remained effectively the mistress of the situation, and she could have guided her actions as she saw fit.

The United States, without a doubt, was not ready for the conflict, but neither was England, and England had not the time to prepare. Belgium itself was still less prepared. This unfortunate nation, the theatre of war for centuries, found itself faced with the choice of ruin or dishonor, and it chose ruin. Was she to defend herself, heroic and sublime, or was she to veil her face and let pass the hosts of the Hun? Was she to see herself eliminated from the ranks of the nations, or was she to fight it out and retire from the field, glorified by her defense of her rights and the rights and liberties of the whole world?

No! Belgium did not hesitate! Animated by the words of her hero monarch, and by her statesmen, she woke from the lethargic anaemia of peace to perform the highest duty falling to the lot of a nation; she superbly drew herself up against the barbarians and she fought them inch by inch, with the indifference of a martyr, stoically plucking victories undying in her defeats, to gladden the hearts of man through the centuries.

It does not seem to me, gentlemen, that, in all the history of the United States there has been so great an error committed, nor has there ever been another with such fatal and never-ending consequences.

Remember that to-day Germany, under the menace implied of sending away her ambassador gives way to the

demands of this country regarding her submarine warfare. On the threat of simply stopping diplomatic relations the Germanic Empire is ready to give up its murderous and piratical system of warfare. It does not desire to give up the diplomatic relations which it has so complaisantly maintained since the sinking of the Lusitania and the Arabic through her submarines.

Do you believe that this nation, Germany, would not have heeded a warning from this country regarding Belgium? Do you believe that for an instant? You may rest assured that Germany would not have found the slightest assistance, in the event that any intervention or protest had been offered by the United States, from any nation on earth.

And history will record the invasion of Belgium as a great, a monumental, error in military judgment, in view of the resistance of Belgium and the involving of England and Italy. Contemplate for an instant what would have been the result if Germany had rushed her torrent of two million five hundred thousand men across the Vosges and the Luxembourg, and have crushed, as she at that time must have, Toul, Epinal and Verdun, just as she crushed Liege, Namur and Antwerp, precipitating herself on Paris, which she would have engulfed. But, of course, the Marne retreat would have been repeated for the French armies would have recovered just as surely as they did recover, but at what terrible cost to France!

I have frankly drawn for you the lesson of what the great heroes of the American Revolution would have done were they living to-day, in the face of the difficulties presenting themselves for solution as the result of the maniacal ambition of the Hun. I am fully aware that this country is still young in its diplomatic or world history, and its conduct of public affairs as a world nation. I am also aware of the fact that, in its frankness and virility it sometimes loses sight of the sinister, senile, secret designs and traditions

and ambitions governing older nations.

Need I say, in palliation, that the United States has risen to heights of glory unsurpassed in its help extended, in a financial and practical way, to the sufferers of *all* nations. She has come to the aid of the lowly and the suffering with a magnificent munificence never before equaled in the history of the whole world. And for *this* all humanity should *be eternally grateful*.

You know well how quickly America came to the help of Belgium, of Serbia, of Poland and of France. Here are you gathered under the planing influence, the souvenir, of La Fayette, to augment these donations by which Belgium is to have some relief from its woes, part of the riches America has so unstintingly given to the unfortunate heroes of the war.

Give, give again and give always, and without counting, in so saintly a cause! It is the most sainted you could espouse. Happy, indeed, are those who can make such use of their fortune, to employ it so magnificently, and who, in their wealth, are no longer envied but blessed. Happy, indeed, those in modest circumstances, or even in poverty who sacrifice some pleasure to succor those unfortunate victims. To whose heart such offerings go directly, and, returning, in spirit, cover the donor with the beautiful aureole of abnegation and moral grandeur.

In conclusion, I would say: Do not allow yourself to be downcast. We will conquer. We cannot lose. Do

not despond, even though at times the great devil of pessimism knocks for entrance at the doors of your soul. Believe not the prophets of evil, who are numerous in this country, going about sowing the seeds of discontent and unbelief in the survival of the good and the beautiful. Trust not the spreader of insidious, discouraging news, for he may be venal and interested.

Those who are fighting for us are possessed of a certitude—**WE WILL CONQUER!** They have a firm belief in victory. It ill beseems us to falter by the way, to doubt as to patriotism and truth, to doubt of triumph, to doubt that Europe will once again see Justice firmly seated, because it will liberate Alsace-Lorraine, Trent and Trieste, admirable Poland and magnificent Belgium, whose glory is written in letters of blood and fire in the martyrdom of its people.

No! No! We will not let pessimism enter regnant in our hearts. We will remember that we are the sons of that Latin race having for its ideal, Rights of Man and the Cult of Liberty, this race considered athwart all history as the forerunner bearers of the flambeaux of civilization.

France cannot perish! France is immortal! It is the France of La Fayette, of Hoche, of Marceau, of Bonaparte, of Joffre and Castlenau. It is the Cradle of Liberty and the nation that ensures to the world the sparkling light and the beauty which, through the worst follies of humanity, is the guide to higher destinies and more glorious results.



Sowing to Self and Sin---Reaping Corruption

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the
Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Galatians 6:7.

A VERY important lesson centers in these words of the inspired St. Paul. In our lives and characters are certain things with which we have nothing to do. From our ancestors we have received something for which we are not responsible. For instance, we had nothing to do with Adam's sin and its effects. We have to do only with what we ourselves sow.

Those things which have come to us by heredity, not by our own volition—conditions over which we had no control—are all arranged for in our great Creator's plan. In Christ, God has made provision for the covering of all the imperfections that have come to us through the fall, so that we are not responsible for anything but what we sow. God will attend to what Adam sowed. He has provided a just Sacrifice for the unjust sinner; for as by man (Adam) came sin and death, so also by the Man Christ Jesus will come deliverance from those imperfections which result from Father

This is applicable not only to the Church now, but will be applicable to the whole world during the Millennial Age. The world of mankind will not be held responsible for what their father's sowed, though now all suffer for those things. "The fathers have

eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." (Ezekiel 18:2; Jeremiah 31:29, 30.) In this present life we shall suffer from these disabilities. But this is true only of this life. The seed of sinful sowing brings a certain harvest, the same as sowing wheat brings wheat.

Living in Basement of Brain

What are the seeds mankind have been sowing for six thousand years? We see the world in general sowing to selfishness, to self-gratification. Nearly all have been thus sowing, trying to serve their tastes, their preferences for food, clothing, everything under the sun. Man tries to satisfy his desires, and most of the fallen man's desires are for sinful things; but from the Adamic fall he has received a selfish bent. Thus the selfish impulses are more active than are the higher powers of his mind.

In the top of the brain lie the nobler powers of the mind: such as the sense of right and wrong, reverence, benevolence—good qualities, which bring man's highest blessings. Whoever can live in the top of his brain, instead of down in the cellar, the base of the brain, will have the nobler life. There are organs that belong merely to the flesh. Some people live for food and drink only. Others do not care so much for these things, but have

other morbid cravings. If we had none of the quality of alimentiveness in our brain, we would not enjoy eating, which would then be a mere matter of form and might be neglected. But if we are in good health, we relish our daily meals. This should lead to thankfulness to the Lord, from whom all our blessings come.

If, however, the organ of alimentiveness is in control, is served particularly and continually, the person will live only to eat and drink. He will live down in the basement of his brain. He will not have the highest joys. Such a condition would be an over-balance of that part of the brain.

Man became unbalanced away back in Eden, and we have had six thousand years of development in that direction, so that by this time the heads of a good portion of mankind are largely empty as regards the nobler sentiments, or at best these organs are largely dormant. Men have been too much occupied with eating, planting and building, with running after the gratification of the pleasures of sense, living more like animals than like beings created in the image of God.

Gratification of legitimate cravings is proper to a certain degree with mankind. There is nothing wrong in a man's enjoying his food and other bodily comforts. But is the making of these the chief aim of life—the sitting or lolling around to kill time, and the doing of this, that and the other thing just as they happen to come along—that shows the empty head. Some very good people, as the world goes, spend considerable time in dancing and card-playing. To me it seems that those who have time to burn, to kill, those who spend their time in thinking merely about things which are on the same level with the horse and the dog, are living on a very low, animal plane. They do just what a good breed of animal would do.

Man's Aspirations If Perfect.

God has given man a brain very different from all the lower animals.

We have the quality of brain and the powers of mind to reason along abstract lines. We can study mathematics, dynamics, astronomy, geology, political economy. We can discern between right and wrong. We can know God's will and study His Word. Animals cannot do these things.

But the average man does not care to think about God or about anything beyond the interests of the present life. He does not wish to think about dying. He ought to think, There is a great God; He has a sympathy and love for me, and I would be glad to know what He has to say to me. It would be natural to a noble mind to ask what God has for us, and to reason that it must be something good, because God is good. God is wise, just and loving, and has a deep interest in His creatures.

If things were as they should be, man would be feeling after God. He would desire to know about the Divine Plan of the Ages—how sin came into the world; how God has sympathy, and sent His Son to be our Redeemer, to make satisfaction for sin; how in due time He will make satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. Man would be interested to learn how it is that some know all of this beforehand, in order that they may be associated with the Lord Jesus in blessing the world. Why do they not care to know these things? It is because Satan has blinded men's minds, and because they are so fallen that to a large degree they have lost the image of God, in which man was originally created. Moreover, false doctrines have come in, also from Satan and the other fallen angels.

Present Experiences a Lesson to Angels.

The Apostle Paul says that "the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not." (2 Corinthians 4:4.) They do not believe because their eyes are holden; for Satan does not wish them to see the light of the glorious goodness of God shining

in the face of Jesus Christ. If men could only get a glimpse of God's goodness in Christ, the entire world would be converted. Why, then, does not God reveal His glory to them? For the reason that He purposes to do so in the Millennial Kingdom. Through Christ He will then open the blind eyes, unstop the deaf ears, and cause all men to know the Lord.—Isaiah 35:5; Jeremiah 31:34.

For a wise purpose God has permitted Satan to take his course. But in due time the Almighty will take control—in the very near future. He told our first parents that they should die because of their sin. It was Satan who said that they should not die. If they chose to believe Satan, the responsibility was their own. God permitted them to take that course.

Why should God do this? Because He wished to teach a great lesson; first to the angels, then to men. The angels are learning every day. They desire to look into these things, as the Apostle Peter assures us. (Peter 1:10-12.) Throughout the six thousand years during which God has permitted evil on earth, the angels have been looking on. The introduction of evil was a great test to them at first. When they saw the power of Lucifer, Satan, and observed that God did not correct him at the beginning of his career of rebellion, some of them concluded that God could not stop him. So many of them decided to follow Lucifer.

Did God wish this? Yes; if their hearts were disloyal, He did not desire to have them associated in the Kingdom regulations. So He let them have the test. He let them take their own course. Now that they are over in Satan's ranks, they are finding that God has the power; but they have demonstrated that they have not been in harmony with Him. For a time the other angels were bewildered; nevertheless, they trusted God. They have now seen the wisdom of His course.

All the while God had the power, but simply did not exercise it. The holy angels see now how foolish it would have been for them to choose

sin. They can see that doing right is better than doing wrong. All the holy angels perceive that they were wise to trust God, even though for awhile it looked as though He was powerless to stop Satan or to save the fallen race that Satan had led astray.

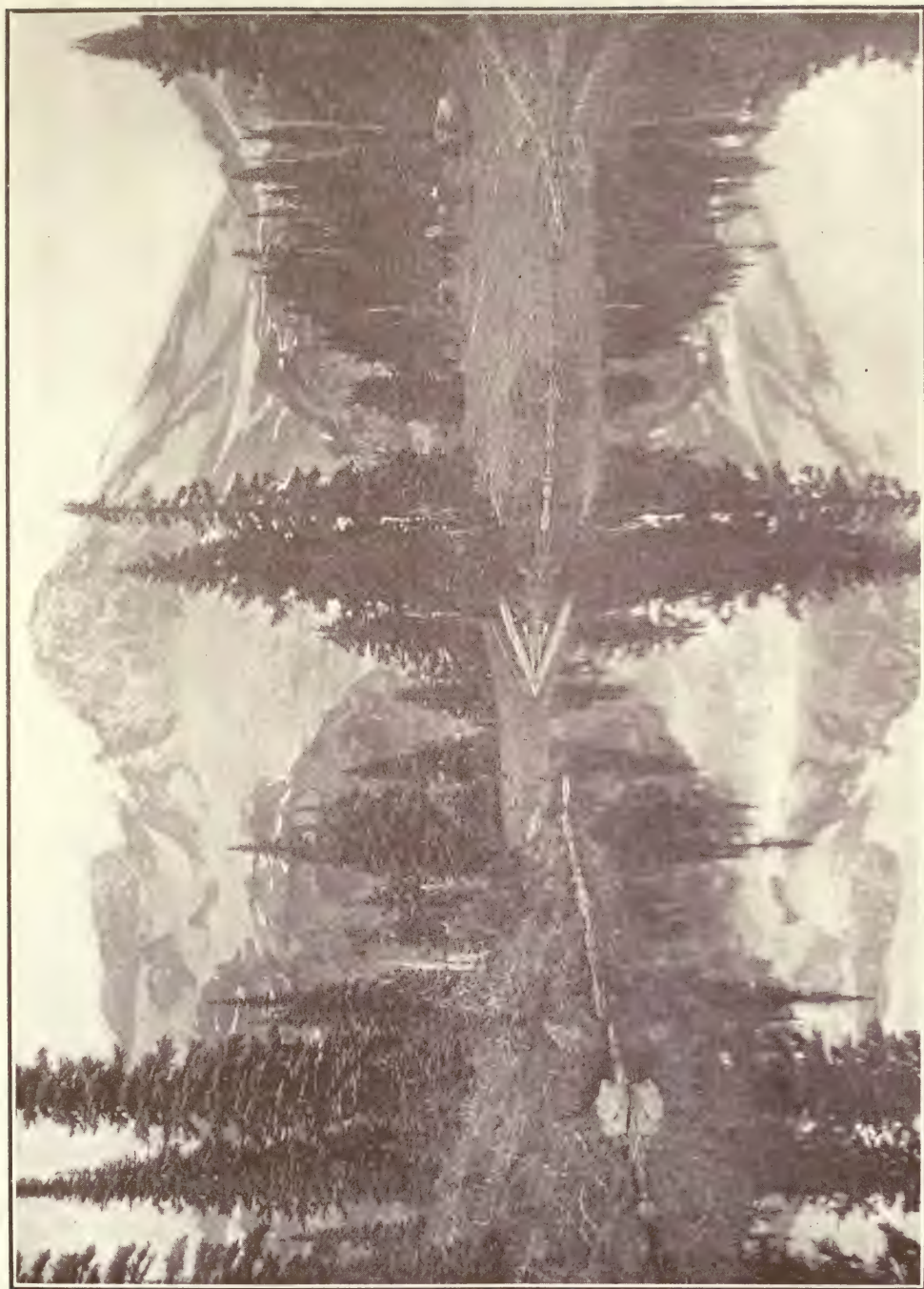
Man's Present Condition Temporary.

The world of mankind have been going down into death, but the world is not eternally lost. God has known all the time what would be the outcome; and all the time He has had a Plan for their recovery. They have been only asleep in death; for God, before He revealed His plan of Redemption, had it in mind for man. In fact, He had it in mind before the foundation of the world. The Lord Jesus was the very Essence of that Plan, the very Center. He was to be the great Ransom-sacrificer for all, and later the great King of Glory to lift mankind out of death. All this was known to the Father. Jesus was the Lamb slain (in Jehovah's Purpose) from before the world was.

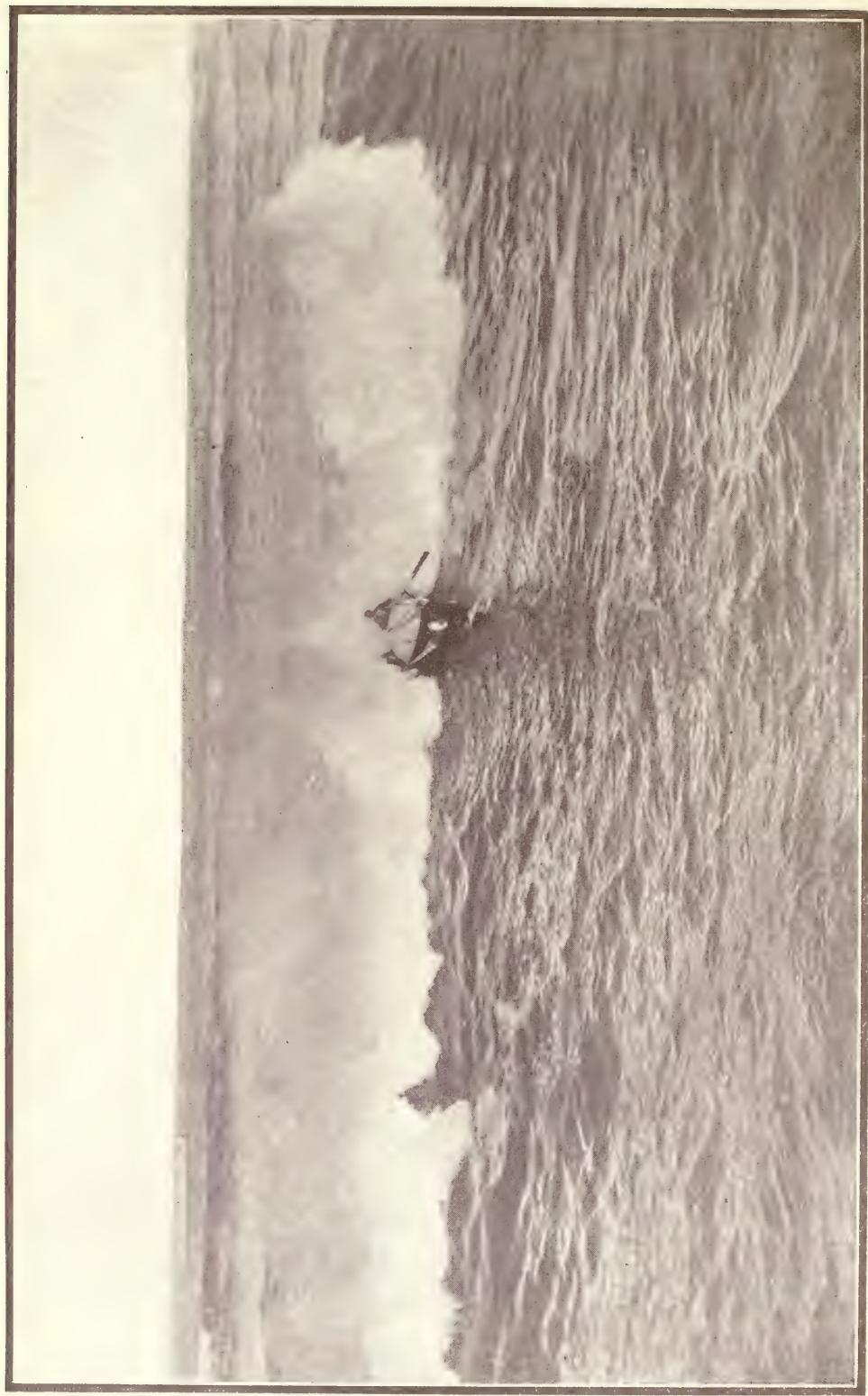
It is a good thing to find out how great a God we have; to learn that He is not only all-wise, all-powerful and all-just, but—still more precious—that the very essence of His character is Love. This great Plan which God is carrying out has a still further purpose in developing sympathy and other noble traits in mankind. He is letting the world go down to the tomb; but no one suffers very long.

Brevity of Life Now a Blessing

This condition has lasted more than six thousand years, although no one person has suffered more than a small fraction of that time. Many have been taken away very suddenly; many have died in infancy; some have died of consumption or of fever; others have been killed with bullets; still others with poisonous gases. But it was only a brief experience. It is not like roasting in torture throughout all eternity. For a person to suffer for a



Mt. Rainier, from Mirror Lake.



Life-boat practice riding the breakers off the coast.



A typical lake scene in the mountains.



Logs impounded in the saw mill dam.

OVERLAND

Founded 1868



MONTHLY

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXVII

San Francisco, March 1916

No. 3

The Puget Sound Country

By

Margaret
Hollinshead



Waterfalls in the Olympic Mountains.

AWAY out in the northwest corner of our United States, and extending into the southwest corner of Canada, is one of the most picturesque spots in all America. It is called the Puget Sound Country. Not only is this bit of country picturesque, but it is interesting and pulsating with life and full of opportunity. A country in the making of which all the forces of nature worked in harmonious accord for aesthetic perfection; a country that knows neither the bleakness of winter nor

the brownness of summer—where the breezes of the warm Japanese Current blow gently o'er the land, bring health and indomitable vigor; a country dominated by great mountains and big trees and beautiful lakes and wonderful canyons; a country unique—that is the Puget Sound Country. There the Redman roamed in pursuit of game or fish until a century ago, when the white discovered and appropriated to extravagance and usefulness the game and the fish, the gigantic forests and the rich humus of the valleys.



Lake Crescent, among the Olympic Mountains.

If perchance one should wonder what gigantic forces of nature conspired to produce the grandeur and loveliness that lie on every hand, he must turn to the pages of geology for the story of the making. Late in the Quarternary, when all of North America was undergoing remarkable crust oscillations, the Pacific Coast, which originally extended much farther into the ocean than it now does, sank to its present position, and simultaneously the wide valleys of the Puget Sound basin were submerged and the lovely Puget Sound, with its hundreds of arms and bays and inlets, was produced. A little later in the history of the basin came great glaciers from the mountains to the northward, eastward and westward; which overwhelmed the northern part of the basin and hid its rock formation beneath a mantle of glacial sediment. In the scoured basins of these glaciers now are to be found some of the most exquisite little lakes in the world, and the mountains with their attendant canyons and pretty waterfalls are the

result of the processes attending upheaval.

It was in 1792 that Captain George Vancouver discovered "Whulge," as the Indians called it, and took possession of the country in the name of England. At the time, both England and Spain for contending for possession of Pacific North America, but at the close of the celebrated dispute of Nootka, England was given the territory north of California. That is, her possession was undisputed as far as foreign powers were concerned, but she had not yet reckoned with the young American Republic. In 1818 a treaty held in London decided that "any country that may be claimed by either Great Britain or the United States in the northwest should be free and open for the term of ten years to the subjects, citizens and vessels of the two powers." The aggressive Yankees proved too energetic for the British, however, and in 1843, a government purely American was adopted and British rule came to an end within the present boundaries of the United



Among the beautiful San Juan Islands.



A salmon trap on Puget Sound.

States. Many geographical names so familiar to every Puget Sounder, such as Rainier, Hood, Baker, Vashon, Dundeness and many others were given by Vancouver. Vancouver Island he named "Quadra and Vancouver Island," the first part commemorating his Spanish friend and contemporary, but usage has obliterated that, and we have remaining the tribute to himself only. He named the northern part of his discovery New Hanover and the southern part New Georgia, both in honor of his king, but the Congress of the United States later changed New Georgia to Washington, and the Canadians honored America's discoverer by changing the name of New Hanover to British Columbia.

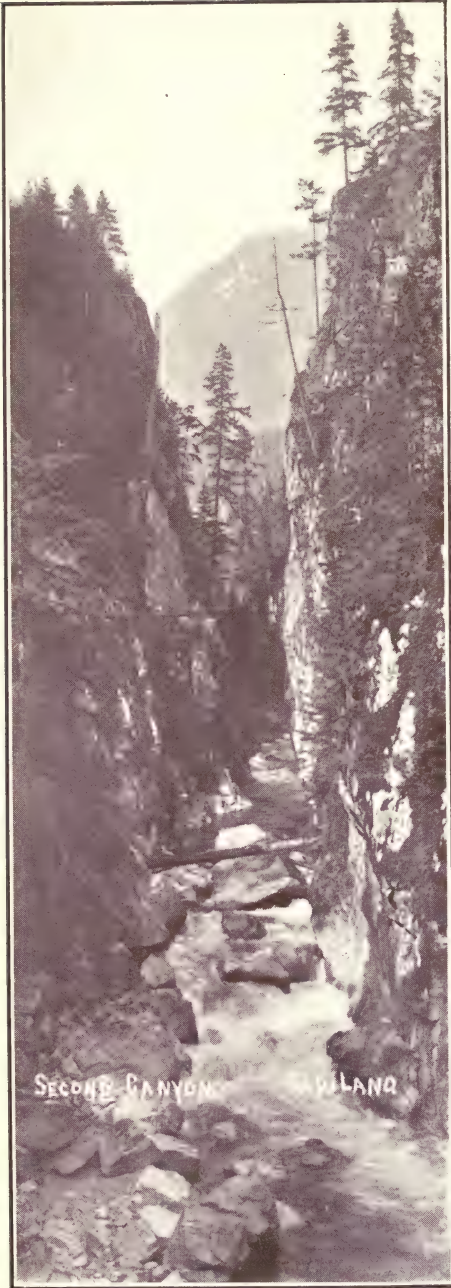
Olympia, the capital of Washington, is the southernmost city on Puget Sound, a beautiful little home city, and the center of a vast lumbering

district. Here, also, is the true home of the Olympic oyster. About half way between Olympia and Seattle lies Tacoma, situated on a picturesque eminence overlooking Puget Sound. The two features of the city in which its citizens take greatest pride is the stadium, a vast concrete auditorium occupying a natural amphitheatre above the Sound, and capable of seating 35,000 people, and the fact that Tacoma is the gateway to the renowned Mount Rainier.

Mt. Rainier—or Mt. Tacoma, as the Tacoma people call it—is an almost sublime thing—an extinct volcano rising 14,532 feet into the sky, its rock-ribbed edges carved by glacial action, its white precipices gleaming, and its slopes below the snow line glowing with the variegated hues of wild flowers. The drive of seventy miles from Tacoma to the gateway of mammoth



A camp of salmon fishers making ready to set their seines.



Capilano Canyon, Vancouver, B. C.

logs, which marks the entrance to Rainier National Park, takes one across the prairie, through great forests of Douglas fir, and up the sides of Nisqually Canyon, over a road that in

many places clings desperately to the precipitous wall, while far below the river roars through its rocky channel. A few miles beyond the log gateway and its rustic lodge is a comfortable hotel for the convenience of tourists. Twelve miles farther on is the snout of Nisqually Glacier rearing its icy wall hundreds of feet into the air. From a cavernous orifice the river roars and leaps as if in mad delight at its release from the prison of ice. On the snowy slopes of Mt. Rainier tobogganing is enjoyed all summer which, of course, is quite a novelty.

Seattle is the city that will attract every tourist visiting the northwest—Seattle the city beautiful, Seattle the city of life, and Seattle the gateway to Alaska.

It is not uncommon when dining in a New York restaurant to overhear conversation about Seattle, and it is not infrequently accompanied by such remarks as the following: "I simply love Seattle." From the tower of the forty-two story L. C. Smith Building one may obtain a panorama of the city and its vicinity; to the west is Elliott Bay, fringed with Seattle's immense shipping facilities, and across it stretches the peninsula known as Alki Point, where the early pioneers made their first settlement in 1851; against the horizon rise the Olympic Mountains; to the north is Queen Anne Hill, covered with homes, and to the northeast is Lake Union and Capitol Hill, another good residential district; to the southeast is the Mt. Baker Park district, and the hill to the south is Beacon Hill. Seattle is a city of hills and they add much to its attractiveness. Conspicuous on top of what is known as the "First Hill" rise the twin spires of St. James Cathedral, the Hotel Sorrento and other buildings of note. Like the cities of the eastern and middle western States, Seattle has an excellent system of park boulevards. It winds like a wounded serpent over the hills and through the parks, now affording a view of the Sound and then a view of Lake Washington and the lovely Cascade Mountains to the east.



A view on Lake Washington.

When completed, the boulevard will encircle Lake Washington.

Such side trips as that up Lake Washington to Bothell, or by automobile to Snoqualmie Falls, or by boat across the Sound to Bremerton, where the United States navy yards are located, are well worth one's time and trouble. A trip of great interest is the one which takes one across the Sound and in among the San Juan Islands to Anacortes or Bellingham, where several large fish canneries are located. When we learn that the Puget Sound and Alaska salmon pack annually yields many millions of dollars, we are naturally anxious to know something about this one of America's natural resources. It is a great sight, indeed, to see the big scows come in from the traps laden with gleaming pink and white salmon; thousands are so handled every day. Is there not danger of depleting the supply? you ask. To guard against that, the game laws require that fishing be suspended during thirty-six hours of every week, and since one female fish propagates her kind by the hundreds of millions, no further measures of conservation has as yet seemed necessary.

Entering the cannery one is greeted by the not altogether pleasant odor of fish, which must at once be accepted philosophically. From the big scows men are busy tossing the salmon onto the cannery floor by means of long-handled instruments called gaffs. From there they are fed into the "iron chink," an ingenious machine which cuts off heads, tails and fins and cleans out the inside refuse. After being thoroughly scrubbed and examined for bruises, the fish then goes through the slicer, and the short lengths piled onto long tables behind which stand women and girls filling salmon cans. As the filled cans pass over the automatic scales, underweights are thrown out, while the others continue in an endless chain through the topping machine. When the tops have been securely pressed down, the cans are placed in trays stacked one on top of the other, loaded onto trucks and pushed into the

cooking vats, where they remain at a temperature of two hundred and forty degrees for an hour and twenty minutes. After being removed, the cans are washed lacquered and labeled for shipment.

The trip from Seattle to Vancouver can be made by rail or by water, the latter usually being preferred. The C. P. R. steamships leave daily, morning and evening. Making the night trip, one will wish to rise early in order not to miss the joy of the scenery, as the boat steams past Point Grey, through Second Narrows, and enters the beautiful Vancouver harbor. Burrard Inlet, it is called, and nowhere do morning lights play more beautifully. On the north lies North Vancouver City sheltered by a vista of snow-crowned mountains, and on the south is Vancouver proper, with its fringe of docks and warehouses, for like Seattle, being the terminal of transcontinental railroads and possessing an excellent natural harbor, the city plays an important part in the shipping industry of the world.

The two things most interesting to tourists in Vancouver are Capilano Canyon and Stanley Park. The former may be reached by going to North Vancouver and thence by automobile to Canyon View Hotel. From the hotel a path winds through the masses of ferns and huckleberry bushes to the canyon's edge, from where two hundred and eighty dizzy feet below the waters of Capilano Creek may be seen leaping and laughing on their perilous journey toward the sea. A wire guard intervenes, else one might fall over the cliff from dizziness. Farther on the sides of the canyon slope to lower ground, and one is able to make one's way to the water's edge or cross the bridge to where a flume and plank walk are suspended along the canyon side. From here the best view of the canyon is available. What an awe-inspiring work of nature it is! Looking up stream, the creek falls over a series of rapids, and between the sides of the canyon may be seen the snow-capped mountains of the British Co-



In the higher precipitous altitudes.

lumbia Coast Range. In the downstream direction the canyon is very narrow, and the majestic architecture of its perpendicular walls is clothed in robes of emerald green. Everything save tree trunks and occasional rocks that have resented the friendly moss is of the same rich color. Tourists who are fond of walking often follow the flume back to Capilano Park, where a suspension bridge carries them across the canyon.

The celebrated Stanley Park is a thousand acres of natural woodland occupying a peninsula which is separated from the mainland except for a narrow isthmus. A fine automobile boulevard nine miles in length circumscribes the park, except across the isthmus! All along this lovely drive the waters of Burrard Inlet play in full view on one side, while on the other the everlasting trees tower in solemn vigil. At the extremity of a pretty promontory is located a huge boulder known as "Siwash Rock." Nearby is the grave of Pauline Johnson, the Indian writer, who has left so many fascinating tales of her tribes people. The boulevard terminates at English Bay (vehicles are allowed to go in one direction only) where during the summer months are always to be found hundreds of bathers enjoying the water.

Leaving Vancouver, the boats glide out of Burrard Inlet and into the straits of Georgia, thence southward across the Sound and through the Plumper's Pass, a veay beautiful place and so shallow that the boats travel at half speed to avoid danger. The remainder of the way to Victoria lies between Vancouver Island and the Islands of San Juan, which together with the Queen Charlotte Islands and those of Southeastern Alaska form the Island Mountain Chain, supposed to have been submerged in past ages.

Steaming into Victoria's inner harbor, we are greeted with a view of the concrete causeway that lines the harbor, and behind it the magnificent Empress Hotel, while to the right are the parliamentary buildings. Everywhere aestheticism reigns supreme. After

landing there will be ample time to visit the parliamentary buildings and Beacon Hill Park before dinner time. Parliament is not in session during the months that tourists visit Victoria, but the museum located in the east wing should not be overlooked. Here are to be found specimens of all our North American animals in fur, from the tiny shrew to the homely old moose. Most interesting is the exhibit of British Columbia and Alaska Indian curios: skulls of characteristic tribesmen, implements of war and the chase, crude tools of stone and wood, grease-bowls and ladles carved from the horn of mountain sheep, hideous cannibal-bird masks and grave-robber's masks, head and neck rings woven from cedar bark, totem poles, and many other such things as interesting as they are grotesque.

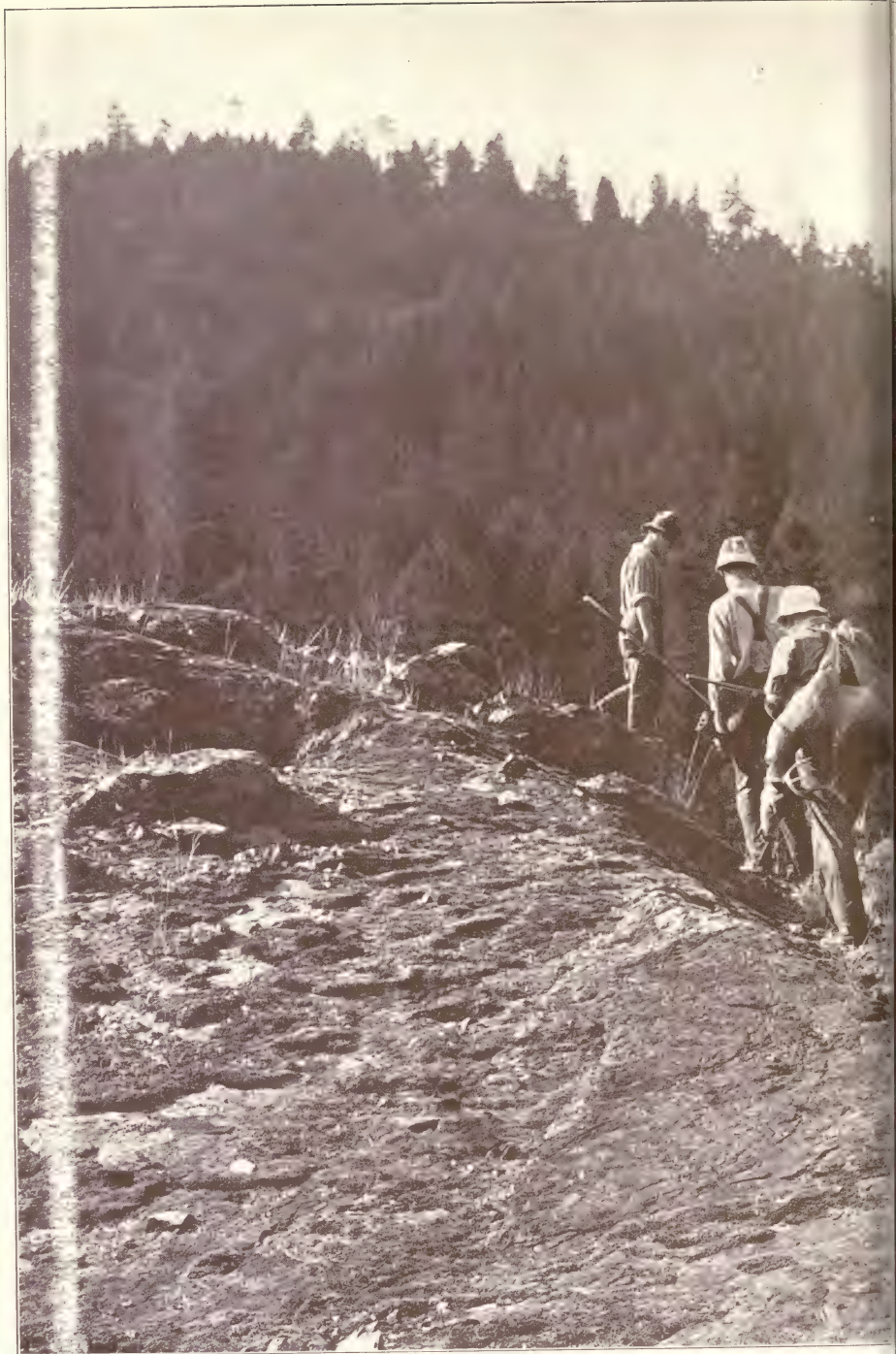
From the parliamentary building a short walk brings one to Beacon Hill, on the crest of which lies beautiful Beacon Hill Park. If the beholder has seen all the city parks in the world he will not fail to be charmed with this. Whether that charm lies in grace of the weeping willows or in the dignity of the swans beneath them, or in the majesty of the big oaks so rarely to be found in the west, or in the beauty of that rolling sea of green and gold to the south—the famous Scotch-bloom of Victoria—the fact remains that Beacon Hill Park is charming.

A feature about Victoria that soon elicits the stranger's attention is the English character of its inhabitants. Here, more than in Vancouver, and probably more than in any other town in Canada, the citys are typical Englishmen.

Vancouver Island is all delightfully beautiful, but not more so than the Olympic peninsula: no one can adequately appreciate the Puget Sound Country until he has seen the Olympics. And seeing them means to journey in among them, to feel the inspiration of their great big trees and the peace of their sparkling sapphire lakes, to climb to the crest of their highest ridges and to wander through their



In the higher mountains of Washington leading into British Columbia and Alaska.



Returning to camp af



successful deer hunt.

deep canyons, lured by the tinkle of the brook and the roar of the waterfall. For the man who loves the great big out-of-doors, who thrills to hear the reverberation of his own footsteps in the solitary forest, to whom the mystic ruggedness and grandeur of the mountains fires the passion of the soul, to the man who is weary of the noise of the metropolis, the Olympics have an irresistible call.

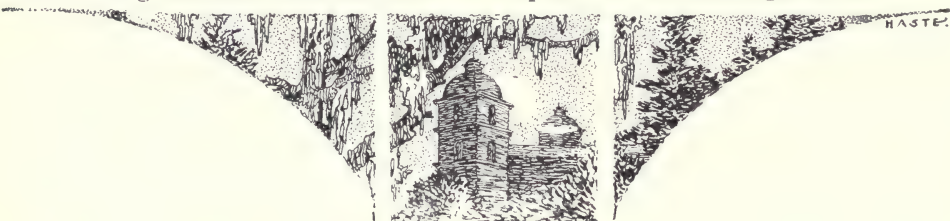
The best way to see the Olympics is from Olympic Hot Springs or Sol Duc. To the latter place one goes via Port Angeles, thence by auto stage to Lake Crescent, across that radium blue rift by lake steamer, and the remaining distance by auto-stage again. Years ago the Indians camped at these springs, drinking the beautiful water and picking huckleberries. And now where the Redman made his camp the white man has built a fine hotel and sanitarium, and adjacent to the springs are bath houses for men and women; the grounds are carpeted with grass and adorned with flowers, but below the River Sol Duc ripples over the rocks just as it did when the Redman forded its depths and built fires along its shores. It is a grand thing out there to get up in the morning at sunrise and behold the massive tree studded hills stretching skyward on every side. We are in the heart of the Olympics!

A popular hike from the springs is to the "Small" Divide, a distance of four and one-half miles. It's uphill—almost perpendicular at times—but you will forget that when you behold one of those baby lakes just visible through the boughs of the trees, and when you reach the top you'll not regret the hard scramble. Another popular trail leads up Sol Duc River to Canyon Creek, thence along that creek to the "Big" Divide from where one

obtains an excellent view of the snow fields of Mt. Olympics.

But the sublimest charm of the Olympics lies in the great, pillar like trees—the Douglass fir that dominates the Puget Sound country. What about these trees, of which we hear so much? To we who see only their beauty, they are big and green, and full of inspiration, but to the Puget Sound capitalist they are timber, and they mean millions of dollars. How many city people have ever seen a logging camp? Probably but few. Picture a miniature village consisting of small cabins or "bunk houses" flocked about a long structure called a cook-house and set down in a small clearing among the timber, and you have some conception of a logging camp. From here go forth the loggers after a hurriedly swallowed breakfast or dinner, not drunken nuisances as the city dweller sees them, but men. There are fallers, snipers, choppers, cross-cut sawyers, donkey tenders and what not, engaged in cutting down the big trees and loading the logs on to the logging trains to be sent to the saw. And one need not go far to find a saw mill on Puget Sound; every settlement has one or more. They supply the pay-roll of the Northwest, and they have made the towns.

There is something else that fascinates the visitor to Puget Sound; it is the spirit of the people—the spirit of the North. The people you meet walk with a quick and easy step; they are teeming with life. They go in for the big things—win big, lose big, and always with a courage that is indomitable. In general they disdain the petty conventionalities. Everywhere is reflected the spirit of the West, combined with the spirit of the North, and it spells life in all its bigness.



The Black Opal

BY
FRED EMERSON BROOKS

The Orchid gem; a fairy crown;
Like bits of stars that tumbled down
In dusky settings blue or brown
Long ages yore.

The virtues of all gems we know,
Whate'er their lustre, hue or glow
Australia's own black opals show,
And something more.

The morning's blush; the golden ray;
The clouds on fire at close of day;
The purpled hills where wild flowers play
That Nature bore;
The rose confessing to the dew;
The fickle ocean's changing hue;
The Southern Cross in midnight blue;
All these and more.

The palette where Jehovah laid
His every color, every shade,
To paint the universe he made,
Both sea and shore.
A shattered rainbow in a shell,
Its glories hidden where it fell;
The gem without a parallel—
All this and more.

Mother of fire that never burns;
Whichever way the jewel turns
Some new aurora one discerns
Unseen before.
When mother earth laid bare her breast
To show what jewels she possessed,
Black opal far outshone the rest
And something more.

A Cupid's heart on fire 'twould seem;
Or speckled trout in mountain stream;
The love glow in a maiden's dream
When hearts adore;
As sunbeams through rose windows fall
In halos on cathedral wall—
God's benediction to us all—
One blessing more.

Spirit of night, the soul of day;
Just how it glows no one can say
Save that it be some heavenly ray
Sent on before

Whose jewelled splendor typifies
The glory of the world that lies
Beyond the Gates of Paradise
Forever more.

A Landmark of San Francisco's Bohemia

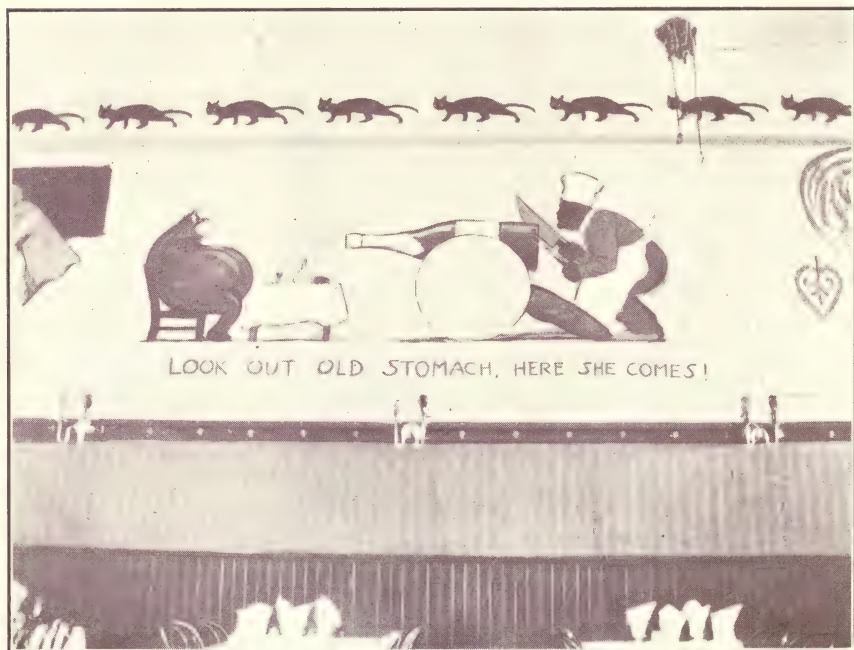
By Jean White

ONE of the most interesting places in the San Francisco of "before the earthquake" was Coppa's Restaurant, on the old Montgomery Block, midway between the Italian and the Chinese quarters.

Often, when the stores and offices were closed, at night, and quiet reigned where the busy traffic of the city had held sway an hour before, there could be seen a small but steady stream of people, moving toward the lighted window of the small room where many of them dined every night.

Men and women, they sauntered by, calling out greetings to each other as they came, for they were the writers and artists of San Francisco, well known to each other, and having more of the gay camaraderie of the Paris Boulevards than of the staid self-consciousness of an American street.

There was no attempt at "dress" among those diners. Each one wore what happened to be convenient. The people from "The Call," and artists from their studios on Telegraph Hill, and writers from here, there and every-



Panel cartoon on the wall representing Coppa taking a shot at a well known local "gastronomatician."



Panel cartoon depicting Coppa welcoming the "bunch," local Bohemians. The black cat ornamenting the frieze represents "Tombstone," a famous mascot of the Press Club, a decade ago.

where, well to do and half-starved, they all mingled without thought of what they might be wearing. Xavier Martinez, with his ever red tie, and long locks of straight black hair, always wore a velveteen coat, loose in cut, and baggy trousers which the persistent San Francisco breeze wrapped sportively around his legs. He often arrived before any one else, and was usually closely followed by Jimmy Hopper, who had not then begun to get five cents a word from the Saturday Evening Post, ever so often.

Then there would be Perry Newberry, in his jovial smile; of course, otherwise properly clothed, though no one was ever known to remember anything but the before mentioned habiliment. Nothing much ever happened until Perry came, with his little brown wife, well known and beloved, both as Bertha Brubaker and as Perry's wife. In solemn contrast to that Sunny Jim of a fellow was the tall and sedate Maynard Dixon, slim

and artistic in figure as in his skillful hands, which can do cowboys and Indians and deserts as easily as they could manipulate the slippery spaghetti. Slightly above the height of the rest who crowded around the plain pine tables, Dixon's genial eye was the focus toward which nearly everyone turned, and his was the tongue which oftenest started the talk, when the cups of black coffee came around and Coppa's settled down comfortably in his chairs for a confab on Art, and other things, but mostly ART.

Among the diners there would frequently be the two chums, the gentlemanly Porter Garnet and philosophical Harry Lafler, sometimes called The Fra. Harry always spoke in the low and convincing tones of a deep thinker, and was accorded due consideration therefor, though he modestly disclaimed any special merit for thinking the only really great thoughts of the century! Despite the kindly chaffing with which he was met, there was an

undercurrent of respect, even though he had not then become one of "The Century's" poets.

At a table, next the wall, you could see the California poet, George Sterling, his hat ornamented with a flower and his strikingly Indian profile carefully turned toward his vis-a-vis. The shadow of his really wonderfully carved face needed just the white background of Coppa's whitewashed wall, and Sterling never failed to get it.

"Little Billy" Wright, long since lost to California by the lure of New York, would be found at a table, flanked by several bottles, while he listened, open-mouthed, to "Jack" Wilson, who was not then the John Fleming Wilson who seems to have a story in every magazine you buy, but could spin sea yarns as well as he does now, and who delighted in nothing so much as in holding up a course of Coppa's dinner by one of his hair raising recitals.

Men and women, they ate and drank and talked, secure from unfriendly eyes. Every one around them was of their own world, and no one looked surprised if a gentleman chose to make the sketch of his new picture on the table cloth, or wrote a poem on a clean, starched napkin. Best of all, no one said "How Bohemian!" when somebody pulled out a palette and brushes and proceeded to decorate a bare space on the white walls. There were no craning of necks when a heated discussion arose and bits of charcoal were brought forth from pockets, and demonstrations of the point at issue were made on the menus.

As for Joe Coppa, he was a good business man, and so far from setting a limit on what a good housekeeper might have thought destructiveness,

he encouraged it all. Gradually, in fact, the commercial spirit got possession of Joe. He left a wide space on the menus, that genius might not be cramped, and proceeded to sell the fruit of his discretion to the sight-seers to whom knowledge of the place had begun to filter out.

At last strangers were admitted to the front part of the restaurant, where they might stare their fill at the lions carefully and ostentatiously secluded in the rear; paying, of course, for the privilege at double the amount of Joe's usual rates. Custom increased. Newspapers contained repeated references to San Francisco's Bohemian cafe. Tourists asked for Coppa's as soon as they got out of the Ferry Building, and tablecloths and napkins, adorned with the vagrant fancies of San Francisco's talent went up in price.

That was the beginning of the end. Art and Commerce clashed, as usual, and soon Joe's black eyes were filled with dolor, for the crowd which had made his fame forsook the place where unpleasant notoriety subjected them to the suspicion of playing to the gallery if they dared to more than eat and drink in silence.

Then came the earthquake, and after its ashes had settled, and the new city arose from its death bed, Coppa's had vanished. To be sure, Joe moved over on Pine street, and has been quite successful, but now the people that go there arrive in automobiles and wear jewelry and furs, instead of flowing red and black ties, and even the knowledge of the restaurant's early history is forgotten.

Meanwhile, among some dusty old negatives, there lay the only reproductions ever made of Coppa's most famous wall decorations. And here they are.



A Yellow Angel

By Jesslyn Howell Hull

THE Chinaman was anything but attractive, yet at the very first sight of him Cuddles testified to such rapture from her high chair that he just had to take notice, and one glance at the alluring little thing was all sufficient. Her bewitching babyishness crept right into the heart of the old pagan and made his dull eyes shine. He went nearer, holding out a hand. Cuddles twined all her waxen finger around it and the conquest of China was complete.

"Ah—nice blaby—Wah Shing like blaby—nice le'el blaby."

"Oo—Ah See—goo—goo—Ah See," cooed the child, and on the moment did the friendship of Wah Shing and Cuddles begin.

Wah was a silent, ugly looking old fellow, who preferred living alone in a clean little shack on the city's outskirts, to the crowded Chinese quarters. Every one shunned him, even his own countrymen, but his laundering was so perfect and his charges so reasonable that he was kept uncommonly busy in spite of a repelling personality.

But outward and visible signs were as nothing to Cuddles, and as time passed there was no mistaking her love for him—love which she proved in every way that baby wit could devise. Small wonder that Wah worshipped her and showed his adoration in a thousand ways, and nothing could exceed the loving care he put on her tiny garments.

By some reasoning of her baby brain, she seemed to know when to expect him, so twice a week, the little creature watched eagerly from window or yard for her beloved "Ah See."

When he turned the nearest corner almost on a trot, mutual delight was so evident that Mrs. Allen, the fastidious mother, had not the heart to deny them their play times.

The baby's favorite game with Wah was to push off her little slippers again and again, just for the fun of having her devoted slave put them on, to the accompaniment of the most gleeful chatter and laughter.

Thus it went on through the spring and most of the hot, record breaking summer, until one day as Wah reached the house at the usual time Cuddles was not visible. He went around to the kitchen door and knocked. Presently Mrs. Allen appeared, wan and tear-stained.

"Where blaby?" Wah timidly asked.

She told him that Cuddles was very ill—the doctor gave them little hope. Dropping wearily into a chair she sobbed:

"Oh, Wah, I can't give up my baby—I can't."

Wah's face took on a yellower hue—his way of turning pale. He looked around at the neglected kitchen, then picking up his bag of laundry, said:

"You leave allee work 'lone. I come back one hour. I tend things."

He returned so quietly that no one heard him. With deft hands he cleared up, and when later Mrs. Allen came downstairs to commence dinner, she found it on its successful way, for it takes a Chinaman to find anything needed without inquiry or effort. Her tired eyes showed gratitude.

"How Cluddles?" Wah inquired.

"No better—yet," she returned tremulously.

"You not blother 'bout anything—I

'tend ev'leething to-night," he commanded gruffly.

Early the next morning he was again at his post, and his throat rattled in some strange manner when he was told that the baby was barely holding her own. From that time on he quite naturally assumed charge of all the household duties, and took turns watching by the child's bed while the mother snatched needed rest, for the father, like the great majority of daily breadwinners, could ill afford to stop work for much short of death itself.

Now and then the baby rallied for a few moments, and seemed to recognize Wah by smiling weakly and clinging to his hard, old finger, while his eyes rained scalding tears of fear.

Came a day when they realized for sure that Cuddles would soon be beyond all earthly care. Wah was hovering very near when at last the baby soul passed on, and the young parents—strangers in a strange city—turned unconsciously to him for comfort.

He worked for them stoically—hiding his own grief as his race know how—and on the day of the burial he was invaluable.

The white hearse with its small burden, followed by a couple of carriages containing the parents and a few sympathetic neighbors, wended its slow route to the cemetery not so very far off. No, not so very far, but still rather a long way for a tired-out, grief-stricken, very old Chinaman to trudge alone, always keeping a respectful distance behind the procession, so that no one noticed him. Neither was he observed at the cemetery where, with face buried in shaking hands, he knelt out of sight, but near enough the tiny grave to hear the loved, little form gently lowered.

No one paid any attention to him as he stumbled back under the burning

sun—hurrying now, so that he might be home first to help baby's father and mother. Again he served them silently and well. As he was about to leave, Allen said:

"How much do I owe you, my friend, for your work—although money alone could never repay you for your kindness."

"No pay—all for Cluddles," he answered with quivering lips.

Allen wrung the old man's hand in heartfelt gratitude.

"But if we could only show you how grateful we are," Mrs. Allen cried. "Is there something we can do to make up for your lost time with your laundry work? You know how we feel—how we appreciate your goodness—don't you, Wah? You savvy?"

"I savvy," he answered, simply. "No pay—all for Cluddles—but I like blaby face—I like one le'el slippee—you no care?"

Allen looked puzzled, but mother-love understood perfectly. The baby's mother quickly brought him the last photograph of Cuddles, and one of her worn little slippers.

"I thankee. Ploor father—ploor mother—poor Wah Shing—we got no blaby now. Wah Shing sollee—but Cluddles all right now—Cluddles no more sick now. I come to-morrow, get wash. Good-bly," and Wah went out into the night.

The morrow did not bring him, so after the evening meal Allen went out to his shack. Receiving no answer to his knock he pushed open the unlocked door. Wah was lying on a cot in the bare, clean room as though asleep, but even as the visitor called to him, he realized that nothing more could bother the old Chinaman.

Propped up on a chair drawn near the bed was the picture of Cuddles; tightly clasped in a withered yellow claw was a worn little slipper.



'The One Who Cared'

By Helen Christene Hoerle

TALL, erect, her filmy yellow gown shimmering like a lone beam in the dwindling rays of the fast vanishing sun, Eleanor Whitman swung down Arbor street toward her home at the extreme end of town.

As she neared the railroad station, two men emerged, the taller of the two carrying a grip and evidently a stranger in town.

"Good-evening, Jack," Miss Whitman smiled on the shorter of the two, though her eyes dwelt for an almost imperceptible second on the tall, dark man.

Jack Tyler grinned a muffled greeting, and then the two set off briskly toward the hotel.

"Who's the girl?" Bruce Crompton asked eagerly, his deep set gray eyes following the supple figure.

Jack Tyler grinned. "Eleanor Whitman, our one and only celebrity. The writer, you know. She's a peach, too," he continued, enthusiastically, as Crompton endeavored to interrupt. "Dances like a nymph, full of fun, always in good humor—she'll laugh at her own funeral, I swear. But cold! Gee, she's as icy a proposition as ever I want to meet."

"Cold!" Crompton tried to picture the girl in yellow as cold.

"Yes, cold," Tyler declared. "Eleanor Whitman is over twenty-five. Oh, she'll tell you so herself, but she has always acted older. She is all surface—nothing underneath. She sure can write love stories, but when it comes to loving, the North Pole is a fiery furnace compared to Eleanor."

Crompton smiled. He didn't dare suggest to his friend that maybe the right man had never come into Miss

Whitman's horizon. But cold!

In the brief glance which had been accorded him as she flashed past, he had caught a glimpse of animated blue eyes and a tremulously smiling mouth. Cold! It seemed impossible. Every bit of her had seemed to radiate love, warmth. Cold! Crompton laughed abruptly.

"Laugh if you will," young Tyler growled dismally; "I know. I tried my luck and was laughed at for my pains. I bet you can't find a fellow in this town who could truthfully say he had even gotten far enough to hold Eleanor Whitman's hand. You might as well try to make love to the Sphinx as Eleanor. Last week, to our amazement, she announced her engagement to an Eastern chap. I bet he's never kissed her."

"I should like to meet the lady, if I might," Crompton said slowly. "Engaged or otherwise."

"Holy mackerel," his friend grinned in keen appreciation of the joke. "All right, I'll introduce you two celebrities. Come on; if we hurry we can overtake her. All we fellows call occasionally and take Eleanor out, but as for getting any nearer than the friendship stage, good-night. I'm keen to meet the man who has."

Facing about they set out at a brisk trot, after the speck of yellow in the distance.

"For a man who leaves civilization to-morrow for three years' sojourn in the wilds of Africa, you seem mightily interested in the other sex," Tyler grinned. "And an engaged girl at that."

Bruce Crompton smiled rather wistfully. "A man who may be going to death usually does queer things. Death

is a horribly grim companion, Jack. As he is to be my bed fellow for the next three years, I'd like to forget all about it for to-night." He laughed. "I've outwitted the old fellow many times, and I'll beat him again before I am snuffed out. But it isn't exactly a cheerful subject to meditate on. I'm quite harmless. The lady's heart is quite safe with me."

Young Tyler gazed admiringly at him. "You can laugh at death. Great Heaven!"

The speck of yellow was growing larger, and a little later they overtook Miss Whitman just as she was entering her own gate.

"Hello, Eleanor; I'd like you to meet my chum, Bruce Crompton. Miss Whitman, Bruce." Jack mumbled rather breathlessly. It had taken stiff walking to catch Miss Whitman.

Miss Whitman smiled and offered a cool, capable hand to the explorer.

"Won't you come up on the porch?" she invited. "It is so horribly warm."

"We can only stay a few minutes," Tyler apologized. "I promised the boys I'd bring Crompton over to the club."

"You leave for Africa to-morrow, don't you, Mr. Crompton?" Miss Whitman asked as she sank languidly into one of the big chairs, fanning herself with an unopened letter she carried:

Crompton flushed a ruddy red. His proposed expedition into the wilds of Africa had received almost as much space in the newspapers as the war.

"You bet," Tyler answered for him. "When I heard he had to pass through our little burg I wired him to spend a night with me——"

"With the result," Crompton smiled ingenuously, "that I came. I was glad of the opportunity of seeing Jack before I sailed."

Eleanor smiled back rather dizzily. That Bruce Crompton, the famous young explorer was sitting on her veranda seemed almost a miracle. And yet he was there! His long length of muscular manhood sprawled in one of her prized basket chairs.

When he smiled, little rivulets of

rippling wrinkles raced out from the corners of his level gray eyes, and caused one's head to spin with much the same effect as rare old wine. It was that smile of Bruce Crompton's which had pulled him out of many a difficulty and saved his neck many times in dangerous wilds. If the savage was susceptible to that smile, how could Eleanor Whitman withstand it?

"How would you like to be caged up here in our little town?" Eleanor asked—feeling that the question was horribly inane.

"So much that, if the ship would wait for me, I should surely remain longer," the explorer returned gallantly, his eyes saying even more than his lips. He was quickly forgetting that she was engaged.

"Another six months in civilization, and you would be a society bud, Bruce," young Tyler chided. "Don't you mind him, Eleanor. He's practicing flattery on you so he can cajole the black ladies of Africa. I'm sorry, Bruce, but I guess we will have to mosey along."

"So soon," Crompton objected. "If Miss Whitman will allow me, I should like to stay a little longer and chat. I'll come over later."

Jack Tyler grinned understandingly as Eleanor beamed her delight. Then he hurried away, disconsolately, without the prize he had hoped to exhibit at the club. Ten minutes later he was deep in a game of poker, and Crompton was, for the time, forgotten.

The twilight deepened. The moon crept up over the fringe of trees and washed the little cottage in its silver rays. Sitting in the shadows, her face a mere white blot among the dusty shadows, Eleanor Whitman spoke dreamily:

"Three whole years spent in search of a mere mirage, a dream, an uncertainty. How can you do it?"

The explorer shrugged his big shoulders expressively. "To find something that no one else could or would attempt; to do something that people believe impossible; to attain the seemingly unattainable: that has always

been my objective point."

Miss Whitman shuddered. "But suppose—just suppose—you never come back?"

Crompton laughed. "I lose my life and the company their money. It is a gamble."

"And if you win?" Miss Whitman asked quickly.

"Another of God's treasure houses will be open to man."

"Gold, always gold," Eleanor Whitman panted; "it is a curse."

"Gold, it is a blessing," Crompton corrected, softly. "If I find the 'Mirage,' it will mean wealth for hundreds of people and employment for thousands."

"And for you?" Eleanor leaned forward eagerly.

Crompton sighed. "The accomplishment of my goal."

Silence fell. A far-off frog croaked dismally. The moon floated across the deep blue velvet of the summer sky and the stars hovered near like attendants on their queen.

"The sky out there is so different from here, I wish you could see it," the explorer drawled. "I often wish I could write about it, but I can't. You seem so much nearer to your Maker in that hell infected wilderness. The infinite is far greater and we humans seem so puny."

The girl yielded to this new mood. "Yes?" she urged.

"It is a battle every minute of the day and night; at every step there is untold new dangers. It's fight, fight, fight; every fibre of your being is fighting against overwhelming odds."

"And when you win?" Miss Whitman's eyes were glistening.

"You want to begin all over again, and fight your way to something new." The explorer smiled at her incredulity.

Surprised at his own vehement eloquence, Crompton became silent. He had never spoken like that in his life before.

"But the ones you leave behind: what of them?" Eleanor's voice was trembling.

Bruce Crompton stared. Jack Tyler had said she was cold, cold—yet the warmth and strength of her magnetism overwhelmed him, and dwarfed his own personality into nothingness.

In a minute the desire to conquer the terrors of unknown jungles quickly paled. What did it all bring him but the feeble applause of a people and the shallow fame that, like a bird, flits all too quickly out of sight.

"There is no one to care," Crompton excused himself. "I have never made friends easily. All my people are dead. Jack is my only friend. If anything should happen he would be sorry for a few days and then he, too, would forget. It is his nature. There is no one to care," he repeated sadly.

"I care!" Miss Whitman cried, her breast heaving stormily. "I care. To think of a man sacrificing his youth, maybe his life, so that other men may be rich. It's horrible."

Crompton assayed to speak, but his tongue refused to move. Jack Tyler had said she was cold. Cold! Every particle of her body was made to love and to be loved. Bruce Crompton envied the Eastern man.

Suddenly Miss Whitman laughed, weakly. "Excuse me for making a fool of myself. But it does seem so—so cold blooded to walk out and invite death. I can't quite resign myself to the thought."

Jack Tyler had said this girl would laugh at her own funeral, yet she cried at the mere thought of another's death. How little they knew her, Crompton decided. All on the surface! She was all to the good, underneath. Lucky was the man who had won her.

Time, Jack Tyler and the club were all forgotten until the far-off town clock clanged eleven short, decisive strokes. Crompton sprang up, quickly.

"Eleven o'clock. Great Heavens! What must you think of me? I have to find Jack. Good-night and good-bye, Miss Whitman. I shall never forget this night."

Eleanor Whitman's lip was trembling as she placed her hand in his.

"I'll walk to the gate," she volunteered.

Down the narrow path, winding like a strip of silver through a lawn of emerald grass, they strolled.

"Sometimes you'll think of me," Crompton pleaded lingeringly.

"I'll pray," Miss Whitman choked.

"I can't say I'll even write if you will let me," Crompton smiled a twisted smile. "The postman in the jungle doesn't deliver your mail while you are enjoying your morning coffee and rolls. But may I send you a line when I can?"

She nodded dumbly, too overcome to speak. The diamond on her finger blazed angrily in the moonlight, sending out little sparks of warning. It was the token of her given promise. At the gate they paused, the man's eyes devouring every outline of the girl's white face. He was going away. Bruce Crompton knew better than anyone else the slight chance he had of ever returning. He didn't intend to be dishonorable to the other man who would have her always, while he had only this **minute**.

"Good-bye, Nell, dear," he whispered, and stooping suddenly from his great height, he swept the yellow-clad form into his strong arms and pressed a passionate kiss on her pale lips.

He was gone before Eleanor Whitman had recovered her usual calm. Her eyes rested for a second on the blazing white diamond and then with a little pitifully twisted smile on the corners of her trembling mouth, she turned and slowly retraced her steps toward the house.

* * * *

It was a balmy evening in early June. A man stood on the deck of an incoming vessel, which steamed through the Golden Gate into San Francisco harbor. A tall man he was, with hair gray at either temple; yet the sun-blackened face was youthful. His gray eyes, full of questioning and mystery, were turned wistfully on the city.

"It's nearly four years since I've been in the States," he apologized to

the newspaper men who surrounded him. "Four years is a long time to be away from home."

"We thought you had surely cashed in this time," an older man remarked.

Crompton laughed good-naturedly. "It will take more than a knock on the head and a case of jungle-fever to put me under the grass. My boys would not have dared deserted if they thought I had a chance to pull through; but they thought it was the last call for me." His jaw tightened grimly.

"We published some beautiful obituaries about you," a young reporter volunteered, grinning. "And there were Sunday feature stories galore."

Again Crompton laughed. "Well, here I am. I don't look very dead, do I? The only thing the knock out blow did that I can't quite forgive is that it took away my memory. I'm afraid it's not quite clear yet," he smiled wearily. "Come up to the hotel in the morning, and I'll tell you some things about the finding of the old 'Mirage' that will make Kipling's stuff look like the Dotty Dimple series in comparison."

Laughing lightly, just from sheer pleasure of nearing home he dismissed the men. So they had thought him dead. No wonder. For over a year he had been unable to contradict the boy's reports of his sickness and supposed consequent death. Crompton chuckled. In fact not until the reporters had boarded the steamer and spoken with him, had his escape been considered little more than a mere rumor. Crompton's eyes twinkled. It isn't often a man is permitted to read his own obituary notices in this world.

As long as there wasn't any one who cared specially whether he lived or died it didn't matter. Then he frowned. His mind wasn't quite lucid on that point. It seemed as if there were some one person who really cared whether he lived or died. He wasn't quite sure. That part was obliterated.

Crompton strolled along the pier, a porter at his heels with his luggage. Taxi drivers called to him, but he

waved them all away. He wanted to walk, to shout with the realization that he was home at last. He was back in civilization, everything around him testified to that fact.

An unsightly sign board on one side of the pier proclaimed in viciously brilliant reds, blues and greens that "The Only Boy" was the best musical comedy in town. The explorer held his breath in sheer delight at this all too evident mark of civilization. No matter how bad or good the thing might be he would surely go that very night.

On top of a building opposite, a bill board caught and held his wandering eyes: "The greatest Novel of the Year. 'The Happiest Girl,' by Eleanor Whitman."

Crompton stood like a man turned to stone as something snapped in his brain. Eleanor Whitman! He remembered! She had cried when he went away. She had cared whether he returned or not. He must let her know of his safety.

His brow wrinkled thoughtfully. There seemed to have been a barrier between them. He couldn't remember that. Calling a taxi, much to the relief of the perspiring, puffing porter, who had had difficulty in keeping up with the long strides of the explorer, Crompton was whirled away to his hotel. On the way he stopped at a book store and purchased Miss Whitman's latest novel.

Eleanor Whitman! He could feel her soft, pliant body pressed to his, and the fervent warmth of her clinging lips. For just one second they had stood thus. But Crompton felt assured that no woman could kiss as she had unless she loved the man.

Suddenly he seemed to see the cold, white diamond smouldering on her

hand. That was it. She had been engaged to another man. Crompton smiled sadly in self-pity. And he loved her!

For hours, Bruce Crompton either paced from one room of his suite to the other, or sat in a moody lethargy at the window, watching with unseeing eyes the street below.

Her kiss still lingered on his lips. It was four years. Heaven, how he loved her. And she had, like all the others, thought him dead. Had she cared?

Finally, not able to stand the uncertainty any longer, Crompton rushed downstairs, disdaining the elevator, like a man chased by members of the regions below. He would telegraph. What could he say? How could he ask her if she were married? But he must know.

At last he sent a telegram, concocted to his satisfaction. Was she married? Crompton tried to assure himself that she was, and kill the aching void in his heart at the thought. If she were he almost regretted that the fateful tree that had taken away his memory for nearly three years hadn't killed him on the spot.

In his rooms again he waited in awful anguish, trying vainly to concentrate his mind on Miss Whitman's novel. But her pleading face would dance over the printed words and the cold fury of that diamond would flash before his eyes.

It was hours later when the longed-for yet feared reply was handed to him. Before it was given to him he knew whom it was from, and fresh doubts assailed his mind. With anxiously beating heart, tremblingly his lean brown fingers slit the flap. The yellow slip contained the single word "Come."



East Is East

By Mary Carolyn Davies

BUT why won't you marry me?" asked the young man, as he had asked in the Ferry Building, at the Cliff House, on each of the rustic bridges of the Berkeley campus, and under most of the pepper trees and palms of the adjacent towns and villages during the latter part of the four months' vacation he had been spending in the West.

The girl looked round apprehensively, but no one was in sight on the little promontory except the granite Junipero Serra standing beside the granite prow of his boat and looking steadfastly out upon the Pacific.

"Sh-h. Don't let's talk about it, Richard," she said. "Let's look at the ocean; isn't it dim and gray and hazy this afternoon? See the sails of the little fishing boats out on the horizon with the sun in the midst of them—they're like white moths flying around a candle flame."

Richard's dubious face lightened. "Speaking of moths and candle-flames—" he began briskly.

"Um—they look like a paper chase trail in the mind," she amended.

Before he could answer a bugle rang out from somewhere behind them.

"That's up at the Presidio," she announced nonchalantly.

"The Presidio? Oh, yes, there used to be a fort here, didn't there? Tell me more about Monterey, Monica. You won't let me talk about—"

"I will," she promised hastily, "but just because I used to live in Monterey when I was a little girl I don't want to bore you. I've heard so many Easterners talk about the way we Californians, native born and self-made, boast about our State and show off the Missions and the big trees, as if we

had made them, that I utterly refuse to tell you a single Spanish legend about Monterey, unless you actually beg me to. Do you like it here, Richard?"

"It's great," answered Richard, with patronizing enthusiasm, leaning comfortably against the old priest's granite pedestal. "A lot of old landmarks and all that sort of thing, but you ought to see some of the old landmarks we have around New York—the tree where Henrik Hudson landed, the old Plymouth church, and——"

"I know it must be very interesting," answered Monica.

"Interesting!" Richard was mounted on his hobby now and like Pegasus it seemed to soar. "Why, New York is full of interesting spots; there's no place, after all, like little old New York! Of course, this is all fine," with a patronizing sweep of his hand he included the Pacific Ocean, with the little Spanish town, "but you ought to see New York."

Monica rose. "Shall we go now and stroll down into the town," she asked. "This is more fun than playing golf with the rest over at Del Monte, isn't it? I'm glad we escaped for the afternoon, aren't you?"

"I couldn't have stayed there with the rest of them," burst out Richard, as they walked down the sunny hill. "I wanted to see you by yourself, Monica; I wanted to make you tell me once for all——"

"Let's talk about something else, Richard," interrupted Monica, desperately. "Shall we go down and see the mission?"

"I suppose we might as well," answered Richard. "I've seen most of the rest of them, and since we're so

near—how dusty these roads are!"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when Richard tripped upon a loose board in the little walk. "And the way these sidewalks are kept up, or not kept up, rather, is a disgrace to any town. Why, in New York——"

"I know," interrupted Monica, gently, "I'm afraid the Spanish spirit of *manana* haunts us still."

The little mission stood before them. They opened the gate and walked slowly up the old path.

"It does give you a sort of feeling of awe," admitted Richard, "but you know the first time I went into Trinity Churchyard I nearly cried. There's something about that churchyard that catches your breath and grips you by the throat—it's the very pathos and dignity of it."

They were at the door now. They left the happy, everyday feeling of the sunshine for the dim gloom of the dead years within the little church. In the pews several Mexican women were kneeling stilly, and the spell of all the tears and prayers of the generation seemed to fall upon the spirits of the gazers.

"Dear little church," murmured Monica, softly, as she touched her hand to the door and passed out into the sunlight again. "I love it; I used often to come here to church when I was a little girl, and just to hear its mission bell pealing out again brings it all back."

"Yes, it's an interesting church," answered Richard, glancing back from the gate, "but you ought to see St. Patrick's Cathedral up on Fifth avenue. It's a magnificent structure. Why, it cost——"

Monica's store of facts and figures was mounting rapidly. The two strolled slowly up the lazy street past the curious-eyed, swarthy Mexican children, chattering tourists and the contented home folks of the town. The sun came slanting down upon the red tiles, searching them out as if they were rubies in the hilt of a sword, and bringing out all their radiance of color. It glared down upon the white adobe

walls and made them as dazzling white as glaciers.

Little 'dobe huts stood on both sides of the street. Low and squalid and unkept, they looked wistfully at the passers-by as if to ask permission to tell their stories. The wind and weather had bullied the little huts and made them give up their beauty, but they had clung stubbornly to their memories.

The white adobe walls had been discolored by many years of rain and sun and wind, and the 'dobe had cracked off and exposed the under layers in many places, but even the poorest 'dobe hut had a dignity that could not be ignored.

"You must tell me something about these old places, Monica," said Richard. "I know they must have stories."

"If you insist," Monica replied. "This is the Stevenson house," and she pointed to a two-story, rambling, wooden-looking structure. "It's used as a second-rate rooming house now, but it is one of the show places of Monterey, because it is the house where Stevenson lived and wrote when he was here."

They went farther up the sunny, deserted street.

"This is the house of the four winds," continued Monica, as they passed a low, square, box-like 'dobe house, more dilapidated than most of the others. "I'll tell you all the story of it some day."

"Very interesting," answered Richard. "I wish you could see Poe's cottage; we have it kept in perfect preservation. Of course the West has had so few writers that they would want to keep landmarks like the Stevenson house."

"Yes," assented Monica, "and this is the Sherman rose," she added, pointing across the street to where over a little, low old house and a broken-down fence scrambled a perfect mass of rose bushes covered with bloom.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Richard, involuntarily. "The Sherman rose? What is the Sherman rose?"

"Why, I don't know whether it is

true or not," answered Monica, "but according to the legend, the old, old woman who still lives in this house was Sherman's sweetheart, and when he was quartered in Monterey once with his troops he and she together planted this rose bush."

"Rose bush!" echoed Richard; "but there are dozens of rose bushes in that yard."

"No; that all belongs to the one original rose bush," she answered; "all those hundreds and hundreds of blooms. You see, it's so old now; it started so many years ago. And he told her that when their rose bloomed he would come back to her."

"And he never came back?" asked Richard, lowering his voice in unconscious tribute to the story and to the pathetic little heroine of it behind the drawn blinds.

"And he never came back," answered Monica.

She turned then and led him back the way they had come. "We can go to a dirty, tumble-down little hut with a floor of earth," she said, "that was the first opera house in California. Jenny Lind sang there. But we won't if you are afraid of getting cobwebby and dirty."

"I'm not afraid," he answered, and in a few moments they stood in the dim little hut.

"So Jenny Lind sang here," he said, reaching up to touch the ceiling. "Think of the magnificence of the opera season in New York every winter."

"Shall we go down to the beach?" suggested Monica.

"Let's," agreed her companion, and they strolled across the sand to a shady place, where they could watch the bathers.

Monica looked out dreamily to the horizon.

"It's a pretty little beach," said Richard. "Very pretty, but you ought to see the Long Island Beaches when the season is on: hundreds and hundreds of people, and—think of Coney Island, now," he chuckled; "what a contrast, if you could set it down op-

posite the Monterey beach here. Why --these people never saw such a crowd in their lives as they'd see then, I suppose."

"No," answered Monica, "I suppose not." She dug her two white hands deep into the wet sand and wiggled them through to the top again.

"Monica, began Richard, firmly, "you can't say 'Let's talk about something else' now, because we've talked about everything else. And you've got to let me ask what I came here for. Why won't you promise to marry me? Ever since I came West, four months ago, as you know, I've been in love with you."

"Yes," answered Monica, demurely, "you've mentioned it."

"I've mentioned it every chance I got," returned Richard, indignantly. "I've mentioned it and dilated upon it and bored you to death about it, and I mean to keep right on doing so, and I want to know why you keep saying 'No.' I don't think it's because you don't like me."

"Don't you?" asked Monica.

"Do you?" countered Richard.

Monica painstakingly examined all the white fishing boats within the curve of the bay, and looked up and down the beach with the intention, as it seemed to Richard, of counting each grain of sand before she answered his question.

"Do you?" he insisted.

Monica bent over to tie her shoe.

"I like you," she admitted, "but there is an obstacle."

"An obstacle?" Richard squared his shoulders. "Tell me what it is."

"It's nothing that you can help, Richard," she looked at him sadly; "it is a fault that you have. Oh, it isn't a fault," she amended hastily; "some people wouldn't mind it at all, but as for me, I know it would make my life miserable."

"What is it?" demanded Richard. "Tell me immediately."

"I don't like to tell you," faltered Monica.

"I insist."

"It wouldn't do any good," she pro-

tested, "You couldn't get over it if you tried, I know."

"What is this thing that would make your life miserable?" Richard seized her firmly by the shoulders as if to shake a reply out of her. "Why don't you want to marry me?"

Monica looked at him helplessly, then her gaze wandered to sea and sky again. "It's only—it's only," she said, "that I don't want to spend the rest of my life hearing what people do in New York."

"What!" demanded Richard, with a bewildered look in his face. "I do not know what you mean, Monica."

"Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't told you," gasped Monica, "because I know you couldn't stop it if you tried."

"I wish you had told me," he returned. "I don't know yet what you are talking about."

"You know what Kipling said about east being east?" elucidated Monica. "Well, it is; I didn't know it before, but I've learned it this summer. Kipling was right."

"East is east?" repeated Richard, in puzzlement.

"East is east," repeated Monica again, firmly.

"Well, but what has that got to do with me?" demanded Richard, excitedly.

"You're east," stated Monica, briefly and concisely, "and I know I simply couldn't stand the strain. You know, Richard, when we were down at Carmel and went to see the Mission there a few days ago?"

"Yes," remembered Richard; "it gives one such a spooky feeling walking across the floor of that Mission to know that one is stepping all over priests and governors of California."

"Well, the time we were in there you gave us a detailed directory of the Churches in New York," stated Monica, accusingly. "You told us all about them, and described them inside and out. You may have been looking in at the Mission, but you were thinking about how much bigger and better the New York churches were, and not only thinking, but saying it."

Richard was silent; he was beginning to understand.

"And then when we all went into the labyrinth at Del Monte this morning you didn't say anything until we had wound around and around, and I knew you were thinking of something better in New York to compare it with; then finally you said that it wasn't nearly so easy to get lost in as the Pennsylvania Station."

A grin of remembrance visited Richard's lips, then fled.

"You can't look at anything white," Monica went on with her indictment, now that she had started; "you can't look at anything white from the Campanile on the University campus to a wedding cake without it reminding you how much higher the Woolworth building is. I have nothing against Mr. Woolworth personally, but I wish he had been born in Java and been of a home-loving disposition. I haven't any prejudice in favor of California or Californians, but I have just about made up my mind that if I ever marry——"

"If!" interjected Richard, with violent indignation.

"If I ever marry," continued Monica serenely, "I shall marry some one who has never been East. I can stand sentences beginning 'When I was in Europe,' but there are limits to even my forbearance."

"But I hardly ever mention New York," protested Richard.

Monica looked at him, her eyes wide.

"I hardly ever speak of it at all!"

Monica was silent. She looked off into the distance pensively.

"Hasn't it Plato," she asked indefinitely, with plaintive tone, "who said that one-half the world didn't know how the other half lived? If he didn't know how the other half lived, it is plain to be seen that he had no tourist friends from New York."

From the door of one of the little Spanish cottages near the beach came the notes of a plaintive stringed instrument, and then a rich voice began very soft and low and sadly to sing *La Paloma*. Under the spell of *La*

Paloma in a Spanish town almost any eligible man and girl will become lovers.

Richard's hand stole out to meet Monica's, but she drew it away firmly.

"No," she said, fixing him once for all with her gaze and speaking in a determined voice. "No, Richard, I shall never marry a man from New York who has a good memory."

Richard thought of this for some time in silence.

"Is that the only reason that you won't marry me?" he asked.

"It is," returned Monica.

Richard meditated.

"All of us are going on a camping trip for two weeks to-morrow," he said, "and that will be the end of the summer's good times. I have to go home after that. Monica, if I never mention New York in all these two weeks will you promise to be engaged to me then?"

Monica looked at him with grave unbelief. A New York man refraining from mentioning his home city and the greatness thereof for two weeks! She had once thought, she reflected, that the labors of Hercules were difficult.

"Will you?" insisted Richard.

"It can't be done," returned Monica; "it can't be done, Richard; but if you do, I will."

The camping trip was proving itself a merry success. Every one was hilariously happy. Richard alone puzzled the rest of the company by his unusual silence, and by a strange habit which he seemed to have recently acquired of beginning a sentence and then pausing abruptly and never finishing it at all.

No one but Monica understood the reason for these strange changes in the formerly talkative member of the party, and Monica showed no sign of noticing anything unusual at all.

The two weeks was rapidly nearing its end. Richard was finding his position precarious. Eternal vigilance was the price of his safety; he saw many opportunities for reminiscence, but he did his best to check them in time.

When somebody praised the first supper in the woods, he began to tell of a certain little French restaurant in New York where the chef—but he stopped in time.

That the sunset on the twisting little creek reminded him forcibly of sunset on the Hudson he was able by dint of much self-control to conceal from his fellow campers.

He was beginning to hope. If only he could hold out a little longer! He had struggled valiantly for thirteen days. One day more—just to-day—and then the prize would be in sight. He thought of spending the day fishing by himself, so that he might get through it safely, but he could not bring himself to be away from Monica on the very last day of their good times together. No, he must stick it out.

At breakfast, Monica held up a tin cup of coffee. "To our last day," she cried gayly. "May it be a successful one."

The crowd took up the toast: "To our last day," they echoed; "to our last day!"

"To our last day," repeated Richard, putting his lips to his own shining tin cup, "may it be a successful one!" and he looked with desperate eyes across the newspaper table cloth spread upon the ground into Monica's laughing eyes.

As he handed her a strip of bacon from the frying pan: "It's till to-night after dinner, isn't it?" he asked, in a rapid undertone.

"Till to-night after dinner," she answered, turning nonchalantly to the girl next her. "Have some bacon, Madge?"

Dinner time found Richard's shield still stainless. He came to the table trembling with hope and fear, but stern with a mighty resolve. He would not say one word during the meal; he could not lose now when the end was so near. The only sure way was not to speak at all. It was prodigiously hard, particularly when a heated discussion was begun as to the respective merits of Rugby and Association, but Richard said never a word, although the hated

Rugby won triumphantly.

When dinner was over somebody found a bag of oranges, and began tossing them about among the lively group.

"These are awfully poor oranges, it seems to me," remarked one of the men, as he peeled his.

The chief grievance of his four months in California came upon Richard with bitter and sudden poignancy; he forgot his resolution.

"The California oranges aren't juicy," he began, with heated indignation. "The fact is, you can't get decent oranges in the whole length and breadth of this State. Now in——"

"Yes; what were you going to say?" asked the man at his right, politely.

"Nothing," said Richard, and lived up to it for the rest of the meal.

Ten minutes later in the shadow of the redwoods, apart from the rest of the campers, he was facing Monica triumphantly.

"Not once during the whole two

weeks," he cried, whisking a tiny, square box from some mysterious pocket.

"It was wonderful," admitted Monica.

"You didn't think I could do it?" he boasted.

"No. I didn't."

"That was nothing! Two weeks! I am going to do it permanently." His tone was proud. "Don't you think I can?"

"I wouldn't have before. But I do really believe that if you could keep from doing it for two weeks, you will always."

"I certainly shall. All it needs is a little will power." He kissed on the ring with the twinkling diamond.

"This is the greatest day of my life," he cried. "We ought to do something to celebrate the occasion. But what can we do in an out-of-the-way place like this? Now, if we were only in New York, we could have a celebration that would be worth while."

NIGHT IN LOUISIANA

Sonnet

The soft-voiced night wind whispers to the rose
 Its gentle-cadenced litany of love;
 Wooing with light caresses, while above
 The nightingale makes plaint of mythic woes;
 In far-off silvered revery the moon
 Dreams of the loved one, lost so long ago;
 Down to the great gray gulf the streamlets flow
 Tinkling the lilt of her old, sad love tune.

Ah, heart of mine, that in each breath of song
 Hears but the poignant note of quenchless pain
 Throb through the white night's spell of mystery!
 Down from the far-off stars, steep paths along,
 To-night, a ghost, She comes in dreams again,
 Bringing once more the old, sweet ecstasy.

FRANK NEWTON HOLMAN.

All in the Day's Work

From the Russian of V. Nemirovich-Danchenko.

By Alder Anderson

FIGHTING had just ceased. Officers and men were alike gloomy. Almost every soldier in the ranks appeared to be wounded. One had a bandaged hand; his neighbor, a bullet in the leg, limped painfully, using his rifle as a crutch; the head of the man behind him was bound up in a soiled handkerchief, from underneath which blood was trickling, and his cap was pushed right back to the nape of his neck. There was no sound of singing, as is usual when a regiment is falling back from the fighting line to rest; there was not even talking; nothing but the monotonous tramp, tramp, of thousands of weary feet blending into a sort of confused rumble with the metallic clink of steel. The colonel, the adjutant at his side, rode at the head of the regiment. He looked gloomier than anybody. His favorite charger had been killed under him, and he was obliged to bestride a huge, unwieldy artillery horse accustomed to drag heavy guns. Whenever he forgot himself, and relaxed his hold of the bridle, he was treated to a most unmerciful jolting.

Suddenly my eyes fell upon Saharoff, whom I knew to be an officer's servant. He was standing at the side of the roadway as the men marched past, attentively scrutinizing each officer. The man's extraordinary devotion to his very youthful master, Second Lieutenant Olenine—"Girlie," as he was called by every one in the regiment—was proverbial, and we all knew whose face he was now looking for; a face he would have to look for, alas! in vain.

Saharoff was in every way a unique

type of soldier. To begin with, his hideous appearance was notorious throughout the whole force. There was no trace of hair on those parts of his face where you might expect to see hair on a man—the jaws and the chin; but, as if to make up for this, the cheeks were covered right up to the eyes by a thick crop of bristles, which even made a very successful attempt to scale the nose. The ears, too, were completely hidden by a similar abundant growth. Awkward and uncouth looking beyond words, and lame into the bargain, he invariably walked stooping, as if bowed down by the weight of some terribly heavy, though invisible, burden. With all this, he possessed phenomenal physical power, combined with the long suffering disposition of one of those village dogs which patiently submit to have their ears pulled by every urchin in the place.

He was always ruminating and dreamy, and it would have been hardly less difficult to engage a lamp-post in conversation than to extract half-a-dozen phrases from him.

"Your honor, my master, Lieutenant Ol—" Sarahoff addressed our lieutenant who had just joined from Petrograd.

The officer did not answer. He even half-turned away, with an impatient gesture.

In spite of the snub, Sarahoff attempted to arrest the attention of the next officer who passed him. Again he received a rebuff. Then he caught sight of me, and gripped my hand. "Thanks be to God! Where is my master? You can tell me."

But like the others, I, too, held my tongue.

"Is it possible? Oh, God! Is it possible he is wounded?"

Silence, as before! No one of us was inclined to be the first to give him the bad news.

At last he decided to ask the men, and pushed into the ranks among them. He was soon told all he dreaded to learn. Half a score of the men had actually noticed how "Girlie" had been struck down by a bullet as he was running forward to the attack. After that no one could recall having seen him again. Perhaps the Red Cross men had picked him up; or, on the other hand, perhaps he was dead. Beyond the bare fact that he had fallen nothing was known for certain.

Saharoff, reeling out of the ranks as if he had received a blow, seemed to collapse utterly. He sat right down in the thickest part of the mud, an expression of saturnine despair on his face.

The pet dog of the regiment, Muharka, ran up to him and licked his face; but the unceremonious caress was absolutely unnoticed. Much perturbed by such reception, Muharka retreated a few steps, and began to bark, but to this fresh demonstration Saharoff remained equally unresponsive. Thereupon the dog, giving the case up as hopeless, put his tail between his legs and trotted quickly after the soldiers on their way to camp.

* * * *

The evening was cold, gray and miserable, and the thick, putrescent fog penetrated everywhere. Our tent was dimly lighted by a single candle. As soon as we entered it we flung ourselves down to rest. Now and again, as if grudgingly, we tossed a brief phrase at one another. No one had any desire for conversation.

About an hour had passed in this manner when the flap of the tent was raised, and Saharoff's massive frame filled the opening.

"Hello, Sarahoff! what's the matter?" I asked.

"I have looked into every ambu-

lance, your Honor. There's nothing—nowhere."

None of us needed to be told what Saharoff was referring to.

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Please, your Honor, a revolver."

"A revolver?" I had jumped to my feet.

"That's right, your Honor—a revolver."

"What for?" Can it be possible the fellow wants to shoot himself? was the first thought that flashed into my mind, though a moment later I found myself laughing at this wild flight of my imagination.

"I am going," Saharoff said, simply.

"Going! Where do you mean?"

"To look for my master. To find Lieutenant Olenine."

"Are you crazy, man? Don't you understand that, even if he has remained there still, the Turks have long ago occupied the hill?"

"That's right, your Honor."

"How the deuce do you think you can get there, then?"

"Please give me a revolver, your Honor."

"Don't you understand plain Russian, my good fellow? I tell you again you cannot go there. The Turks occupy the ground."

"That's right, your Honor; and I am going back. Others have had to remain there. What would it matter if I——"

This was probably the longest speech Saharoff had ever made in his life. He stopped abruptly. He had noticed the revolver lying on the bed I had risen from. He stepped quickly forward and made a grab at it. "This is all I want, your Honor."

* * * *

I have never been able to recall precisely how Sarahoff got out of the tent; although I know that we all looked upon him as done for. But in war, death is such a very ordinary occurrence, and everybody is always so ready to meet it, that we speedily fell asleep without, I am afraid, giving another thought either to Saharoff or to his youthful master, Second-Lieu-

tenant Olenine. During our slumbers, however, something very extraordinary took place.

Saharoff made all his preparations. The outposts were held by dragoons who had gone through the whole campaign with us, and therefore knew Saharoff quite well both by sight and reputation. As a matter of fact, however, they did not notice him until he suddenly appeared in their midst and announced his intention of going to look for his master.

However mad and extravagant such an enterprise might have seemed to us, these soldiers apparently looked upon it as all part of the day's work; as obligatory, indeed, in Saharoff's case, although they quite realized how risky it was.

"What a rum old stick you are!" said a dragoon. "How do you fancy you are going to recognize him in this fog? They are lying about in heaps out there."

"Haven't I matches? I have ten boxes," said Saharoff curtly. And, without more ado, he started on his perilous adventure.

For three hours he stumbled on in the darkness, his ears ever on the alert, to catch the sound of the Turkish soldiers, or the moans of the wounded. But he heard nothing but the wind rustling through the maize, for the inhabitants, under military instructions, had fled, leaving the harvest ungathered. Occasionally he was startled, but it turned out to be only a jackal moving in the same direction as himself, toward the battlefield where so many Turkish bodies lay scattered, or a hungry wolf running in and out among the half-rotten maize-stalks.

More than once he found himself at the bottom of a deep hollow, where all the tracks became inextricably mixed, and he would get clear of this only to stumble into a ravine which absolutely barred all farther progress. Then, face downwards in the deep, slimy mud, which afforded grip for neither hand nor foot, he had laboriously to retrace his path, and could get on his feet only with difficulty.

At last he was confronted by a steep incline. He began to clamber up, but had hardly made fifty steps when on the skyline he noticed several indistinct reddish blotches, which alternately increased in volume, then disappeared entirely in the drifting fog. These could only be campfires, and Saharoff realized that he was now quite close to the Turkish lines.

This was the moment to take his final measures. Very carefully, with infinite precautions, he placed the ten boxes of matches within the breast of his coat to keep them dry as long as possible. Then he lay down once more flat on his face and began to crawl painfully forward. With every step the advance became more and more difficult. It seemed as if the thick, tenacious clay were actually exerting itself to hold him back. At times he was nearly submerged by it. Finally, even his great strength proved unavailing, and he felt himself slipping helplessly downward.

The noise of his fall had evidently been noticed, for there was a flash and a report from above; but the bullet flew harmlessly far beyond him.

For some minutes Saharoff lay perfectly still, hardly breathing; but there was no second shot. Then the struggle between a man's grimly patient determination and an accumulation of dangers began anew, and Saharoff at length found himself on the battlefield. Through the fog, which had become still more dense, he could just make out dim, shadowy shapes moving to and fro, bending down now and then, as if searching for something on the ground. Saharoff well knew what sinister work was afoot. These were human jackals looting and murdering the wounded. God! would he be in time?

Then he saw that one of the shadows was coming in his direction. He became as rigid as if glued to the ground. Already the ruffian had stooped down; but before he could ascertain whether there was still breath in the prostrate figure, Saharoff had him by the throat in a grip from which there was no release, and the rising cry was strangled

into an almost inaudible death gasp.

* * * *

There were hundreds of Turkish bodies lying on the field, and Saharoff had to light many a match to examine them before he could distinguish uniforms. In and out among the heaps he crawled with the cunning of a cat, his eyes everywhere at once. He never gave himself a moment's rest; his courage never faltered. Desperate as such a search might appear to others, he himself did not contemplate even the possibility of failure. And at last he had his reward. His master lay before him, still alive!

Saharoff had come in the very nick of time. Towards the little hummock on which Olenine had fallen helpless, with a broken leg and a bullet in the shoulder, a group of those sinister ghosts was even now making its way. Within ten minutes, possibly less, the unfortunate young man's groans would, in all human probability, have been silenced forever, so as not to interfere with the ghoulish work.

* * * *

In the dim light of early morning our sentries noticed a strange figure stumbling towards them. One man had actually raised his rifle and was on the point of firing, when a hoarse exclamation—a groan rather than an articulate phrase—reached his ears. He was only just able to make out "Don't shoot! I am one of you. I am bringing in Lieutenant Olenine."

A moment later Saharoff reached the lines, and immediately fell down senseless, inert as a log.

Across the whole wide stretch of country occupied by the enemy the brave fellow had crawled on his hands and knees, his master fast-strapped to his back. He had foreseen everything, and had actually taken a towel and strap with him for this purpose. Until well out of range of the enemy's fire he had never once stood erect.

The success of Saharoff's daring exploit aroused as much enthusiasm as it did surprise, but he himself appeared to grow more taciturn than ever. When

we congratulated him he seemed hardly to understand what we meant. He never stirred from the ambulance to which "Girlie" had been taken. No nurse could possibly have been more devoted.

On the very first day when there was a respite from fighting, the entire force of which our regiment formed part was solemnly paraded. The senior General-in-Command was there in all his glory, surrounded by lesser satellites. He called for Saharoff.

Looking, if possible, more ungainly and ugly than ever, Saharoff slouched forward.

The General motioned for him to come nearer.

Still more embarrassed now, Saharoff obeyed.

"You are a true hero," said the General, "and I thank you." Thereupon, much to Saharoff's confusion, the General embraced him. Then the General continued: "You have proved that a loyal and devoted heart may beat in every one of us under his gray cloak. What you did was great, both in the eyes of your countrymen and before Heaven. Any man may bear himself bravely in the heat of battle; but to go alone, as you did, and carry off your master from under the enemy's very nose is a deed of which you may be very proud."

The General fixed the Cross of St. George to Saharoff's coat. "I call for cheers for our brave comrade in arms, Saharoff," he said in very loud tones. "Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" roared the troops.

And Saharoff, the new decoration on his breast, shuffled back into the ranks, tears streaming down his cheeks. The thundering "Hurrahs!" followed him; and "Hurrah!" was still being shouted long after the object of this imposing demonstration had disappeared again into obscurity, much perturbed in spirit and greatly wondering why so much fuss should be made about something that to him seemed to be merely part of the work he had undertaken to perform when he became Second-Lieutenant Olenine's servant.

Three Days

By John Peale Bishop

THE wife of Thomas Hales stood in front of the fireplace and stared into the mirror. There she saw the face of the woman who had lived with him for fifteen years—the woman who drove with him behind the two black horses which were his pride; who sat with him on Sunday mornings in the high backed pews which had sheltered the devotion of the Hales for three generations, who had met and received the dreary people he called his friends. One is aware of many things which only the painful moment brings into active consciousness. So it was that, at this moment, the change of those years was borne in upon her. It was not the touch of grey in the hair brushed back from the forehead, nor the suggestive wrinkles about the eyes and mouth. These were to have been expected. It was that the old sensitiveness, the eagerness for life, the enthusiasm for the mere essentials of living had changed to an immobility, too cold to be flattered by the name of reserve. Under the mask she saw, too, that other woman who had lived the same period under the roof of Thomas Hales without his knowledge, whose life was lived in the love of one man whom Thomas Hales had never seen, and whose passionate tenderness found its expression in the one thing left them—words. As the servant entered to light the lamps she saw, by the yellow candle-light, but a single face in the mantel mirror; but, for all that, two women looked out through the eyes of Margaret Hales.

As she turned to pick up the book which the early autumn twilight had compelled her to stop reading a little

before, she heard the heavy outdoor door open and close.

"He has returned," she thought, and could not repress a feeling of annoyance.

"Jenny, I will have my tea here," she said to the maid, just leaving the room. Her eye returned to the printed page:

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead

Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled

From this vile world——"

Her husband entered. She met his eye with a sense of injury at being interrupted. Yet there was something in the comfortable commonplaceness of his expression that gave her courage once more to play out the part she had chosen.

"You are late," she said, simply.

"Couldn't be helped, couldn't be helped—sorry, but charity cases can be most demanding—worse than others I say. Uncommercial and unsatisfactory. That's what I say."

Thomas Hales settled himself comfortably before the fire. The warm light lit up his naturally flushed face, and shone in his heavy gold-rimmed glasses.

"I suppose a man must do something for other people, but Mrs. Smuggins had so little fire. One can't be charitable in a cold room, 's what I say. Only son's dead, she's a bit to live on, but takes it hard. Life was pretty well centered in him."

The servant had entered with a tray.

"You will have tea?"

"No, no, thank you. A little whisky, though."

"Whisky and soda for Dr. Hales, Jenny."

The life of the woman whom Thos. Hales had married was to go on as usual.

* * * *

In the fall of 1893, Jonas Scudder prepared to take up his residence in Paris as the representative of a certain once respected business house, which, owing to a series of unfortunate administrations, no longer exists. With him was his daughter Margaret, a girl of eighteen. Scudder, always a delicate man and accustomed to shift every possible burden to healthier shoulders, gave over the care of his daughter to his cousin, Amy Scudder, whose death some ten years ago was mourned as so great a loss to American sculpture, at this time a student in Paris. Margaret at once became a member of the circle which, with more or less regularity, appeared at Miss Scudder's studio to keep watch on the progress made in the huge panel in high relief on which she was then working, and to take advantage of the usually forthcoming invitations to those dinners, scarcely less famous in their way than this particular panel, which indicates the high water mark of Amy Scudder's early achievement. A third attraction of a handsome, impressionable American cousin did not perceptibly decrease the number of her visitors. It was here that Margaret Scudder met Ernest Dowson and that other short-lived genius, Edward Moore Gresham, whose work has so recently been brought to the notice of the public, George Donsberry, and to come closer to the tale at hand, Alexandre Bainville, critic, man of letters, gentleman.

Bainville was at this time at the height of a career which promised more brilliance than the future revealed. A little above forty, he had achieved those good looks denied to men under thirty-five. Care-free and easy in his manner, he welded every company into a unit by making one of

their number the unfortunate target of his wit. He affected the freedom of a bachelor, while speaking of his impossible wife with the utmost respect, possibly because the unfortunate creature had made his literary career capable of prolonging itself past the age of twenty-two, the time when so many ballad makers become brokers, and incipient critics are crushed into clerks by the law of nature which demands a perennial supply of food, and the law of man which requires all persons to go about fully clothed.

Margaret fell at once under the spell of this man, so many years her elder, as indeed every one had done before her. Yet from the first there was a difference in her attitude toward him. Perhaps others preferred to be amused by Bainville, while she sought and found something else, which in the beautiful nomenclature of youth she called inspiration. He was not without strength, however, and Margaret, with the unlimited enthusiasm of eighteen, saw his neglected opportunities still before him, fields waiting to be conquered, his aimless youth about to transform itself into a gloriously definite age, and his brilliance a splendor needing only the mirror of admiration to reflect its true glory.

It is unnecessary to trace the development of her relation to the older man nor to respect certain apparently unfounded stories which passed concerning them. Suffice to say that when Jonas Scudder's death in January, 1895, necessitated her return to America, Alexandre Bainville was as much a part of her life as those primal tendencies which our remotest ancestors have kindly bequeathed us and from which we find no civilization able to deliver us.

Her life for the first few months after return was difficult in the extreme. There are certain natures in which the adjustment to circumstances and the increase of the perceptive faculties form the warp and woof of life. In her case, the first was a constant struggle, external relatives appearing chiefly in the form of a very ancient female

relative, with surprising vagaries of temper and an unwavering grasp on the purse strings. But the more difficult these outward relations became, the more she tended to find refuge in the letters of Bainville which persisted with fair regularity. At first they were a connection between her and the life she had left: to him they were a tribute to the first woman who had been to him anything more than a convenience or an amusement. Later, under the influence of time, the passion between them became itself a finer and truer thing. To her it was the necessity of clinging to the one vital and true thing left her; with him it was the middle age cynic grasping still at the fragment of youthful idealism left him. At all events with her it became the expression of all that could be truly called her life. Into these letters she poured every thought, every emotion, every experience which seemed to her worth more than the life of a moment. In short, the current of events centering about her in the little New England village were an existence, her correspondence with Alexandre Bainville a portion of her external life.

There is something in all women which craves the defense which marriage alone gives; that traditional institution is a sort of bondage they willingly accept to gain a larger freedom. Perhaps it was this Margaret Scudder sought, aided by the dread of the repetition of the stories, concerning her relation with Bainville, of circulation of which she was quite aware. Perhaps it was the feeling that her outward circumstances could not be worse, nor would a change in them affect this more vital life she led in spite of them. At any rate a little more than a year after her return she married Thomas Hales, physician and trustee of the First Presbyterian Church. Hales was one of those comfortable individuals who apply the ideas of the preceding generation to the problems of his own and are completely satisfied with the result; who always follow their conscience with-

out troubling themselves to give this guide a careful going over in an age to set it right, much as if a man should refuse to correct his grandfather's clock which had not run down since that gentleman's death, but had contracted the unfortunate habit of losing half a minute daily about that time. The match was not a mistake, however. The couple were blessed with childlessness, and Thomas Hales beamed with his particularly beaming eyes on his wife, whom he did not in the least understand, but somehow felt to be superior to any other woman he knew.

* * * *

Margaret's life, then, had gone on with monotonous regularity for fifteen years. Beyond the necessary adjustments, there was little change save that Thomas Hales tended to recede further and further into the background the oftener she looked at his sun-flushed countenance across the dinner table, and Alexandre Bainville stood out in more heroic proportions with each letter that passed between them. All this had gone on so long that Margaret felt it to be the course of her life, unchangeable and unrevocable; yet three days before Dr. Hales entered the library on the day mentioned to discourse on the woes of Mrs. Smuggins, his wife received a cablegram with the brief message that Alexandre Bainville was dead.

This, then, was the problem with which she had been tormented during the succeeding days, which she had met at all turns, and by which she had been baffled—all under that mask of cold reserve which had proved a like defense on less trying occasions; this was the question which must be answered before her spirit broke under the strain—could she endure with only the dreary existence before her which till the death of Alexandre Bainville had had an excuse for being, but now was emptier than any non-existence could be after her body was laid in the grave? One-half her life, and that the half for which the rest existed had been cut off; why keep the

casket when the jewel was gone or hold to the sheath that no longer held a sword? Two days had passed and there was no answer; the third was drawing to a close. An no answer.

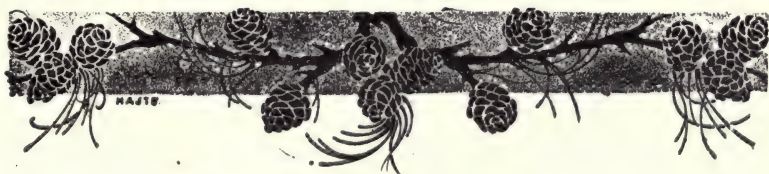
That night she dressed with more than usual care; perhaps it diverted her mind, or may be she had learned to attend to the numerous affairs of everyday life with a full current of running beneath the obvious attention. As the candlelight fell on her pale skin, and lit the fine face with its dark full eyes, Thomas Hales felt himself fortunate beyond his desserts. There was little conversation during dinner, and later, when her husband bade her goodnight in order to finish a weighty matter involving much correspondence and a due outlay of thought, she called for a heavy fur cloak, and with orders that the lights should be extinguished at the usual time stepped out into the chill air. She walked directly around the house into a little garden of her own planning. A stone wall enclosed the whole plot with a sunken portion in the center sheltering a small pool. The dry, crisp leaves, blown across the walks, crackled under her feet, and the withered shrubs rustled as her cloak brushed them. Down the steps she passed to the edge of the pool, and then sat on a low stone bench.

It was cold, but very clear, with no wind, and despite the situation, she felt a strange feeling of relief at escape from the house. Here at least she was free from interruption; here her soul was her own. She glanced upward into the alluring gloom and vastness of the night with that feeling of exaltation which comes from a sense of escape from the limitations of matter. That view of the unbroken sky with its innumerable populace of stars gives a sort of freedom from space,

time, gravitation and every limitation save that of sight. She could not but feel it, and somehow it became a symbol of the soul of Alexandre Bainville, freed now from all the littleness and weakness of flesh and the stagnant pool, covered with dead leaves, became her own life. The pool might mirror the star, but in her there was no sense of communication with the man she loved. How long she sat there I do not know, but the Pleiades were high overhead, when she realized how cold she was, and turned toward the house. The door was unfastened and she entered as noiselessly as might be. The hall was dark, save for the break made by the great window over the stairs. With the aid of the balustrade she groped her way, up, up, and it seemed to her that this was her life, groping always in the dark with only a chill, far-off light. On the landing she paused and looking out through the window saw again the luminous night with its wonder of stars. Then, suddenly, and yet gradually, she was aware of the old sense of the nearness of her lover. A stretching out as it were of his hands through the darkness, a groping which she needed only to answer. Quickly she passed to her room. There was no feeling for the way, no sense of obstruction. The light at her desk was burning; she picked up a sheet of paper and sat down eagerly to write:

"Alexandre, until this very instant for two weeks—I have known no communication with you, have had no line from you, have written you nothing. Within the past three days I have descended into Hell and lived the life of the dead. Now I am risen again——"

I do not know how long she wrote, or how the letter to the dead man ended.



The Wolf-Dog

By Dorothy Miller

BILLY eagerly watched his master put away pan, pickaxe and shovel. Hungrily wistful, he eyed the old miner as he split firewood and propped up the fallen corner of the camp stove with an empty condensed milk can. His joyful yelp dwindled to a disappointed whine when he discovered that the pork and beans sizzling over the fire were not for him. Billy's wagging tail, eager eyes and quivering body plainly asked for something to eat.

"Here, you lazy brute!" growled the miner. "Stuff!" And he threw the dog a hunk of dried salmon. Billy snatched the food, dodging with an ease born of long practice the kick that went with it.

The bit of food didn't half satisfy the dog's ravenous appetite, but he knew better than to beg for more. So he crouched in the corner and adored his master with speaking eyes. To Billy, the knarled old man with the bleary eyes, unkempt hair and beard, greasy clothes and evil temper, was the personification of glorious power and wisdom. To be sure, there are unpleasant things connected with a temper, but a dog will avoid those if he is wise. So sagacious Billy crawled under the bunk when he observed his master take the stopper from the black bottle and drink long swigs thereof.

As the dog lay on the floor with his nose to the crack between the logs, a strange odor filled his nostrils. He twitched uneasily. It was "man" smell, certainly, but it was a strange one. Billy whined suspiciously, and thrust a distrustful nose from under the bunk.

His master, who by this time was

most hilariously drunk, saw the sniffing nose protruding from under his bunk. Poor Billy felt a rough hand seize him by the scruff of the neck. He knew what that meant, and tried to wriggle free. A whip curled about the writhing body and left a line of blood showing crimson against the gray fur. The dog yelped, and the miner laughed drunkenly at the animal's pain. Again and again the cruel whip scorched the bleeding body, till finally the man wearied of his amusement. So he threw the now moaning dog into the corner and kicked the unresisting body.

In spite of his pain, Billy sniffed again the slight, unpleasant odor. He cocked inquiring ears, wrinkled his sharp nose, while his searching eyes roved round the room, from his master now sprawled on the floor in a heavy torpor, to the disheveled bunk and the cluttered table, to the piles of gold-dust pokes in the corner, to the window—and there they stopped. His baleful green eyes glared full into the sparkling black ones of a strange man.

A shove, and the door flew open. Billy pulled his aching haunches together and crouched ready.

The stranger glanced eagerly around him. Greed flashed on the dark features when he saw the pokes. He laughed softly. "Tom," he said, "I've got you now. You did me dirt once, but you never will again." He pulled a hunting-knife from his belt and stooped.

Billy sized up the situation instantly. An inarticulate snarl, a flash of gray, and he was on the intruder, seeking to bury his terrible fangs in the man's throat. He felt the sharp

knife graze his already bleeding flesh, but it only added fuel to the fire of his brute rage. He saw the man snatch a stick of firewood, but his hold did not loosen until something heavy thudded on his skull and darkness blotted out the scene.

* * * *

As the cold dampness of early morning filled the cabin with wet chill, Billy stretched and sought to open his eyes, in spite of the matted blood that clouded them. He yawned prodigiously and crept to his master's side, nosing away a bloody hunting knife. Again a whiff of that awful smell. A whirlwind of recollection stormed through the husky's brain. Billy was no fool. He knew Death when he saw it. And now his anguish was pitiful. In agony he licked the cold face and gashed breast. All day long he watched by the body, silently, except that he would occasionally lift up his throat

in a long howl like the wolf who mourns his dead mate.

The red sun hung low behind the hill slopes. The sparkling headwaters of the Klondike danced in the crimson glory of that midnight sun. A fresh night breeze blew from down the valley, and softly whispered a funeral air to the sympathetic pine branches.

Billy sniffed that breeze. He sniffed it several times. He wrinkled his nose in the direction of the hunting knife. He bristled. He lifted up his throat to howl—but this time it was the cry of the beast who smells meat. Billy was hungry. Well, he must hunt his own food now. New vigor filled the sturdy limbs. The slinking tail was reared triumphantly aloft. A vengeful light glowed in the sulphurous eyes. With nose to the trail he relentlessly followed that now familiar smell. The wolf was stalking his prey.

"GIVE US THIS DAY"

The cattle on a thousand hills are Thine,
And all the land;
The riches of the world are lightly held
Within Thy hand;
The powers of the universe are swayed
By Thy Command.

The lilies of the field are richly robed,
The sparrows fed;
Yet could Thy well-beloved claim nowhere
To lay His head:
According to Thy wisdom, Lord, provide
Our daily bread.

If poverty be best for those whom Thou
Dost close enfold,
The priceless dower of want or sorrow, pain
Or shame untold,
Then be it so! It is the good Thy love
Wilt not withhold.

RUTH E. HENDERSON.

In the Lynx Home

By Lyman Seelye

SEATED around the camp fire at Rickerts, the old woodsmen related tales of thrilling adventure and hairbreadth escapes, thus passing many an hour that might have been, and often is, in such places, worse spent. Owing to the length of time they had been in camp, they had almost exhausted their stock of yarns; except for two young men, neither of whom had passed his twentieth milestone.

Long Pete was the head faller in the camp, and young as he was, no one could place a great tree—usually sawed while standing on spring boards from eight to fifteen feet from the ground—more truly than he. Roy Davis was a New England boy who, by doctors' orders, had been taken from school and sent to the evergreen forests of Puget Sound.

One evening after half of the men had curled up in their bunks, a resolution was unanimously passed that the "kids take the floor and furnish the next evening's entertainment."

Roy protested that his life had been an uneventful one, though he had often wished that something might happen to give it spice.

Peter remarked: "Nothing ever happened to me, but I presume there will to-morrow, for Murphy is sick, and if Mr. Rickerts can spare him I would like to have Massachusetts help me."

Rickerts glanced at Roy.

"I should like very much to help in falling, but was never on a spring board, and, as you know, I have sawed but little," the boy replied.

"To-morrow's work will not be on the boards, as there is a twelve foot cedar to cut low, and unless the hollow is greater than it appears, we will do well to get it down."

As they retired to their bunks, one of the men called after them: "Be sure, kids, to hatch up something for to-

morrow night."

Roy was only a flunky—a stable cleaner, floor scrubber, water carrier and general waiter—so he was glad to get away from the drudgery even for a day. He liked the stalwart Pete who had secured him the job when they met on the streets of Bellingham a few weeks before, and he was already dreaming of the time when he could exchange his place for that of the skilled woodsman and the fully treble pay.

In the morning, an hour was spent felling a smaller tree on the lower side of the great cedar, as this would furnish a staging that would place the sawyers on a level with each other. The rest of the forenoon they used in making what is called the undercut; that is, they cut a notch in the side of the tree, facing the direction they wish the tree to fall. In this case, they sawed as deep as they could with an eleven foot falling saw, which took them into the tree about three and one-half feet. Then they made a new kerf about three feet above the first, and turned the edge of the saw downwards, so that the two kerfs would meet at the inner edge. This would remove from the tree a wedge shaped piece, three and one-half feet thick at the outer edge, and measuring nine feet along the inner edge.

About an hour after dinner they finished sawing the under cut, and quickly pried out the great wedge of wood. The tree was hollow, as most large cedars are, and had a cavity that measured nearly eight feet at the ground, but it tapered rapidly as shown by the shape of the trunk. They had cut through the shell, and the hole was about three feet long, with the widest part showing an open space, of something more than a foot.

Their saw would not reach across the tree, so it was necessary for one

of the boys to get inside the cavity, which would enable them to saw on the edge of the shell. It did not seem to Roy that the hole was large enough, for one of them to pass through; but Pete only smiled at his doubt, and after explaining how the work on the outside should be done, threw himself flat on the stump, face downward, and with seeming ease slipped into the hollow. His feet scarcely had disappeared, when his face reappeared in the opening, and he laughingly said:

"This will be nice and warm." Then after a momentary sniffing of the air: "But hanged if it don't smell as if there was an animal in here. Ding bust it, what is this?"

There was rotten wood falling all over the woodsman, and following a sliding, scratching noise, there came a blood-curdling scream, and a large animal slipped from above, and came to the ground beside him.

Long Pete made a dive for the opening, but another pair of eyes had seen it at the same moment, and another sinewy form had plunged madly for it, with the result that two heads, one being that of a Canadian lynx, came through the hole at the same time. As neither head had come through the opening exactly in the center, it was impossible for either pair of shoulders to pass through at all. As the two natural enemies were forced to stop, they recoiled from each other, and in so doing, both were wedged firmly near their respective ends of the opening. The lynx was struggling like a demon in an endeavor to tear the great tree from its foundations, with eyes blood-shot, tongue protruding, and all the time screaming and snorting in a horrible manner.

Roy grasped an axe, but saw that he could not strike an effective blow, and Pete, knowing that the animal wounded would be more dangerous than when uninjured, bade him to not attempt to hit him. Then he told Roy to get a spring board, and push it in the hole in a way to protect his face. When this was done, Pete passed his arm over the back of the lynx, and pulled

him to the middle of the opening, the brute screaming, spitting and scratching in a manner that would have torn the boy in pieces had it not been that the pressure on the animal being on the side away from him caused the lynx to strike in that direction.

When Pete's steady pull had released the brute's neck from the three-cornered grip, it plunged forward and landed squarely on Roy's shoulders. Although its claws, working convulsively, made cruel gashes in the boy's flesh, it did not really attack him, but seemingly dazed by the turn of events, was merely exhibiting its natural ferocity.

Smarting with pain and thoroughly frightened, Roy started to run down the steep hill, on the crest of which the great tree stood. He had taken but a few steps when the lynx suddenly sprang sideways into the thick growing salal bushes.

The boy, however, had too much momentum to stop on the side hill, and ten minutes later his comrades found him, bleeding, stunned and unconscious, in the trail at the foot of the slope.

Meanwhile Pete was having a rather rapid succession of thrills, for he had no sooner attempted to extricate himself from his awkward position, when another lynx dropped on his back, and commenced screaming and spitting as it felt its footstool quiver. As is the wont of its kind when excited, the great cat kept the claws on its front feet working, and in this way severely scratched the securely imprisoned man. In a few moments, the brute, seeing the way apparently clear, sprang through the opening and disappeared in the forest.

A third lynx acted precisely as did the second one, and was followed by a fourth and a fifth; each in turn making about the same amount of trouble before breaking for the brush cover. Through the trying ordeal the boy succeeded in keeping quiet.

Then came a moment of suspense, and believing the hive to be empty, he began to crowd towards the center

of the opening. At the first movement, savage snarls above him told that his troubles were not yet over. For a full minute he kept perfectly still, all the time pondering over the best plan for escape. He suspected that the creatures that had gone before were but a happy family of kittens,—though each one was large and strong enough to pull down a deer—and that the one above was the mother lynx, which is one of the most ferocious creatures in the animal kingdom. He knew that in his vest pocket there were several matches, and slowly he lifted his free hand, with the dimly formed plan of lighting them, and in the flash and smoke they would make, gain a chance to crawl from his present predicament. Before he could reach them, the lynx came down, not on his back as the others had done, but beside him.

She was snarling and growling as she came down, and when she had sniffed him over, she gave two or three blood curdling screams. Long Pete kept perfectly quiet, but his feelings can be better imagined than described, securely trapped and at the mercy of the great cat.

The lynx raised on her hind feet and stuck her head through the opening, then turned her nose to the boy's face, she sniffed that over and emitted another of her horrible screams, and he thought his last moment had come.

There were four dogs down at the camp: a white spitz, a pair of fox terriers and a large mastiff. These had been attracted by the continued screams of the wild beasts, and at this critical moment a little woolly dog bounded on the stump, and with a fierce bark rushed at once to the lynx, which, dodging sideways, was caught, just as the boy and the first one had been.

That one had struggled violently to free itself, but that seemed like child's play when compared to the pandemonium that ensued. The spitz was quickly joined by the terriers, and the three, barking furiously, combined with the big cat's spitting, twisting,

snarling and screaming—all within two feet of the boy's tightly held face—was, as Pete afterwards remarked: "Enough to paralyze one."

Several times her swinging claws caught the boy's corduroys, slitting them as with knives, and leaving long cruel gashes in the flesh. This pain, together with the nerve shaking position, caused the sturdy woodsman to wildly shout in unison with the other turmoil.

In the midst of the uproar, old Brave, the mastiff, came upon the scene, and with a howl of joy, grasped the lynx by the nose. Pete at once pulled the brute to the center of the opening, when had he not aided the dog in forcing her out, she would have pulled him into the hollow. Their united strength brought her shoulders through the opening, when she suddenly sprang forward, the dog and lynx went rolling down the hill in a death struggle.

Long Pete did not wait to ascertain if there were more members of the lynx family in the tree, but hurriedly worked himself loose, and had nearly crawled from the stump when a half-dozen loggers attracted by the unusual commotion, reached him. Two remained with the badly wounded boy, while the others rushed to the aid of the dogs. The victorious lynx had just killed the last one as they came up, and did not hesitate to charge the men; but a well directed blow from a woodsman's axe cleft her skull, and ended the combat.

An examination of the tree showed the hole through which the animals entered their home to be under a root, and the felling of the smaller tree had completely closed this.

Four hours later when the hurriedly summoned doctors had finished patching the two boys, and had passed judgment that they would recover, Long Pete whispered faintly to his comrade:

"Have you had spice enough for one day, Massachusetts?"

And Roy answered: "Yes, and pepper, too."

A Daughter of the Sun

By Billee Glynn

Part I—Chapter I

IT WAS one of those little towns in California—scented and quiet—that unfold rose-like to the sun. Indeed, it was noted for its roses, for its red throated poinsettias—flaring Christmas fire flames midst their rippling verdure; for its prodigality of foliage and blossom generally—from the sea-green spray of its fountain dropping pepperwoods and weeping willows to its knarled, tworled oaks, graceful to their topmost branches in ivy. In these things its people vied with one another and prided themselves—and were rewarded by the exclamations of surprise and delight of the strangers who entered their gates—always to linger, if they could. So the town nestled there in its half-wayward beauty like a dream of Pan to the music of its gurgly brook, its wide avenues not cutting it cruelly as thoroughfares do, but lying like silk ribbon white and gleaming in the sun—and even their echoes spoke softly and disturbed not the peace. In it all, its people moved with an infinite content, forbearing the strenuous, satisfied with the melody of life under skies that were ever blue, and its daughters grew up slim and beautiful with the haze of summer in their eyes.

It was into this environment that John Hamilton stepped one morning early in June. The dew was still on the rose bushes, and pearly the hedges the damp nectar of a thousand flowers in the air, and the man paused more than once on the way he was going, drinking in the unusual beauty of the little scenes which unfolded to him. He was a strayling, a miner by occupation, John Hamilton, with be-

hind his apparent nonchalance the quick sense of appreciation, particularly in matters of nature, that most straylings have. Thirty-five years, too, had rather perfected than dulled, his perceptions—even as they had failed in the slightest degree to smutch the wanderlust at his soul.

The house in which Myra lived he located on the lower outskirts of the town, where it dipped toward the silver clatter of the brook. It was a white, roomy looking cottage, with spreading wings. A sea gull might have paused so, and lingered, won by the cool, deep shade of the lazy, arboring trees and the breeze stirred breathing of amaryllis, pansies and flaring red and yellow poppies that dotted passion in the ample spaces of the grounds. Forming a sort of natural arch over the doorway, a white rose tree drooped with the weight of its blossoms, and sifted upward again as though jealous even of the barrenness of the roof—and on either side of the pebbled walk a couple of diminutive fountains sprayed and plunged themselves sportively. John Hamilton stood in appreciation before entering—and it was with a certain satisfaction in his mind that his surroundings were to be such pleasant ones during his month's visit; a lazy month previous to his shipping for the gold fields in Australia, where a commission waited him.

Myra, as baby sisters will, even when married, had insisted on that visit in every letter he got from her—and here he was, accordingly, four weeks ahead of his sailing time. He had not seen her for seventeen years—not since in short dresses she had clung

around his neck that summer morning in their father's home in the Mississippi Valley, and cried till the dimples became blurs in her pretty, freckled face because he was leaving. Now she was an invalid, had been so for five years, and though a sweet, clinging hope always breathed out of her letters, and she spoke fondly of the affection and tender care of her husband, a well to do dentist, she had never said a word of her ultimate recovery. But John Hamilton understood—it was an affection of the spine. So he had endeavored to think of her only as the bright and active girl he had left so many years ago. When the smiling servant, however, ushered him into the cool, soft tinted room, with its glass partition and conservatory at the side, and he saw her sitting there in her chair, her little, helpless form on its support of cushions, but with the glad, winsome light of old in her face—still childish, but grown ethereal—it brought a kind of catch to the man's breath, a mist that shut out vision; for the instant everything but that home by the Mississippi and the romping hopes of the girl that had been.

Her thin, petal-like hands were stretched out to him in eager welcome—and he went and took them in his own big, strong ones, kissing her again and again. "Mamie!" he murmured. "Mamie!"—for it was the name of her childhood. And just a moment at the sound of that name she sobbed on his hands.

She put him away from her with a tiny gesture, scanning him keenly out of the blue eyes that shone so brightly, while he stood there smiling under her inspection. Every bit of him she took in—the half graceful, half awkward six feet of length, the loose, clinging clothes—neckerchief and sombrero; the slight round of the broad, easy-riding shoulders, and the browned, thin column of the neck, rearing so nonchalantly the high-cheekboned face, with its weathered, intense calm. Quietly striking, not at all like the boy she had known he was, and yet she would not have it so. She drew him back to her

impulsively by the fingers of the hand she still held.

"Oh, John, John!" she breathed. "And you look just the same, don't you! Only so strong, so brave, and so very, very handsome."

"And Mamie, my *lindo* Mamie," he reproved tenderly, brushing back the sunlit hair from her brow, "is just as bad as ever, isn't she, at spoiling her big brother."

She laughed a little, but with a mist of something in her eyes. "Well, why shouldn't I be," she asked—"why shouldn't I be just the same as ever?"

He made no reply, but bent down and kissed her again. Then they sat there talking, and closing up as best they might the gap of years that lay between them. Donald Martin, the tall, angular man with the sad, round eyeglasses on the optimistic face, found them so even when he came to lunch almost three hours later.

"Ah, Myra," he said, as he shook John Hamilton warmly by the hand, "it's easy to see you've fallen in love again. It keeps me a great deal of my time just watching her, sir. Some day I shall come home and the bird will be gone from its nest. Oh, I know it in my bones."

Even as she smiled at him the woman's face grew earnest. "If somebody or something did snatch me," she rejoined slowly, "I guess it would be the very best thing that could happen you. Imagine the terrible burden I've been to him, John; yet he never will admit it."

The husband leaned over and put a hand on her mouth. "If you ever speak like that again—" he began warningly. Then he picked her up, chair and all, and carried her to the dining room table—with a nod to John Hamilton to follow. "Talk about being a burden," he joked, "why, you are as light as thistle-down! If you would only quit falling in love with these young Lochinvars out of the West, sombreroed and spurred, I wouldn't mind, you see."

"Well, who wouldn't fall in love with him?" she contested, sweeping

her brother again with her glance. Then suddenly she darted the question at him in her curious little way—a woman's question and at the outset: "Has no one ever been in love with you, John? I mean, have you ever?"

Her husband laughed, but John Hamilton answered her simply, and in the direct manner he had always answered her youth.

"Never," he responded, "and never likely to be. I have too much of a hankering for the outward trail, I reckon. If a man follows it long enough—you know—nothing else matters."

"But it should, John. How much money have you? Couldn't you settle down if you wanted to?"

He smiled. "About eight thousand, I guess, out of a hundred and fifty of 'em, perhaps, I have made."

"Eight thousand—why——?" She had clasped her hands at the prospect, looking at him.

"You think it plenty, eh? Well, don't talk to me of settling down, sis, unless it's with a very big stake, and when there's nothing else to do." Then because of the quick disappointment in her face, and the question in the eyes of the man, he went on, speaking in a tone that grew into a strange, half-ringing earnestness: "It isn't, you see, that I wouldn't like to please you, girlie, but that I can't. Drinking and tobacco are habits, maybe, but roaming is a passion—a great big passion like a sea in a man. There are some who quit, of course, but there are some who have been built for it that never quit. The more they've had of it the more it's there. Even though you've covered all the ground you always want to cover it over again. Why, I'd run away from the finest woman I ever saw—from the biggest bunch of happiness I ever saw—just to feel my legs free and swinging under me again—for a jolt of a burro heading into the desert, or the snarls of the pack-dogs up in the Yukon snows. I'm not going to Australia because I think I'll make money there, but just for the feel of a new country. It's funny—you can't explain it, nor you can't get rid of it.

And you don't want to get rid of it. I know we're not the best kind of men that does this thing. I know we're a mighty poor sort when it comes to standing by or caring for the people we love; but we can't help it, sir, you see. We're the wild'uns, that's all, and I guess there's no such a thing as taming us."

He concluded, smiling at them somewhat out of the flame that had waxed in his eyes, and the woman turned away with a little sigh, for she knew his soul had spoken.

"But, John——" she began. Then she paused, with a sense of the impotency of her arguments against this thing that was his very blood. Neither through the days which followed did she take the matter up again. Perhaps she was quick to see that whatever change might be wrought in a man of his kind had to be wrought and climaxed within himself alone.

* * * *

It was the next afternoon that John Hamilton, returning from a stroll to the brook, and entering his sister's room through the conservatory door, found another woman there chatting brightly with Myra. As she turned to note his entrance, he looked at her in that calm, penetrating way which men of the wild and waste places have of looking at things, and she met his glance squarely out of hazel eyes. With a sense of intrusion, he would have retired, but Myra called to him, at the same time pointing him to a chair beside her.

"John," she said, "this is Margaret Allen, my very dearest friend, who comes over every day to talk with me. My big brother, Margaret, whom I have been telling you about. I do hope you're going to be friends," she added, impulsively.

Margaret Allen rose to take his hand and return his greeting. There was a ruffle of graciousness, yet calm, easy flow in the moment which perhaps bespoke her whole individuality. Twenty-eight years of age, her days had broken over her only to touch her golden-brownness to a finer, mellower quality. She stood just a little above

the man's shoulder, her white garments giving her a strong, bounteous appearance, and her countenance in its fairness, and raised as it was, carried somehow the significance of a flower that had always looked the sky in the face. John Hamilton, even in that instant, had the impression of a woman infinitely kind—a kindness that shone side by side with the reserve of the maidenhood still so apparent in her. It was impossible, indeed, that Margaret Allen should not impress any one in that way—though this man, trained to the silences of the desert, perhaps caught the note of it quicker. He smiled at her in the manner he might have done in passing a fellow on a lone trail.

"I think I can be friends," he said, easily.

A half ripple lighted the girl's face as she took her seat again. "Myra," she explained, "always makes so much of little things. I would just fade away and die if I didn't have my chat with her every day, and yet she makes believe it's all on her side."

John Hamilton, sitting down in his leisurely way, however, overlooked the words entirely, his glance going straight to herself behind them. "I thank you for being kind to my sister," he said simply. Then added as if in explanation of himself. "I am afraid I never have been myself, maybe. As a hitter of the way, I reckon I'm a pretty fair sample, but when it comes to comforting a woman, I'm clean out of place."

The girl glanced at him a moment out of reflective eyes, as if taking her own estimate of him in the matter.

Myra threw them a little laugh. "He don't know what a comfort it is," she stated, "just to have him around. And, think of it, Margaret, it's only for a month—then he's going to Australia. He's been to the Yukon, to the Peninsula, to South Africa, Mexico, South America, Nevada—everywhere—and now he's going to Australia."

She counted the list satirically on her finger, pointing at him child-like—and John Hamilton laughed.

"Well, what else is there for a man to do?" he argued. And again the girl's eyes swept his face with their seeming wish for analysis.

"You think there's nothing else worth while?" she said.

"Oh, yes, a thousand things, I reckon—but I'm not capable of them, you see. Up in the Yukon, Miss Allan, there are pack dogs that would sooner starve and die on the trail than look sleek and fit by a camp fire. It's not courage or anything that counts, maybe—it's simply in 'em, I guess"—and his eyes fallen to the brown back of his hand might have been reviewing a few of the parched trails he had followed—"I guess I'm about that kind of a fool dog myself."

* * * *

Margaret Allan lived just in the next house. Besides herself there were her white-haired mother, a maiden aunt who saw after things generally, and her father—a retired surgeon, grown somewhat of a recluse. These, with a servant, an old negress who had been with them for many years, made up the entire household, and consequently the girl was left much to her own will—and with plenty of time on her hands. Of late years, with the love of nature so strong in her, she had made it her particular province to look after the grounds, and they had responded bountifully to her care. It was at the effects she had created that John Hamilton stood gazing the next day, his pipe in his mouth, as he leaned over the low fence which separated the two places. He did not know, of course, that Margaret was responsible for the arrangement of flowers and shrubs which so delighted his eyes, even as he knew neither that at that very moment she was in with Myra—for he had been out for an hour looking around the town. So he stood there reveling a little in what he saw—the dull red house, with its rambling look of age spread spaciously in the shadow of the oaks, the short, winding driveway leading up and around with its clicking rows of fan palms and mauve-colored dogwood; and the oval

center where a fountain burst with springy deliciousness, where a little Japanese summer house stood crushed in the weight of its roses, and tiny bloom-eaten paths struggled through multitudes of blossoms that willy-nilly laughed and whispered together—a careless, turbulent crowd it seemed of every shade and variety, and yet arranged with a wonderful art of color. There were a couple of black walnuts standing there, too, straight, shapely and policeman-like, but a vine with blue flowers had evidently resented their posture, for it had wound itself about them to their topmost branches, and its blossoms looked out shyly triumphant from their green, hanging leaves.

John Hamilton, in the midst of his observation, was disturbed suddenly by a voice from behind him.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Hamilton," it said. And he glanced around to see Margaret Allan.

"I was just thinking," he responded, with a sense of the freshness she brought with her, "that you have a pretty place here."

"You can't really see it from there," she said. "I would like to take you in and show you, if you don't mind. I am rather proud of it myself, you understand—I am the gardener."

She smiled at him in her rippling way, and he followed her through a little gate and across the driveway toward the fountain. Strangely enough, and for the first time in his life where it was not a thing of necessity, he found himself perfectly willing to be sociable with a woman. She was a little like Myra, after all, this girl, as was Myra a little like her. And her friendliness, her golden-brownness, as it were, surely had a way of lingering on one.

His eyes took in the strong grace and youthful spring of her body, as she moved before him, then instantly she stooped to chide a wayward shrub from the path.

"Are you fond of flowers?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Why, yes," he replied, "I am fond

of most things that grow, I guess, and dislike most that are made."

"You're a funny man, aren't you?" she said, after a moment's pause, as she still worked with the shrub. "I mean—I mean you're somewhat different."

There was just the slightest bit of a flush on her face as she glanced up at him again, and he stood a little, considering the matter, his sombrero tilted back on his head.

"Maybe," he said, finally. "Yes, I reckon I am. It's a good thing, too—for the others, I guess."

"Do you know," she went on, "that you rather startled me yesterday. I didn't like you then—though I wanted to, because you were Myra's brother. But I don't mind you to-day. I've been thinking about you."

There was a childish simplicity in the words and in the face lifted to him that for an instant amused John Hamilton mightily. Yet it was a sensation that wasn't all humor either—the sensation of one in the shadow coming out into the warm, quick tingle of the sun. Then with a sense of courtesy new to him, he answered her seriously.

"I always scare women more or less, I guess. I have never had anything to do with them, you understand, and they don't know me. I don't know them. I wasn't wearing my six-shooter yesterday, though; that I remember."

"It wasn't that," she rejoined, as she straightened up beside him, "but because"—and she tore a blossom to pieces in her hand—"I had wanted you to be just a little like Myra—and you—you were the worst—the very worst kind of a man."

"Gracious!" he ejaculated, somewhat astounded.

"Oh, I don't mean it that way," she put in quickly. "Worst is not the word exactly, and yet it is. You'll understand it better, perhaps, if I say the 'manniest' man—though that's not a compliment either. You just seemed made up of all the things a woman couldn't reach, and that she would dislike if she could. You know now, don't you? I've lived here all my life,

you see—I was to New York once when I was eighteen, and I thought it awful. Even San Francisco is too crowded. I like this—but I don't meet a great many people, of course—and I never met a man of your kind before. You know now?"

He nodded his head.

"As I said, though," she continued, "I thought you out a bit last night, and now I don't mind you at all."

Jack Hamilton laughed as he followed her toward the summer house.

"That's good of you," he said simply. "Perhaps sometime you will really come to like me a bit, eh?—just because I'm Myra's brother."

She had ensconced herself in one of the wicker chairs before she spoke. "A man will always like you better than a woman could, though," she explained, with a look of probing into the things behind his face.

And to John Hamilton the words brought a momentary shadow that he could not understand.

(To be continued)

WHAT MAKES AND MARS

Who laughs at love is lost to shame;
Who sneers at life is shallow.
Who has for youth but caustic blame
Is callow.

The judge who flogs each light misdeed
Is crime's high instigator.
He who ignores the creature-need,
Slurs his Creator.

Is honor gained? Then gold's well lost;
The vanquished is victorious.
Such failure is but battle's cost
And glorious.

The world has work for serfs and kings,
For epicure and stoic.
All life is built of pigmy things,
But life's heroic.

Philosophy's a broken staff
Unless its core be Nature.
What's science with a leering laugh?
Fool's legislature.

Who reverences the naked bone,
Who gives his hand where help is craved,
Who sees the statue in the stone—
Is saved.

ARTHUR POWELL.

A Bear Hunt

By J. R. Fruit

IN THE FALL of 1903 I was engaged to guide a party of hunters made up mostly of rich young bloods from Chicago into the wilds of Idaho. As this had been my business for several years, I was supposed to know the mountain country better than most men. I was asked to guide them into the best possible country for a thirty day outing. I decided on the Thunder Mountain country.

The first night out we were camped on Moors Creek, the only good camping place for twenty miles either way on the great overland freight trail leading from Boise into the Boise Basin country. The bunch were in a reminiscent mood. There were probably twenty men squatted about the fire. Half a dozen freighters, returning to Boise after delivering the last load that would be likely to venture into the Basin country that fall. Several prospectors who were endeavoring to trace up the rich float that was found in that vicinity, and our crowd bent upon a hunt in the upper country.

Several freighters had entertained us with daring adventures they had participated in when Idaho was yet young. I knew by long acquaintance with most of the men that they were spreading it on pretty thick for the benefit of my party. Several of the more loquacious of our party had responded with tales of duck shooting in the Lake country, but somehow these tales sounded out of place in that wild country. I noticed that the old-timers were getting sleepy.

One old fellow who seemed to be well known to all the old-timers, steadfastly refused to contribute to the evening's entertainment. He would laugh with the rest of us at the freighters' yarns, but kept mum. One of the miners nudged me and said: "If we could get that old cuss limbered up, we would hear something worth

while." "Who is the old fellow?" I asked, for I knew his martin skin vest and broad buckskin cartridge belt placed him in a class by himself. "Why, man, that's old Bill Corder, the best shot in Idaho. Got more grizzly scalps than any man on the coast." And the miner, convinced that he had told the truth at least once that night proceeded to replenish the dying fire.

I had never met Corder, but knew that all the miner had said of him would be backed by all Idaho pioneers. Bill Corder, a name known to all in connection with the Indian days of Idaho. The miner threw an arm load of cedar limbs upon the fire. Now cedar makes a very noisy fire, and the cracking sounded like fire-crackers, burning splinters would be thrown for considerable distance from the fire. Until this particular kind of fireworks were over, no one had attempted to start a story. At last an especially vicious explosion landed a burning brand deep in the hair of the bear-skin the old hunter was sitting upon. The old fellow quickly smothered the evil smelling blaze with his broad palm; his eyes twinkled with merriment and he chuckled to himself.

"Say, Bill, where did ye git that thar cinnamon skin?" asked a freighter.

Bill slowly turned up the end of the skin, revealing a number of tiny brown spots on the skin surface of the pelt; the sight of these started him to chuckling again. "Well, boys, that thar hide ain't worth more than four dollars in Boise, but I reckon it would take some more than that to buy it. That old cinnamon bear furnished me with the best circus ever west of the Rockies. I got ter feel mighty blue when that old skin can't git up a grin on my phiz."

Corder fished up an old pipe, and with aggravating slowness filled it, lighted up and began to puff like an

Oregon Short Line locomotive about to tackle Kings Hill. Then he slowly withdrew the stem and pointed with it to the north and said: "Got it up thar on North Fork in '84. 'Member the time them English fellers got interested in Idaho diggings, Deacon." The hunter addressed a grizzled freighter lying on his stomach before the fire. Deacon only snorted in disgust or amusement, but the answer seemed satisfactory. "Well, I guided a bunch of them guys up on North Fork that season. Ten bucks a day and nary a thing to do but steer 'em over a trail as fur from gold as I could. We got into North Fork the fifth day from Idaho City. We didn't get a durned bit of game bigger than a grouse all the way over thar, and pitched our camp at what is now called Black Warrior Creek; and my job was through till they wanted ot find themselves again. I managed to bring in some venison the first day.

"After about a week of toting foolsgold around over the hills, the boss, a little rooster of a looking Englishman with red burnside, declared the safety of the camp rested upon his killing a bear whose tracks he had seen in a canyon to the south of the camp.

"It seems none of the fellers had stumbled onto a bear yet. I had seen two or three, and one of 'em was a dandy. I was hoping the boss would meet that one; she was evidently a mamma bear, and they are generally interesting that time of year. Well, he advised the boys to stay close to camp, or at least not to venture to the south; in fact, he seemed to be under the impression that the south canyon had been created for a special game reserve for his benefit. On the side, he confided to me that he knew it was a little hard on the lads, but they were inexperienced, and he felt a sort of solicitude for 'em.

"He invited me to go with him and carry a shotgun in case we started a bunch of grouse, while he would carry an elephant gun that had killed four tigers in India. Of course I felt highly honored and perfectly safe.

"Well we hadn't got a mile out of camp till we came to a lambing big huckleberry patch, and I seed signs of bear good and plenty. Old Burnside said we should deploy. He sent me to the right of him about fifty yards, and nearer the creek. The patch was on a sort of a bench about thirty feet above the creek. Besides huckleberries there were weeds and fallen timber. I was given instructions to make plenty of noise and throw sticks into all brush piles to rout out all bears that might try to hide away from him. Well, we hadn't gone ten yards into that patch till I heard the boss 'Hist!' He was waving, first for me to come, then run, then stand still. I stood still. Pretty soon he slid out of his hunting coat and began to tip-toe over towards a big dead tree. I wondered if the old cuss was a butterfly fiend, or had just gone daffy. But just then I seed a little brown pile close to the log. I reckon I had plenty of time to warn him, but I just hadn't the heart. Beside, he wouldn't have thanked me anyhow, and kerplunk the old fossil went down on that three months' old bear.

"Now, bears are like some folks: if ye wake 'em up before they finish their noon-day nap, they are apt to be cross. Some folks think a bear is a clumsy beast, but you just try to rastle with a cinnamon cub and you will change yer mind fast enough. Before the boss fairly hit the ground the coat was ripped off, and it left the Englishman down on all fours astride a warlike bear. Cubby didn't approve of burnside, and promptly clawed off one side. While making these necessary alterations in the boss's phiz with his front feet, he proceeded to inspect his makeup. Chaps are fashionable in the west, and cubby reached up with his hind feet, seized the boss's pants at the waist band and ripped 'em to the knees, neat as you please, and all the time he was squealing out his enjoyment at the chance meeting.

"I didn't go to help because I was expected to beat up this side of the patch, and it all happened in a few

seconds. Just then off in front about a hundred yards I heard the darndest racket, and here comes mammy bear lickety-split, and madder than thunder and making as much racket, snorting and woofing, as a dozen lady bears ought to. The boss seed her coming and tried to let go, but cubby wouldn't have it that way. He was having the time of his life, and kept grabbing at the boss's toes. He jumped back and tripped over a stick and went down ker-bang. He didn't stay down, but as he rolled over on his hands and knees to get up, cubby helped himself to a souvenir square of the boss's pants.

"About that time the old lady got there wild for fun. Boss took one look at her, and decided that his toilet was not fit fer an introduction, and he made a dive for a big pine tree. Mrs. Bear wanted to go to that tree too. Burnsidess took a notion to run around that tree awhile. Mrs. Bear made up her mind to do the same thing. For the first five or six rounds it was the prettiest race I ever seen. They was about thirty yards from me, boss coming round one side as Mrs. Bear was going round t'other. When boss was on the side of the tree next me, I observed he didn't seem to be enjoying the joke. Every hair was reared up, and his teeth was a gritting. Below the waistline I shan't describe, wasn't nothing to describe but the boss himself. Neither was there much to describe as he went around t'other side. Mrs. Bear was just a fat cinnamon bear and needs no describing, except she was blamed mad.

"Just then the boss seed me, and commenced exploding just exactly like one of them automobile exhausts. Purty soon I discovered he was yelling for me to shoot, so I up with the shotgun. S'pose I orter shot the old lady in the face, but I was afeared I might ketch the boss coming round the tree back of the bear. So just as she turned around, going nicely t'other way I blazed away with a load of number sixes. Gee whizz, ye orter seen that old bear, every hair just stuck up a

little straighter, and she throwed on more speed, and the second round the boss seed he had to change his tactics, and the blamed old cuss steered straight fer me. The change surprised the bear; she evidently thought the boss tied to that tree, but she soon discovered the difference, and here she come forty miles a minute. Boss looked over his shoulder to see if she was a coming, and I ducked behind a tree. When the boss looked around again I was out of sight. When he steamed by the tree the bear was so close he couldn't turn in, so he had to keep on. I managed to keep the tree between me and the lady, and she kept after Burnsidess.

"The bear was so persevering I seed things was getting searious fer the boss, so I made a break for the elephant gun. I found it all right and as the boss and bear was throughin' a big circle about fifty yards in front of me, running straight across my front with Mrs. Bear six foot behind the boss, I stopped her with a ball about the size of a walnut. Just then that portion of the boss's pants the cubby had left in front somehow got back between the boss's knees and floated out about two feet behind. Guess the boss never heard me shoot; he just steamed on.

"He got back to his old tree and commenced to run round it again. Every once in a while, the pants caught on something and jerked the boss back a little; ye ought to heard him holler. I just simply laughed till I throwed up my breakfast.

"Burnsidess seed me, and steered fer me again. When he got nearly to me his floating pants caught again and jerked his feet out from under him, and he sprawled on his face. He was just about all in, and commenced squeaking out something like a prayer. 'Did we kill 'em, Billy?' says he. I pointed to the dead bear. 'Ye run her plumb to death,' says I. 'Billy,' says he, 've got on two pair pants. I'll give ye \$50 fer one of 'em, if ye will say I fired the shot.' I got the fifty and the hide."



The softly calling bells of the old Mission

GLORIETTA

OR THE CITY OF FAIR DREAMS

By S. H. M. Byers

(S. H. M. BYERS, soldier, diplomat and poet, first became publicly known for his many adventures and escapes in the Civil War. He closed his military career as an aid de camp on General Sherman's staff, and was offered a commission in the regular army, which he declined. While a prisoner at Columbia, S. C., he wrote the song of "Sherman's March to the Sea," the poem that gave its name to the picturesque campaign. Over a million copies of this song were sold. General Grant appointed him a consul and he remained in the service in various cities for nearly twenty years. During all this time his pen found ready employment in poems, reminiscences of the war and stories. Among his books are "Twenty years in Europe," "The Happy Isles," "The Honey-moon," "With Fire and Sword," "Layman's Life of Jesus." His home is at "St. Helens," one of the loveliest villas in Des Moines, Ia., with a park of trees and a river vista, ideal surroundings for a poet.)

Oh, many, many years ago this tale
Had its beginning by a charmed sea,
So beautiful it seemed, the circling bay,
And the blue sky, like that of Italy.
There grew the palm and there the lemon tree,
And every flower that's beautiful to see.

Outside the bay the mighty ocean rolled
In liquid mountains, or in glist'ning sea,
And moonlight nights some wondrous story told
To listening forests and to meadowed lea,
And lovers walking in the moonlight heard
Their sweethearts' voices when the sea was stirred.

Such was the scene, where the fair city stood,
By poets called "The City of Fair Dreams,"
Between the forest and the shining flood;
And even now to strangers' eyes there seems
Some lingering glory of that happy day
When hearts were merry in old Monterey.

'Twas at a time when Spanish friars held
For many years their long and kindly sway,
In grand old missions stretched along the shore
From San Diego to San Francisco Bay.
Then all was Spanish, manners, speech and dress,
Save the wild Indians in the wilderness.

'Twas just as if some pretty province had
 Been drifted off from its beloved Spain,
And by some wondrous miracle been cast
 Along the shores of the Pacific main.
Or was't Arcadia that had been lost
 And by some chance had hitherward been tossed?

Be as it may, it was a lovely land,
 And joyous people lived along its coast,
Fond of all sports, of music, and the dance,
 But first of all their horses were their boast.
No Arab tenting in the desert airs
 Had steeds so swift or beautiful as theirs.

He was not poor that had his prancing steed,
 With silver spangles hung on neck and breast,
A saddle precious in its jeweled worth,
 And gilded spurs outshining all the rest.
It was a sight sometimes to look upon
 These New World knights and their caparison.

Famed was the land for other things as well,
 Famed for fair women, beauteous to behold,
With great black eyes, and olive skins to tell
 Castilian blood, and some of other mold.
Of one of these, had I a harp to sing,
 I'd tell a tale not all imagining.

For there was one, a child almost in years,
 Some sixteen summers only had been hers,
But in that clime of rose leaf and of tears,
 Love wakens early and its passion stirs.
So, Glorietta, soft as any dove,
 Just laughed and loved, yet never *thought* of love.

Till on a day when Ivan came to woo,
 A fisher's lad, he was, down by the bay,
Who knew to find the abalone pearls
 That in the bottom of the ocean lay,
And here and there a pretty shell he took
 To Glorietta with a lover's look.

Though well she prized these pretty courtesies,
 There was a gulf that stretched betwixt the two,
A stream unbridged, and bridgeless, most, as seas,
 Without a road that any lover knew.
For what was he? A common fisher's son,
 And she, the heiress of a Spanish don.



It was indeed a lovely land

O! she was young, and beautiful of face,
With melting eyes, a joy to look upon,
Big, black and deep, like her Castilian race;
Who looked too long was sure to be undone.
That Ivan learned, although he was so young,
Yet loved the sting with which he had been stung.

Her hair, such hair, in two great braids behind,
Fell down like ropes, black as the ebon night,
Upon her beautiful but girlish gown
Of simple rose, bedecked with lilies white.
Hearts had been cold, or ice, or something worse
Not to be moved by eyes and hair like hers.

She was akin to the Don Carlos line;
Though orphaned young she might have riches still,
For the Alcalde, now Count Valentine,
Had many lands and herds on every hill.
He was her guardian, and could well endow
Such rose of beauty as he saw her now.

Upon the hill where his gray palace stood,
Fair flowers grew of every hue and kind,
The Bogenvilla with its purple flood,
In drifted banks and walls and porches lined,
But Glorietta, far beyond compare,
Was fairest yet of any flower there.

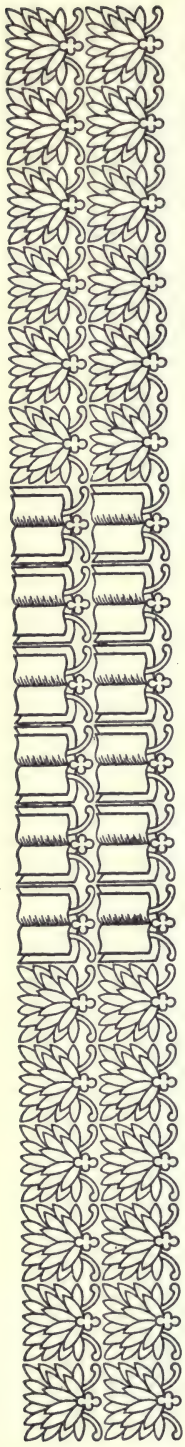
And when the harvest of the vine was on
In the sweet autumn of that blessed clime,
When summer's heats and summer's suns were gone
And frosts just touched the orange and the vine,
Then many youths were to the labor pressed,
And Ivan, too, was there among the rest.

So it fell out, as in that long ago,
When Ruth and Boaz in the harvest met,
Love had its way, or Ivan wished it so,
And cast himself in Glorietta's net,
Just at the moment when she brought the wine
Sent to the laborers by Count Valentine.

'Twas like a dream, the sudden joy, to him!
Not many grapes he gathered on that day,
Nor on the next, for other things now drew
His one attention in another way,
And oftener now did Glorietta bear
Her jugs of wine out to the laborers there.



Driving the sheep afield





NEWAY, CALIFORNIA.

RIGHT, 1907, BY PILLSBURY PICTURE & NO. 1487.

A grand old Mission nesting in the valley



And once, unconsciously, the jug she held
To Ivan's lips, that he might drink his fill,
As if by accident his face she touched,
And quick he felt it, the immortal thrill—
Such thrill as comes but once to any soul,
Or rich or poor, it is love's SWEETEST toll.

So days went on, the vintage was not done,
And every day young Ivan there would be
To gather grapes in the sweet autumn sun,
Or pick the lemons from the lemon tree,
But most to see his sweetheart, and adore,
And every day she welcomed him the more.

There was an arbor on the palace ground,
Hid all in roses of sweet loveliness,
Where all was silence save the gentle sound
Of little brooklets and the wind's caress.
There Glorietta at the noontime came.
Who wonders now that Ivan did the same?

So in sweet converse flew the blessed noon
While they sat looking in each other's eyes,
Amazed an hour could fly away so soon,
But time to lovers very quickly flies,
Not much their feast on either bread or wine,
On other things 'tis said do lovers dine.

Yes, talk they had, and maybe, kisses, some,
For they were glad of life, and everything;
Youth must be so—delicious it can come,
And this was now the flower of their spring.
Give love a bower, in vines and roses drest,
And melting eyes, and love will do the rest.

There in their moments of felicity,
Young Ivan told her of a thousand things;
Of the pearl-divers and the sapphire sea,
And the great fishes that had shining wings;
Of caverns told, and rocks that overhung
The ocean caves where the pearl-fishes clung.

How he himself the dangers underwent
Of diving down, his trusty knife in hand
To cut them loose from walls and caverns rent
Then sudden rise and cast them on the sand:
How once a shark so near him came to sup
He was half dead before he could come up.



An Indian air that was often sung

How he had seen a grotto wonderful
Down in the ocean with the waves above,
Not e'en the shrieking of the sad sea-gull
Was ever heard in that enchanted cove.
Like Desdemona, Glorietta heard,
And breathed a sigh at every other word.

How, fearing not, again and yet again
He dared the dangers that around him were,
Not in some hope of some poor little gain,
But for a pearl that was most worthy her,
And then he reached to give it with a kiss,
But hark! a step, and ended all their bliss!

It was the Count; his face in purple rage,
Some evil soul had whispered in his ear,
How every day these lovers did engage
In guilty amours, and he'd find them here.
Few words were said, there was not much to say;
The place, the *kiss*, were they not plain as day?

He railed a little, Glorietta heard,
"I had no one to guide, and I was young."
Her eyes were weeping, but no other word;
The Count, he better, too, had held his tongue.
He was himself not over-good, they say,
Among th' elite of lovely Monterey.

Be as it may, he had his Spanish pride;
No kin of his might ever think to wed
With lowly fisher-folk, or be the bride
Of one who labored for his daily bread.
That very day he made his plans to send
Young Glorietta to a distant friend.

He had a cousin, rich and proud and lone,
Who with a sister by the desert dwelt;
What took him there had never quite been known,
If fate or love with him had coldly dealt.
Don Eldorado was the cousin's name,
A bit romantic and once known to fame.

There Glorietta will be safe awhile,
Thought the Alcalde, when she reached the place,
And thinking so, a long and happy smile
At times illumined the Alcalde's face.
"Time conquers love, at least so I have read,
And Ivan well may think her lost or dead."



Full-sailed the vessel rides

For it was planned that never any word
Should pass between them now forever more,
Just how 'twas done no mortal ever heard,
But things like these were often done before.
Some false arrest, some prison far away,
Or, at the worst, there still would be the *bay*.

A little while, though broke of heart at first,
And Glorietta almost loved the scene—
When on her eyes the great wild desert burst
Like two vast seas with mountains in between,
*The porphyry hills, the red sea-walls that rise,
Seemed fit for gates to some sweet paradise.

'Twas in the morning, and God's great blue tent
Spread over mountains and the desert land;
A sapphire glory every moment lent
Some lovelier color to the desert sand.
A little while, and then the mountains seem
A mystic phantom, a forgotten dream.

Once, on a height, alone, she stood and gazed
On violet mountains and the desert sea.
A sudden sun above the desert blazed,
"O! World," she cried, "thou wer't all joy to me
Were this to last, with never any tear,
And Ivan standing close beside me here."

Now Eldorado, though not very young,
Kept in his breast some fires not yet gone out,
Saw Glorietta, and that moment flung
Himself before her, dead in love, no doubt.
Love at first sight, I've sometimes heard it said,
Affects the heart, but oftener the head.

Be as it may, he surely was most kind
To Glorietta, never dreaming how
Her heart with Ivan there was left behind,
Nor saw the shade that often crossed her brow.
One thought was his, and that he could not hide,
The hope that quickly she would be his bride.

Each hour he thought some pleasant thing to do
To please her fancy or to kill the time,
Rode on the hills—looked on the desert view,
Or climbed the canyons glorious and sublime,
Where thundering down some torrent came to bless
The flowering wastes, the desert's loveliness.

* NOTE.—The Mohave and the Colorado deserts are really the same thing.
A chain of the Sierra Madre Mountains cuts the vast plain in two parts.

And lovelier things he thought of and less grand,
The purple sage brush that was everywhere,
The yellow poppy of the sun and sand,
Enchanting contrast to her raven hair,
And Manzanita berries, crimson red,
And purple heather from the desert's bed.

And desert holly of the sanded wild,
Forest white and fair as ever fair could be
Sunborn but lone, the desert's loveliest child,
Its curling leaves God's own embroidery.
All these were hers and others, yet the while
All cheaply purchased by a single smile.

Day in, day out, the old new lover came;
Was it not time to answer, yes, or nay?
Like fair Penelope, who did the same,
She prayed delaying just another day,
And still in hopes she yet might surely know
If Ivan really were alive, or no.

Just then a letter from her guardian came;
A perfect thunderbolt it must have been,
Full of complaining and of discontent,
What under heaven was it she could mean?
Could it be so, such cold ingratitude,
Towards one who always was so kind and good?

Ofte he had heard of how his cousin sought
Her hand in marriage, and of her delay:
He was amazed, for was this cousin not
What any girl could like most any day?
Rich, and genteel, and good to look upon,
And then, still more, he was a Spanish don.

Then, as to Ivan, heaven only knew
What had become of him: perhaps a shark
Had simply swallowed him; such things they do.
There were great dangers down in caverns dark,
And anyway, her passion for him must
Long since have turned to ashes and to dust.

There seemed no choice; that Glorietta saw,
This unloved marriage was a thing foregone.
Her guardian's wishes, were they not a law?
She was as helpless as mountain fawn,
And yet she waited still another day
And never answered either, yes or nay.

At last she spoke. It was a *ruse* to find
If Ivan really were alive or dead.
"It seems to me that I could speak my mind
If I were only in my home," she said.
"There in our garden by the crystal bay,
There I could answer either yes or nay."

"Let it be so! To-morrow," he replied,
Not guessing all her reasons nor the why—
"On my fleet steeds across the hills we'll ride."
He did not notice Glorietta sigh.
He had forgotten, too, about the slip
That sometimes happens 'twixt the cup and lip.

Next day it was a pretty cavalcade
That crossed the mountains, westward to the sea—
The Don, his sister, and the beauteous maid,
And some retainers, only two or three.
A hundred miles was nothing then to ride,
At least to win so beautiful a bride!

A little while and now in Monterey,
The dear old city by the sounding sea,
There was great talk among the young and gay
Of an event that very soon would be.
"The Don was rich," that much the gossips said,
"And Glorietta had come home to wed."

Not in whole years had there been such a stir,
The Alcalde's ward was now a beauty, grown,
All eyes were turned for but a glimpse of her
Or the great Don who claimed her for his own.
A little while and wedding bells would ring,
And guests be bid up to the revelling.

Now there was searching of old wardrobes through
For gowns unique, and rich, of long ago,
Gold satin skirts, and rare mantillas, too,
And high-heeled boots with gold or silver bow,
Queer combs from Spain, and jewels rare and bright,
To wear on Glorietta's wedding night.

It was proclaimed among the ladies all
To be *au fait*, one must be gaily drest,
And there would be a Spanish carnival,
To make this wedding seem the very best.
The men, also, in picturesque array,
Expectant waited for the wedding day.

Young Ivan, meantime, had been lost to view,
No trace of him could Glorietta find,
And now there seemed no other thing to do
Than wed the Don, though much against her mind:
So though in tears, she gave a half consent,
And all was fixed, just as her guardian meant.

The day has come, the sun will soon be down,
A hundred guests on horseback gaily ride
Up to the palace, quite outside the town,
To greet the bridegroom and to kiss the bride.
As was the custom in the days of yore,
Each rider held his fair one on before.

Down by the sea the glad old mission bells
Ring out a sweet, a half voluptuous chime.
The saintly friar there a moment tells
His beads to heaven in this dear happy time:
Then turns his steps, he must be there to say
The nuptial vows of this their wedding day.

At her high window Glorietta stood,
And saw the riders in their glad array,
Yet felt that moment that she almost could
Have thrown herself into the shining bay:
All seemed a mockery to her, the scene—
Not less her wedding dress of gold and green.

Out on the lawn a bright pavilion showed,
Hung round with flags, and open at the side,
Already circled by the common crowd,
For all would see the bridegroom and the bride.
Half in the dark one silent figure leant
Against the curtains of th' illumined tent.

A little while, and look! The priest has come,
The bride and groom walk slowly down the line,
In a few words she is bid welcome home,
By the Alcalde, old Count Valentine.
In smiles and tears she waits the solemn word.
Yet listen, now, a singer's voice is heard!

A pretty custom in the land they had,
That girlhood friends about the bride should be,
To sing some songs, some pretty words, nor sad,
To wish her joy and all felicity,
Before the one and final word is said,
Before the priest pronounced her duly wed.

And so to-night the singers come and sing,
And to a lute some verses improvise,
Some happy thought, perhaps some little thing,
Each for herself some pretty couplet tries,
Then hands the lute to her who next her is,
Who smiling sings of future ecstasies.

Meanwhile the bride, who is all listening
To honied phrases she is glad to hear,
Herself prepares some pretty song to sing,
For see, the lute to her is coming near.
That moment look, her eyes are quickly bent,
On that lone figure by the curtained tent.

Half in the shadow, halfway in the light,
Two sad dark eyes are looking straight at hers,
Heavens! It is Ivan, come this very night.
A sudden joy her inmost bosom stirs.
She dare not speak, a hundred wait around,
And he were dead if near the palace found.

Quick beat her heart, it was her turn to sing,
A prayer she breathed for guidance, What to do?
Her voice she feared had sudden taken wing,
And Ivan's eyes were piercing through and through.
Oh! would some saint in all Love's calendar
That moment come and pitying smile on her.

She waits a little—then an Indian air
Came to her mind that he had often sung—
Not one would know it of the many there,
For it was only of the Indian tongue.
She took the lute and sang a melody
Of love beside the manzanita tree.

The moon's above the ocean now,
Then hasten, love to me,
And keep the vow you made beside
The manzanita tree.

The stars across the heavens sweep,
As faithful as can be.
Let us be faithful, too, beside
The manzanita tree.

The mist is on the mountain top,
The mist is on the lea,
To-night, to-night, we meet beside
The manzanita tree.

The manzanita's berry's ripe,
And red as red can be.
O, who would not go loving by
The manzanita tree.

What if another claim my hand,
My heart, my heart's with thee,
So we will meet to-night beside
The manzanita tree.

Each sigh, each thought, the list'ning lover heard,
And knows the meaning of the song she sings,
And ere the priest has said the solemn word
A steed all saddled to the gate he brings:
A sign, a gesture, from her lover there,
And they are gone, and no one knoweth where.

And they have mounted on the swiftest horse,
The fleetest steed the Alcalde ever owned.
They ford the Carmel in its swiftest course,
The old sea bay behind them moaned and moaned,
And many a cypress gnarled by storm and wind
There in the moonlight they have left behind.

Into the mountains, all the night they rode,
On narrow ways, along the canyon's side,
Where moon and stars no more the pathway showed,
Till the bright dawn the flying lovers ride—
Then change their course, for path there now is none,
And leave the horse and climb the rocks alone.

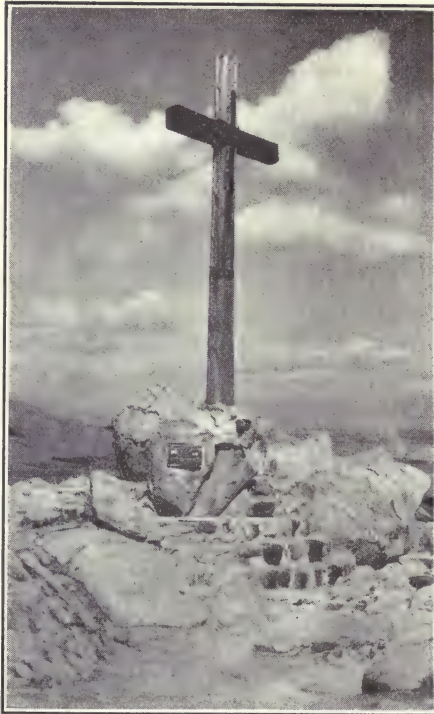
And still a day, now downward toward the sea
Some ignis fatuus beckons them along,
Though tired of limb and hungry they may be,
They think they hear some soft, sweet siren's song.
It is the sea wave's voice alone they hear,
Forever sweet to any lover's ear.

And they have reached the hemmed-in ocean's shore,
Cliffs right and left, behind them but despair.
Are they pursued, there is not any more
The smallest hope of further flight than there:
But see! a ship is yonder passing by,
Or is't a phantom of the mist and sky!

Full-sailed it rides, yet scarcely passes on.
" 'Tis not a league," cried Ivan, "from the shore.
Trust to my arms! a thousand times I've gone
Down in the deeps and braved the ocean's roar.
Here it is calm, and yonder ship may prove
A rest from flight, a refuge place for love."

And they are gone into the mist and wave,
Far out of sight of each pursuing one.
If in the sea they find a lover's grave,
Now who may know, since mist and ship are gone!
Time and the sea, no matter, kind or rude,
Can cover all, pursuers and pursued.

Still, from yon cliff where fisher-folk repair
On moonlight nights the ocean to behold,
'Tis said they see, if but the mist be there,
A ship all shining like the ship of old,
And on the deck a lady walks serene,
Still in her wedding dress, of gold and green.





One of the last of the old Concord stage coaches. Motor stages are now taking their place.

Is the Old West Passing?

By Waldo R. Smith

EVERY few months we read in some magazine a more or less poetic lament over "the passing of the Old West." It makes very good reading, and as great changes have certainly taken place in some parts of the West during the last twenty-five years, perhaps the idea that "the Old West is passing" has some foundation in reality.

But when one has "been there," and fully understands the nature and extent of those changes, he is inclined to doubt whether the distinctively Western types and the conditions that produced them are "passing" as rap-

idly as some would have him believe.

The average Easterner thinks of the West as a country inhabited almost entirely by cowboys and more or less wild Indians. After a time, perhaps, he goes West, and finds that Denver, for example, situated in the heart of the Western country, is a good sized city, surrounded by well cultivated farms. During his stay he does not so much as glimpse an Indian or cowboy. Then, determined to see something of the wild West of which he has heard, he goes on—to Cheyenne, or Great Falls, or some other city, and finds the same conditions existing. Im-



"On the lone prairie."

mediately he decides that something is wrong; and as the days go by and he sees only commonplace individuals, dressed in the conventional garb of the East, he is convinced that "the Old West is passing"—and some go so far as to assert that it has already passed. Then, if he is a writer, or a near-writer, the aforesaid poetic lament follows.

If, however, our tourist panting for the thrills of the wild West had gone fifty, or even twenty-five miles out, into the cattle range, it is possible that he would have obtained another opinion.

It is difficult for the Eastern man to appreciate the vast size and infinite diversity of the country indicated by the term "the West." He knows from his school geography that Rhode Island might easily be mislaid in one corner of Texas; but when he finds several areas the size of Rhode Island which have all the civilized appearance of that little State, scattered about a country of which Texas is only a small part, he at once jumps to the conclusion that the entire country is the same.

Even when he attends one of the

annual celebrations, such as the Cheyenne "Frontier Days" or the Pendleton "Roundup," his opinion remains unchanged; for he argues with himself that this is only an exhibition to commemorate the "old days;" and since the population of Cheyenne or Pendleton knows scarcely more of cowpunchers or Indians than he does himself, he is firmly seated in his belief. Yet these exhibitions should, by their very existence, furnish sufficient evidence to refute this widespread fallacy. Riding bucking horses is not an art which may be learned by correspondence. Neither is the ability to "rope, throw and tie" a steer in a minute and a half acquired by "pushing a plow." But this fact the general public fails to realize, as it does the equally true one that, as one cowpuncher friend of the writer expressed it, "there's all kinds of country west of the little old Missouri."

Forty years ago, almost the only industries west of the Big Muddy were cattle raising and mining. The Indians were just beginning to feel the press of white invasion, and to resent the restrictions placed upon them: so they were more or less turbulent. Con-



Typical early pioneers of the West.



"A great stretch of grass land."

sequently, the traveler was impressed with these phases of Western life because they were the only ones then existing. To-day the Indians, almost to a man, are prosperous ranchmen or farmers, and the coming of the railroad has nearly obliterated the type of old-fashioned "cow-town." There are many industries besides cattle raising and mining being carried on in the West to-day; but this does not necessarily mean the total extinction of the cattleman and the miner, any more than the abandonment of many farms in the New England States means the total extinction of the farmer in that section. The cowpuncher, Indian and miner do not occupy the entire Western stage—that is all.

One cannot hope to see cowboys or Indians ride down the principal street of Cheyenne, except on extraordinary occasions. The appearance of either in their full regalia is enough to bring scores of gaping spectators from the homes and stores. And the visitor to a ranch or a reservation cannot hope to witness a continual dress parade.

Fifty miles out of Cheyenne, however, lies some pretty wild country; and in Western Nebraska, which has

a stock law, and is therefore mostly fenced range, I have driven for twenty-five miles without encountering a fence or seeing a house or a human being.

It is true that sheep have devastated many square miles of good cattle range; that numerous towns have sprung up in the West within the last decade; and that barbed wire has made sad inroads upon the old "free range"—in places. But enough of the Old West still exists between the Missouri and the Cascades to satisfy the most enthusiastic tenderfoot, be he a tourist from New York or a drug clerk from Great Falls.

And it is in this great stretch of grassland, separated from the towns by a broad belt of farms around each town, that we must travel if we wish to see the Old West—not as it was, but as it still exists. There the traveler will find his cowpunchers, very probably differing greatly from those of his fiction bred imagination, but cowpunchers, nevertheless. I venture to assert that no such characters as the average cowboy of fiction ever lived, either in the Old West or elsewhere. And if he visits a reservation on occasions like the "give-away" or



Cowpunchers of the Jew's-harp brand with their outfit, Western Nebraska.

"Fair Week" on Pine Ridge, South Dakota, he will see plenty of Indians—in full war clothes, at that.

The very nature of the country makes its complete occupation by the farmer impossible. There is a great deal of misunderstanding in regard to this. Numerous real estate sharks, "Homeseekers' Syndicates," and the like, have pictured the "vast, untenanted acres of the West" as an ideal and glorious opportunity for the small farmer.

The plain truth is, that outside of such garden spots as the Bitter Root Valley and a few scattered districts among or near the mountains, where dams may be built and irrigation practiced, the cattle country, from the Cascades to the Missouri, can never be adapted to agriculture, except along the streams.

Even where irrigation is practicable on a large scale, the various projects are owned by big syndicates, who charge the farmer such exorbitant water rates, in addition to the price of his land, that no one except the well-to-do can afford to go in for this kind of farming. And even though the pro-

jects were government owned, the cost of their upkeep is necessarily so high that irrigation can never become profitable for the average impecunious farmer who is struggling to get a start.

"Dry farming" has also been unduly boomed. It sounds nice on paper to tell just how many potatoes John Jones raised per acre by dry farming, but—any Western homesteader who has tried it will tell you that dry farming is likely to be extremely dry. It works out well enough in the fertile river bottoms, but the trouble is that the country is not all river bottoms. And the uplands are totally unfit for agriculture, real estate agents and others interested in the "development of the country" to the contrary notwithstanding.

There was once in Kansas a stretch of prairie on which the buffalo grass grew thick enough and lush enough to cut for hay. It was ideal stock country. A lot of dry farmers moved in, bent on making the desert blossom as the rose, and plowed up the sod. They struck a gravelly subsoil, on which to use an apt expression, it was impossi-



One of the round-ups of cattle still going on in forest ranges.

ble to raise an umbrella. Then they became disgusted and quit. But the range was spoiled.

Just here is the hitch, and the reason why so many cattlemen have sold out within the last decade. The settlers have taken up the fertile river bottom land, and have fenced it, thus keeping the range stock from the water. Consequently the uplands, fit for nothing but grazing, have been, in a great many places, abandoned, and now lie absolutely unused.

It must not be supposed, however, that because there are not so many big ranches now as formerly that the cattle industry is on the decline. On the contrary, those farmers who have taken up claims in the West are gradually becoming convinced that it is no farming country—at least for the poor man.

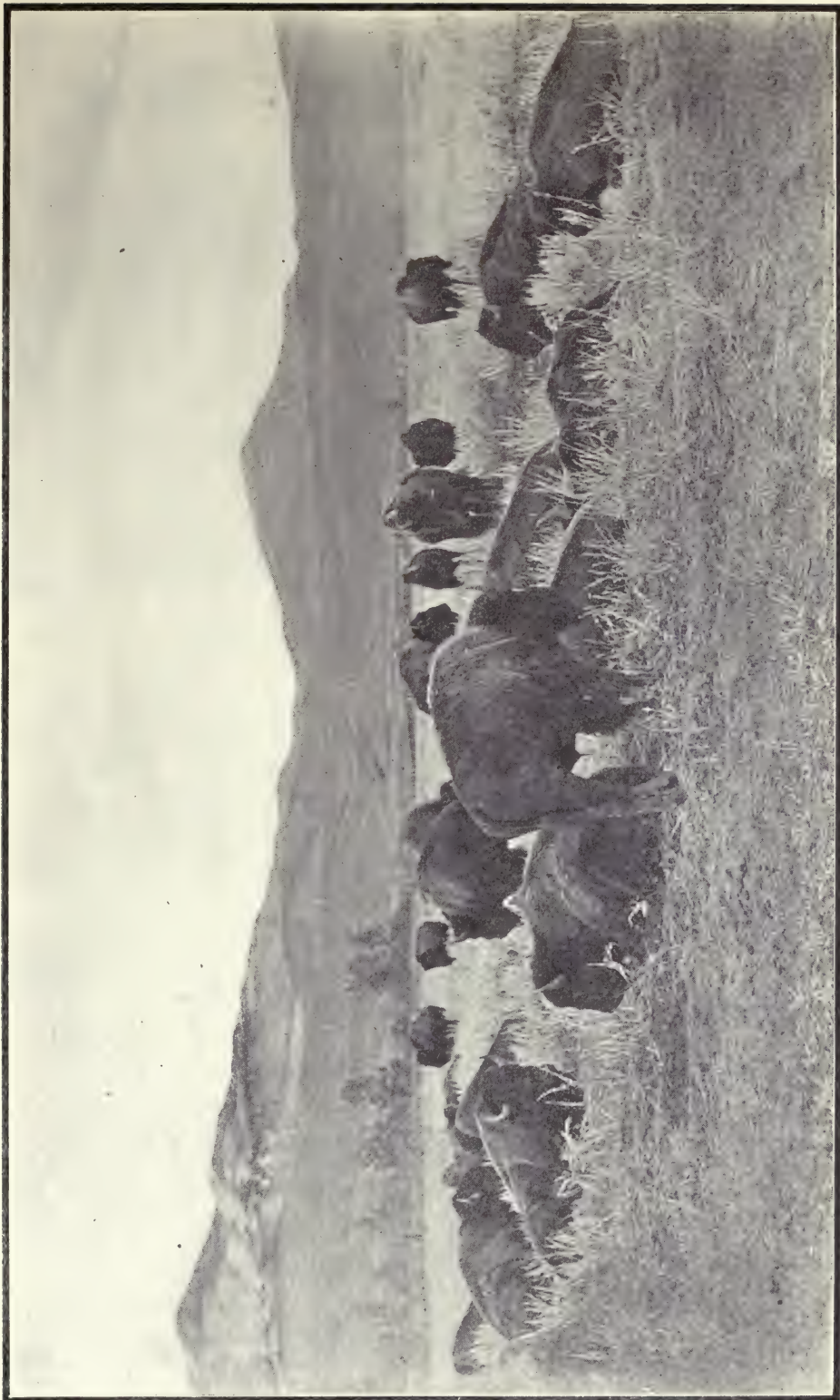
In the western part of Nebraska lies a tract of country known locally as "the sandhills." When I visited it five years ago, the "Kincaiders," (homesteaders under the Kincaid law, which allows each homesteader a full section in that district) were numerous and on the increase. One particular locality contained sixteen claims, joining

each other. It certainly looked as if the cattle industry was doomed, in that country at least. To-day, only three of those sixteen remain. The rest have gone back East, where it is easier to raise a living.

Another abandoned homestead, in Keya Paha County, bore this legend, nailed to the shack door:

Fifteen Miles to the Postoffice
Fifty Miles to the Railroad
Two Hundred and Fifty Feet to Water
And Six Inches to Hell.
I'm Going Back to Missouri.

Statistics show that the number of beef cattle raised in the country is increasing. This is certainly not due to the Eastern farmer. Ninety-nine out of a hundred farmers keep nothing but dairy cattle, and the bull calves are sold to the butcher. There is good reason for this. In a country adapted to agriculture, such as the Eastern States, hogs and corn are much more profitable than cattle, and very few farmers are willing to devote much time and acres of good corn land to the raising of beef steers. Consequently, the nation's beef must be raised elsewhere.



One of the last few herds of buffalo in the West.



A street scene in White Oaks, New Mexico.

During the recent epidemic of hoof and mouth disease that swept over the Eastern States, thousands of cattle were killed; yet the price of beef did not materially increase, because five-sixths of the beef cattle are raised in the unaffected States west of the Missouri.

It is therefore clear that the Western cattle range has reached the limit of shrinkage, and is coming back to its own. The cowpuncher and the cattle ranch are no more passing than are the farmer and the cornfield, and for the same reason: both are national assets, and neither can take the place of the other.

In the case of the Indians, the change has been more marked. The cabin of logs or sod has taken the place of the tepee for all the year occupation, although many still use the tepee during warm weather; the travois has been superceded by the spring wagon, and the war bonnet by the broad Stetson; and, except as a ceremonial dress, the native garb has been abandoned for the cheaper and more easily procured garments of the

white man. Neither do they go on the war path in this day and age; but they are quite as copper-colored, wear as long hair, and speak the same language as their forefathers. There are more full-blooded Indians in the United States than there were twenty years ago—due mainly to the abolition of tribal wars and the stamping out of epidemics introduced by encroaching civilization. The “transition stage,” that black night of despair for the Indians, has passed, and the “vanishing race” is increasing rapidly and thriving in the light of a new day.

In view of these facts, it appears somewhat foolish to mourn over “the passing of the Old West.” For certain it is that the Old West still flourishes, so far as the character of the men and of the country in the main is concerned. Those changes which have been wrought have been merely superimposed, as it were, upon the old order.

Of course, many things are now done somewhat differently from what they once were: the modern cattleman brands with a stamp, and rides a saddle



Packing supplies into the mountains.



An aborigine family "moving on."

which is much neater and more scientifically constructed than the old Texas saddle of the early days; but his horsemanship has not suffered thereby. The herds are now shipped to the markets by rail, instead of being trailed many weary miles, at a consequent loss of flesh, value and time; also, the range cattle of to-day are mostly whitefaces or shorthorns.

The old longhorn is becoming rare on most ranches; but there are no fewer cattle on the range because of this.

The buffalo may be gone, and the Indian may never hunt them again; but the buffalo were practically extinct as early as 1880; and there have been Indian wars since. And perhaps with adequate protection even the buffalo may return. Quien sabe?

Christian Science---Viewed In Its Own Light and that of the Bible

By F. W. Plaenker

IT IS a simple matter for the writer to appreciate the attitude of Mr. Clifford P. Smith toward Pastor

Russell, as expressed by Mr. Smith in his article on "Christian Science as It Is," published in your issue of December, 1915, for I was for four years actively engaged in Christian Science practice; and it is equally simple for the writer to appreciate why Pastor Russell does not "appear" to understand Christian Science. It is because I understand both Pastor Russell and Mr. Smith, and can appreciate their honesty in contending for what they sincerely believe to be truth, that I deem it a Christian duty to submit my views of "Christian Science As It Is." If Mrs. Eddy had not claimed for Christian Science that God is its author, and that Christian Science is in harmony with and based upon the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles (Science and Health 110:13; 126:29; 269:22; 271:20), no Bible student would consider it his duty to attempt to expose its false claims.

"Christian Science As It Is" is an anti-Christian religion undermining faith in the Bible and in the God of the Bible by subtly introducing evolution, while seeming to deny it.

"Christian Science As It Is" is the original Satanic lie—"Thou shalt not surely die"—couched in Jehovah's lan-

guage, erroneously connected and misapplied; that is, Christian Science encourages man to believe that he has ever had an indisputable, inherited right to immortality, contrary to the Bible, which says that immortality is an estate promised to none but the faithful followers of Jesus Christ.—Romans 2:7.

How does "Christian Science As It Is" compare with Jesus' teachings? Christian Science teachings contradict those of Jesus. For example: Jesus commanded, "Heal the sick;" Christian Science says there are no sick to be healed. Jesus taught His disciples to pray, "Thy Kingdom come;" Christian Science says, "Thy Kingdom is come," and substitutes for prayer to a personal God a declaration of its own unscriptural principles.

Besides being un-Christian, Christian Science is unscientific: First, because it denies itself; secondly, because the so-called demonstrations of its principles disprove the truthfulness of its claims.

"Consistency Thou Art a Jewel."

The following quotations from "Science and Health" show that, according to Christian Science, man is the *creature* of God and yet *co-existent* with Him:

"Man is the family name for all the sons and daughters of God. All that God CREATES moves in accord with Him, reflecting goodness and power." Page 515; lines 22 to 25.

"Man, in the likeness of his MAKER, reflects the central light of being." Page 305; lines 6-8.

"Man COEXISTS with and reflects Soul, God, for man is God's image." Page 120; lines 5-6.

"Man in Science is NEITHER YOUNG NOR OLD. He has NEITHER BIRTH NOR DEATH." Page 244; lines 24-25.

It is manifest that both of these statements cannot be true. If God did not antedate man, He could not create him.

Now, to prove the second reason why Christian Science is unscientific, viz., that the results of its treatments disprove the principles applied in the treatments. To illustrate: By declaring the alleged nothingness of matter, and by endeavoring to realize the allness of Spirit, Christian Scientists seek to restore their patients to health. Do they succeed? If so, the increase in the weight of the healed body disproves the principle applied, viz., all is Spirit.

When the patient dies, is the allness of Spirit demonstrated? No; for in that event, according to Mrs. Eddy's teachings, the patient finds himself in possession of another body of flesh; while the first one remains on this plane of existence to be buried.

When will "Christian Science As It Is" be demonstrated? This will not be until the Christian Science mortal man, *which is not, which never has been, and which never will be*, realizes the allness of Spirit. But, someone inquires, Does not the real man make the demonstration? No! for the real man of Christian Science has no mind but God, and no other substance.

Then for whose benefit was "Science and Health" written and published? The only logical conclusion is that the author was the mythical, mortal woman of Christian Science who erroneously believed herself to be surrounded by unreal, sinful, sick and dying creatures. But who led her to believe that she existed and that she was surrounded by imperfect beings in need of her message? Not a personal devil, nor angels, for they, according to

Christian Science, do not exist. Who, then? In her confusion, Mrs. Eddy gave this answer: "When God called her to proclaim His Gospel to this age there came also the charge to plant and water His vineyard. (Preface to Science and Health: Page 11, lines 19-21.)

We inquire if, as Christian Science teaches, God knows nothing of sickness, sin and death, what suggested to Him the need of "Science and Health?"

Ah! the Gospel of God is in striking contrast with Mrs. Eddy's teaching and is consistent with itself; while Christian Science is self-contradictory and comports neither with reason nor with the Bible, in which God invites us to use our reason.—Isaiah 1:18.

The Messiah of the Bible.

Instead of Messiah being a "mental power," as Christian Science claims (Page 116; lines 13-16; page 185; lines 3-6), He is the personal Christ Jesus, who has received all power in heaven and on earth, and who in 1,000 years will restore mankind to perfection. Contrast Page 291; lines 23-30, with the following Scriptures: Acts 17:31; 2 Peter 3:7, 8; Revelation 21:4.

The writer is not endeavoring to ridicule Mrs. Eddy, for he was at one time in the same confusion. Thank God! Mrs. Eddy and all who are confused shall be awakened to walk up the Highway of Holiness, in which even the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err.—Isaiah 35:8-10.

Those who accept the Bible as God's Word can see from the following list of quotations that Christian Science is an anti-Christian, Ransom-denying doctrine:

SCIENCE AND HEALTH, WITH KEY TO THE SCRIPTURES.

"The material blood of Jesus was no more efficacious to cleanse from sin when it was shed upon 'the accursed tree,' than when it was flowing through His veins, as He went daily about His Father's business."—S. & H., p. 25; ls. 6-9.

"One sacrifice, however great, is insufficient to pay the debt of sin. The atonement requires constant self-immolation on the sinner's part. That God's wrath

THE BIBLE.

"For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many FOR THE REMISSION OF SINS."—Matthew 26:28.

"WITHOUT SHEDDING of blood is no remission."—Hebrews 9:22.

"Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. . . But He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our

should be vented upon His beloved Son is divinely unnatural. Such a theory is man-made. The atonement is a hard problem in theology (when the theology denies that 'the wages of sin is death' and that 'The life is in the blood'—Romans 6:23; Leviticus 17:11); but its scientific (?) explanation is that suffering is an error of sinful sense which Truth destroys."—S. & H., page 23; lines 3-10.

"By understanding more of the divine Principle of the DEATHLESS (?) Christ, we are enabled to heal the sick and to triumph over sin."—S. & H., page 28; lines 12-14.

"Paul writes: 'For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the (seeming) DEATH of His son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.'—Page 45; lines 10-13.

"His unchanged physical condition after what SEEMED to be death, was followed by his exaltation above all material conditions."—S. & H., page 46; line 20.

"Jesus was 'the way,' that is, He (was not the way, but merely) marked the way for all men."—S. & H., page 46; lines 20-25.

On page 11, lines 16-19, Mrs. Eddy writes: "Jesus suffered for our sins, not to annul the Divine sentence against an individual's sin, but to show that sin must bring inevitable suffering."

In her attempt to deny the Ransom (1 Tim. 2:6) which in the Greek is anti-lutron, a corresponding price, a redemption price, Mrs. Eddy acknowledges both sin and suffering.

In view of these apparent contradic-

tion peace was upon Him; and with His STRIPES WE ARE HEALED. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; He hath put Him to grief; when thou shalt make HIS SOUL AN OFFERING FOR SIN, He shall see His seed."—Isaiah 53; 4-5-10.

"But this man, after he had offered ONE SACRIFICE FOR SIN FOREVER, sat down on the right hand of God."—Hebrews 10:12.

"But if there be no resurrection of the DEAD, THEN IS CHRIST NOT RISEN; And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins."—1 Corinthians; 15:12-18.

"I am He that liveth and was dead."—Revelation 1:18. See also John 12:23-25.

"I am the WAY, and the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but BY ME."—John 14:6.

"I am the DOOR; BY ME, if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—John 10:9.

tions of itself and of the Bible, may it not be said of Christian Science, as Mrs. Eddy has said of "Animal Magnetism," "Discomfort in error is preferable to comfort?"—Science and Health, page 101; line 28.

What can be more injurious than a system which in the name of Christianity denies God and His Son Jesus, and robs the patient of the use of his reason?



Bishop-Apostles' Costly Mistake

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the
Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Have I not chosen you Twelve?"—
John 6:70.

AS CHRISTIANS we have long lamented our differences and wondered at their number. As we have been getting rid of one after another of the doctrinal errors of the past, and see their foolishness, and learn that they are not supported by Bible testimony, we wonder how they originally got a foothold in Christian faith. But a glance backward is sufficient to explain the situation.

During the ministry of our Lord and the Apostles, the faith of the Church was kept pure; but as Jesus prophesied in the parable of the Wheat and Tares, all this changed as soon as the Apostles fell asleep. He says: "While men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares" amongst the wheat. The tares of error sown by Satan shortly after the death of the Apostles have yielded an abundant crop, and well nigh choked out the good seed of the Kingdom—Christ's saintly followers. The nominal wheat-field might almost be called a tare-field, so greatly do the tares predominate.

But in the Harvest, the end of this Age, the dawning of the New Age of Messiah's Kingdom, the Lord will favor such conditions as will effect a thorough separation between the "wheat" and the "tares." He will gather His wheat into the Garner. All imitation Christians will, by the fiery troubles of that Day, be reduced to the ranks of the world in general.

Judas' Place Improperly Filled.

Whilst the eleven Apostles were waiting as directed for the Pentacostal blessing, they, contrary to direction, busied themselves by appointing a successor to Judas. They chose two men, and the two, selected one by lot, and then supposed that they had made an Apostle. Without reproving them, God ignored their choice; thenceforth we hear no more of Matthias. In His own time God brought forth the successor of Judas, and we all recognize at once St. Paul, of whom it is written that he was "not one whit behind the chiefest of the Apostles," and that he had visions and revelations more than they all.

St. Paul's writings constitute the major portion of the New Testament, and are invaluable gifts of God to His people. There never were to be more than these twelve. Jesus declares that He chose the twelve. Again He declares that God gave them to Him and that He lost none of them save Judas, whose disloyalty had already been foretold.

When Jesus prayed for these He differentiated them from His other followers, saying, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for all those also who shall believe in Me through their word." Their words are His words. They have been His mouthpieces to the Church. Of these twelve, and of none others, He declares, "Whatsoever things ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven," and whatsoever things ye shall declare loosed



THE SCENIC LIMITED

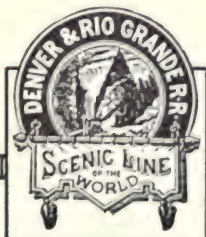
America's Latest
Trans-Continental Train
In Service Daily Between
SAN FRANCISCO
ST. LOUIS and CHICAGO

Passing Through the
Scenic Sierras and Rockies

By Daylight

"EVERY MILE A PICTURE"

For Full Information and
Particulars Address
E. L. LOMAX
Passenger Traffic Manager
San Francisco



**When
Mother
Needs
Help**

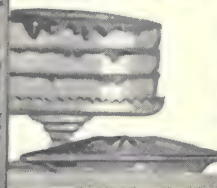
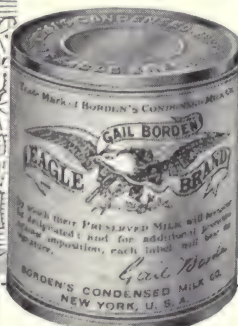


EVERY mother of twins who has enough milk for one baby only, faces a serious problem. It is advisable to give each baby three breast feedings daily, supplementing these with three bottle feedings—for a little mother's milk is better than none. Thousands of mothers who could not nurse their babies have brought them safely through the dangerous first year with

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

For nearly sixty years "Eagle Brand" has been successfully used as a baby food. The most delicate baby stomach digests it easily. "Eagle Brand" received the only Grand Prize awarded on condensed milk at the recent San Francisco Exposition. Use "Eagle Brand" in cooking wherever milk and sugar are required. It gives a delicate flavor to everything you cook and is delicious in coffee, tea and chocolate.

**Borden's Condensed
Milk Company**
"Leaders of Quality"
New York Est. 1857



Overland 3-16

Borden's Condensed Milk Co., 108 Hudson St., New York
Please send me the booklet checked:

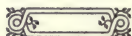
- ... "Baby's Welfare," which tells me how to keep my baby well.
- ... "Baby's Biography," to record the events of his babyhood.
- ... "Borden's Recipes," which tell how to improve my cooking.

NAME
ADDRESS



FIRST IN SAFETY

CHOICE OF Four Routes EAST



"Sunset Route"

Along the Mission Trail and
through the Dixieland of Song
and Story.

*Two Daily Trains to New Orleans via
Los Angeles, Tucson, El Paso, San
Antonio and Houston. Connecting with
Southern Pacific Steamers to New York.
sailing Wednesday and Saturday.*

"Ogden Route"

Across the Sierras and over the
Great Salt Lake Cut-off.

*Four Daily Trains to Chicago via Ogden
and Omaha, or via Denver and Kansas
City to St. Louis, Shortest and Quickest
Way East.*

"Shasta Route"

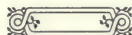
Skirting majestic Mount Shasta
and crossing the Siskiyou.

*Four Daily Trains to Portland, Tacoma
and Seattle—through Oregon and the
Pacific Northwest.*

"El Paso Route"

The Golden State Route through
the Southwest.

*Two Daily Trains to Chicago and St.
Louis via Los Angeles, Tucson, El Paso
and Kansas City.*



Best Dining Car in America

Oil Burning Engines—No Cinders, No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke

Awarded Grand Prize for Railway Track, Equipment, Motive Power and
Safety-First Appliances, San Francisco Exposition 1915

For Fares and Train Service, Ask Southern Pacific Agents

all shall know are loosed and not binding in the sight of Heaven. So carefully did the Lord intend to supervise these in their utterances that their words would be infallible; and He wished all His followers to know this.

Furthermore, after our Lord had ascended to glory, He sent a message to the Church through St. John the Revelator. In that message He pictured the twelve apostles as a crown of twelve stars, upon the head of the Woman, the Church. Again, in the symbolical picture of the New Jerusalem, which represents the Church in glory beyond the veil, He pictures the twelve apostles as the twelve foundation stones. There never were to be any more, nor any less. From this standpoint we see that we are not to expect an additional revelation of any kind. God's people are not to trust either in their own speculations and mental gymnastics, or in visions and dreams; for, as St. Paul declares, "If any man preach any other gospel than that which we have preached, let him be accursed." (Galatians 1:8, 9.) So, too, he declares, "The Word of His grace is able to build you up," and to "make you wise unto salvation." Again he said, "The Word of God is sufficient, that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished." Acts 20:32; 2 Timothy 3:15-17.) We see, then, that the Church needed no more than the twelve Apostles, nor any further revelation of any kind than those given to her through this inspired Apostleship. But that there would be some who mistakenly would claim to be apostles, the Lord Jesus clearly indicated, declaring that there would be false apostles, "who say that they are apostles and are not."—Revelation 2:2.

The First Pseudo-Apostles.

When we speak of pseudo-apostles—false apostles—we should not be understood as charging intentional fraud. Rather, sympathetically, let us suppose that the early bishops, in accepting the title of apostles and claiming for themselves succession to the Apostolic office, were honestly deluded, as

much as were the people who thus acknowledged them. Let us remember, further, that the matter grew gradually, just as titles and dignities grow at this day.

Let us remember that the early Christians were not generally educated—that remarkably few people in olden times were able to read. Indeed, general ability to read belongs only to our generation, to those living in this our wonderful day—the dawning of the New Era of Messiah's Kingdom. Let us remember, also, that at that time books were very scarce, because very expensive. The Jews did, indeed, endeavor to have a copy of the Holy Scriptures in every synagogue, there to be read once a week, in portions, from large and costly scrolls.

Christians, expelled from the synagogue, had no longer the opportunity of the Jews for studying the Old Testament Scriptures. And the New Testament, written in fragmentary manner, was costly also, and not brought together as a collection for a long time after the death of the Apostles. The sacred writings soon became relics, remembrancers of the dead Apostles and of Jesus, worshipped by all, but not studied. Their value for instruction was considered at an end, because the theory in the meantime had sprung up that the living bishops were the representatives of the Apostolic office and inspirations. The people, therefore, unable to read, asked not, What say the Apostles? but received their theological instructions from the bishops, who they believed to be the living Apostles.

When we reflect that very few ministers in one city, even of one denomination, are to-day fully agreed as respects Divine Truth, we must not be surprised that during the two centuries following the death of the Apostles, these supposed "successors" got into all kinds of false doctrines, each leading a company of believers and holding the pre-eminence of his own views, few thinking to measure their presentations by those of the twelve divinely appointed Apostles.

"Apostolic Councils" Next.

The doctrinal strife between the bishops grew. Gradually the people of God, about A. D. 250, began to be separated into two classes—the clergy and the laity. The bishops, instead of being chosen by the vote of the people, publicly claimed the divine right, as the superiors in the Church, to ordain for them their clerical teachers. The clergy, under the lead of the bishops as supposed successors to the Apostles, lorded it over God's heritage. Later, in the sixth century, the Bishop of Rome began to be considered superior to all other bishops, and finally was declared to be the chief father, or papa, or Pope.

About the Fourth Century creed making began. The Nicene Creed, the Athanasian Creed and the Apostle's Creed, all were formulated in the fourth century. It was discovered that more than a thousand bishops—pseudo apostles—were teaching very contrary doctrines on many subjects. The Emperor Constantine accepted Christianity, and was perplexed by the variety of teaching. He convened the "Apostolic Council" of Nice. But although he provided expense money for all bishops attending, only about one-third obeyed the command.

These bishops disputed and wrangled over differences for days and weeks and months. Finally they reached a conclusion satisfactory to the emperor. It was promulgated with governmental sanction and with the declaration that any persons or teachings to the contrary were to be expelled. Thus a small minority of men who mistakenly thought themselves inspired, under the leading of an emperor who had not even been baptized, set up a theological standard which since has served well to fetter religious thought in many, and to make others believe that there is nothing in religion but superstition.

Creed-making along these lines progressed for twelve hundred years, while the Bible was neglected. It was not even thought necessary, as a text

book in theological seminaries. Luther, then a devout Catholic, had taught and preached for years without ever seeing a Bible. The explanation is that the bishops, esteemed to be living apostles in full authority, were thought to have more up-to-date knowledge than the original twelve. In so-called Apostolic councils, they formulated creeds which they declared were alone necessary to be believed. Can we wonder that in all those fifteen centuries the real nuggets of Truth which had been delivered by Jesus and the Apostles and the Prophets, became sadly incrustured with human tradition, superstition, misunderstanding, etc.?

Groping for the Light.

Our Catholic friends do not agree that a great Reformation movement started in the sixteenth century. None of us will claim that Luther and his friends were infallible, and that in one step they passed from the confusion of fifteen centuries into the full blaze of religious knowledge. All, however, Catholics and Protestants, can surely agree that some kind of creed impetus to righteousness came to the Protestant movement of the Sixteenth Century. We have proof of it all about us.

No longer are Protestants and Catholics warring with each other, burning each other at the stake, etc. Each may feel free to investigate for himself and to accept or reject such doctrines and creeds as he may please.

All true Christian people deplore the division of Christ's followers into numerous sects. Nevertheless we may surely feel a great sympathy for all of them when we remember that each separate sect represents an additional effort on the part of honest minds to grope out of darkness toward the light. All who are awake are conscious that some terrible nightmare of error rested upon Christendom for long, long centuries.

The Torch of Civilization.

Well has the Bible been called the Torch of Civilization and Progress.



Earn Big Pay as a Tree Expert

From a farm hand at \$25 a month to a tree expert at \$3000 a year—from monotonous grind to a fascinating, healthful, respected profession—that is the rise of the man pictured here, P. E. Hudson, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y. Through the Davey course of training by mail hundreds of young men, like Hudson, have improved their condition in life. *You have an equal chance.* A few months study, at home, in your spare time, will fit you for any of the following positions—Tree Surgery, City Forestry, Park Superintendent, Fruit Growing, Tree Surgery and Fruit Growing, City

Tree Expert, Forestry. These fields are uncrowded; you will have more demands for your services than you can fill.

Write today for book, "Adventures in Success," and tell us which of the professions listed above especially appeals to you.

The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 418 Oak St., Kent, Ohio

Mount Shasta and the Siskiyou

"SHASTA ROUTE"
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
FIRST IN SAFETY

Through the most magnificent mountain scenery in America—snow-capped Shasta, pine-clad canyons, and foaming streams. From Siskiyou's glorious summit looking southward on California's peaks and verdant slopes, and northward on Oregon's timbered heights and orchard-checked valleys—a succession of views unequalled in their combination.

FOUR DAILY TRAINS

San Francisco (Ferry Station) to Portland, Tacoma and Seattle

"Shasta Limited,"	Extra Fare \$5,	11:00 A. M.
"Portland Express"		1:00 P. M.
"Oregon Express"		8:20 P. M.
"Sound Special"		11:40 P. M.

Best Dining Car in America

Oil-Burning Engines—No Cinders, No Smudge, No Annoying Smoke
Awarded Grand Prize for Railway Track, Equipment, Motive Power, and
Safety-First Appliances, San Francisco Exposition, 1915

For Fares, Tickets, and Berths, Inquire Southern Pacific Ticket Offices



TRADE IN YOUR OLD TYPEWRITER ON THE LIGHT RUNNING FOX

Send us the name, model and serial number of your typewriter and we will at once mail you our New Catalog and write you exchange offer on the New Fox Model No. 24, cash or time payments.

Write for New Schedule of Prices to Dealers—Prices are the lowest ever made on high grade typewriters. We have a new model, new price, and a wholly new policy under a new management. Please mention Overland Monthly for March.

FOX TYPEWRITER COMPANY

4803-4813 FRONT AVENUE

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



HALFTONE ENGRAVINGS

FOR SALE

6 Cents Per Square Inch



For Advertising Purposes

For Illustrating Booklets

For Newspapers

For Magazines



The halftone engravings that have appeared in the various issues of the Overland Monthly represent subjects suitable for almost any purpose. Having been carefully used in printing, they are

As Good As New

Prints of these illustrations can be seen at the office. Over 10,000 cuts to select from.



Overland Monthly

21 Sutter Street, San Francisco

The Bible, not men, was the great Reformer and leader into civilization. When the Bible was placed in the hands of the people, they began to see that God's message came from Jesus and the Apostles and the Prophets of old, and that clericism and sacerdotal functions were man-made. A desire to know what the Bible teaches became more and more prevalent. The first effort of the clerics was to tell the masses that the priesthood had the Bible and would read it in their hearing—but it was read in Latin, to those who *could not understand Latin*.

Gradually the desire sprang up for the Bible in the English language. Dr. Tyndale was amongst the first to recognize the need and to supply it to the British. Later on Luther, with assistants, supplied the Germans. But not many were able to read. A partisan spirit arose. Seeing that the Bible was popular, all acclaimed it as the Divine Revelation. But each party condemned the translation made by the other, when in reality there was no particular difference between them. It was all the bishops could do to keep the people from studying God's Word themselves and to make them satisfied with the presentations already given them by their teachers.

Therefore the Bishop of London bought up a lot of Tyndale's Testaments and burned them in public. But more were printed and the demand increased. People hungered for God's word, and felt suspicious of the creeds, as well they might. Then came the Catholic Bible in the English language, and later, our Common Version English Bible, and many others. Still the claim is made that Protestants could not read the Catholic Bible, and that Catholic could not read the Protestant Bible, when in reality the two are practically the same—good translations.

It would appear that there are many religious teachers of all denominations who outwardly extol the Bible for popularity's sake, but who in reality inwardly wish the people would never read it, for they realize that the Bible

is the greatest foe in the world to ecclesiastical hypocrisies and superstitions.

Back to the Bible, Says Pope!

Pope Leo, with a clear vision beheld the drifting of our day away from all faith and religion. Viewing the attitude of the Protestant college, universities and theological seminaries, he realized that nearly all the educated young men of Protestant lands are being taught Higher Criticism, which is the modern name for infidelity. He perceived that Protestantism, which originally boasted of its fidelity to the Bible, and protested against the acceptance of the teachings of the bishops instead of the Divine Word, has cut loose from the Bible as an inspired authority and is drifting upon the rocks of Higher Criticism, rationalism, atheism.

The Pope then bethought himself of the Catholic colleges, and found the same Higher Criticism intruding itself there. He perceived that this general trend away from God has already crushed all religion in ninety-six per cent of the French, and in ninety per cent of the Germans. The awfulness of this situation greatly impressed the holy father. He realized that our increase of education and decrease in religious faith must speedily spell *anarchy*. At the risk of condemnation from both Catholics and Protestants as narrow-minded and bigoted, the Pope instituted heroic measures. He gave orders that all Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and teachers must be examined as to their faith, and must solemnly swear to it, and that all books along the lines of Higher Criticism should be banned.

Pius X took another bold, courageous step. Perceiving that the masses would no longer recognize the Bishops as Divine authority—as successors to the Apostles—he directed through the Papal bull that the Catholic masses no longer look to the successors of the Apostles for instruction, but to the Bible itself. He urged upon the Bishops that Catholics every-

where be encouraged to read the Bible. This is a move in the right direction. If Catholics should get to reading the Bible (I care not whether they use the Catholic version or the Protestant version—I use both), Protestants may be shamed into real Bible study, instead of the sham make-believe so much practiced.

May we not, then, hope that all true Christians, Catholic and Protestant, of every shade, might through the

honest study of the one great book of authority, come back to the "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," and the one "Church of the Living God," whose names "are written in Heaven?" Toward this end let us labor. Let us all be students of the Bible, and let us be honest and loyal, not handling the Word of God deceitfully. So shall we have the blessing for which Jesus prayed: "Sanctify them through Thy Truth; Thy Word is Truth."



"Why We Punctuate, or Reason vs. Rule in the Use of Marks," by William Livingston Klein, Revised Edition, entirely Rewritten.

The first edition of this work was published in 1896, and the treatment of the subject was so highly commended by many leading men and periodicals of the country that the entire edition, though a large one, was soon exhausted. Once in print, the author, with his wide vision of what the work should be to fill the limits of the field, discovered that there were several spots which required stronger support to make the book an ideal one of its kind. His chief criticism of his venture was that he had followed the general practice of treating the four principal marks (comma, semicolon, colon and period) separately. Failure follows this mode of treatment because it disregards the interrelation of marks and the relations between groups of words to be interpreted by marks. Accordingly, he has rewritten the book and made it an authority on punctuation, logical and clear.

8vo. Price \$1.25 net. Published by The Lancet Publishing Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

"His Old Time and a Few Others," by J. E. Sanford.

This is a collection of popular verse done by a craftsman in touch with the every-day things about us. He infuses spirit into his themes, gives them character touches and interests the man in the home and his fellow that walks the street seeking interesting sidelights on his fellows.

Price, \$1. Published by Waldo R. Hart, Fredonia, New York.

"South on Preparedness," by Simon Strunsky.

As the author is a member of the editorial staff of the New York Evening Post, he is in a measure more intimately acquainted with the inside of this movement than the ordinary citizen with his eye on his every-day business. The hero of the argument is an average citizen who spends New Year's Eve, 1916, in arranging his thoughts on the subject of national defense. Here is one taken at hazard: "I am practical. I am willing to forego the ideal of democracy if it is a question of our national existence. If, for our survival as a nation, it is necessary that we become



Three generations

of the Vose family have made the art of manufacturing the Vose Piano their life-work. For 63 years they have developed their instruments with such honesty of construction and materials, and with such skill, that the Vose Piano of today is the ideal Home Piano.

Delivered in your home free of charge. Old instruments taken as partial payment in exchange. Time Payments accepted. If interested, send for catalogue today.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

189 Boylston Street

Boston, Mass.

VOSE

THE

Paul Gerson DRAMATIC SCHOOL

Incorporated Under the Laws of the State of California

The Largest Training School
of Acting in America

The Only Dramatic School on the Pacific Coast

TENTH YEAR

Elocution, Oratory, Dramatic Art

Advantages:

Professional Experience While Studying. Positions Secured for Graduates. Six Months Graduating Course. Students Can Enter Any Time.

Arrangements can be made with Mr. Gerson for Amateur and Professional Coaching

Paul Gerson Dramatic School Bldg.

McALLISTER and HYDE STREET
San Francisco, Cal.
Write for Catalogue.

The German Savings and Loan Society

(The German Bank)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial
526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

MISSION BRANCH

S. E. CORNER MISSION AND 21ST STREETS

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH

S. W. CORNER CLEMENT AND 7TH AVENUE

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH

S. W. CORNER HAIGHT AND BELVEDERE

DECEMBER 31st, 1915

Assets	\$ 61,849,662.02
Deposits	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund	211,238.93
Number of Depositors	67,406

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending December 31, 1915, a dividend to depositors of 4 per cent. per annum was declared.

Leghorn Breeders!

Send in your subscription to *The Leghorn Journal* and keep posted on the progress of the Leghorn industry; as it is devoted exclusively to the different Leghorn fowls. Subscription price 50c. per year. Special offer—Send us 10c. and the names of five of your neighbors interested in Leghorns and we will send you *The Leghorn Journal* for three months.

THE LEGHORN JOURNAL
APPOMATTOX, VA.

A SAMPLE COPY

OF THE

AMERICAN OPEN AIR SCHOOL JOURNAL

WILL BE MAILED TO YOU ON RECEIPT OF

10¢ Stamps
or Coin

THREE MONTHS 25c ONE YEAR \$1.00
THIS JOURNAL

Presents the best experience and the best thinking on the subjects of improving the health of children in school and at home. It appeals to all teachers and to intelligent mothers.

1140 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Philadelphia

like Germany, then let us be Germany. If we can survive only under a Czar, then let us be like Russia."

Price 10c. B. W. Publishing Co., Brooklyn, New York.

"Gethsemane and Other Poems," by Anna Morrison Reed.

This little book of commendable poems should find many sympathetic readers. The pages are interspersed with photographs of letters filled with encomiums from such representative poets as Oscar Wilde, Joaquin Miller and other appreciative admirers.

The Northern Crown Publishing Co., Petaluma, California.

"The Little Lady of the Big House."

By Jack London, author of "The Valley of the Moon," "The Sea Wolf," etc., with frontispiece in colors.

In this story of a woman whose life is shaped by a great love, Mr. London adds at least three characters to his already notable list of literary portraits—Dick Forrest, master of broad acres, a man of intellect, training and wealth; Paula, his wife, young, attractive, bound up in her husband and his affairs; and Evan Graham, traveled, of easy manners and ingratiating personality, a sort of Prince Charming. The problem comes with Graham's entrance into the Forrest family circle, and it is a problem that must be solved. To this, both its presentation and its solution, Mr. London brings all his powers of construction, of visualization and of imagination.

Price \$1.50 net. Published by Macmillan Company, New York.

What Our Navy Costs.

William O. Stevens, author of "The Story of Our Navy," makes a point in regard to the expense of maintaining our navy which is of interest at this time of national stock-taking. "The objection that the navy was an instru-

ment of tyranny," says Professor Stevens, "is heard no longer, but opposition is still heard on the ground of expense, even although the cost to the American people of our navy is less per capita to-day than it was for the thirteen frigates and sloops a hundred years ago."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

How Did They Get the News?

Ralph Pulitzer, who has given his experiences in the war zone in his just-published book, "Over the Front in an Aeroplane," relates an interesting anecdote illustrating the astonishing activity of the German intelligence department. "One day," says Mr. Pulitzer, "when the Belgian army was being reuniformed in khaki, a certain regiment of chasseurs was ordered to leave their trenches right after dark that night to march to the rear for the purpose of having their new uniforms issued to them. An hour or two after they had received this order the Germans right opposite them hoisted a great placard above their trenches. On it was a sign painted: "Good-bye, brave chasseurs! Run along to get your new uniforms at seventeen francs fifty apiece!;"

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"The Appeal to Neutral Nations," by R. Dales Owen.

This is an appeal to the civilized Christian nations and to all good men and women to use their influence to bring the present European war to an end. The method proposed is to unite a large and powerful group of nations, backed by a police army ready to battle in defense of the right. The author regards this as the more merciful and the most enduring way to end the present conflict. Price 10 cents. Published by Hollands & So., Hight St., Worthing, Sussex, England.

Construction News Press Clippings

Contractors, Material Men, Builders, Manufacturers, in fact, anybody interested in construction news of all kinds, obtain from our daily reports quick, reliable information. Our special correspondents all over the country enable us to give our patrons the news in advance of their competitors, and before it has become common property.

Let us know what you want, and we will send you samples and quote you prices.

Press clippings on any subject from all the leading current newspapers, magazines, trade and technical journals of the United States and Canada. Public speakers, writers, students, club women, can secure reliable data for speeches, essays, debates, etc. Special facilities for serving trade and class journals, railroads and large industrial corporations.

We read, through our staff of skilled readers, a more comprehensive and better selected list of publications than any other bureau.

We aim to give prompt and intelligent service at the lowest price consistent with good work.

Write us about it. Send stamp for booklet.

United States Press Clipping Bureau

Rand McNally Bldg.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves

A dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves to carry in the purse. A handy article for all occasions to quickly improve the complexion. Sent for 10 cents in stamps or coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones St., New York.

10 Years Copies Wanted of the OVERLAND MONTHLY—We desire copies of the Overland Monthly from December 1875 to January 1886, to complete our files. Liberal premium will be paid. Manager
OVERLAND MONTHLY

21 Sutter Street San Francisco

MEN OF IDEAS and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money," Advice FREE. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 86, Washington, D. C.

Strawberry FREE To introduce our Pedigreed Ever-PLANTS bearing strawberries we will send 25 fine plants free. PEDIGREED NURSERY CO., SULLIVAN, MO.



The Vose Player Piano

is so constructed that even a little child can play it. It combines our superior player action with the renowned Vose Pianos which have been manufactured during 63 years by three generations of the Vose family. In purchasing this instrument you secure quality, tone, and artistic merit at a moderate price, on time payments, if desired. Catalogue and literature sent on request to those interested. Send today.

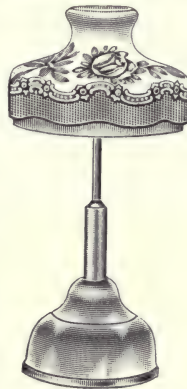
You should become a satisfied owner of a



VOSE PLAYER PIANO



VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 189 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



The Favorite Home Lamp

250 C. P.—1 Cent a Day

Portable, safe, convenient. No connecting wires or tubes. Operates 60 hours on one gallon of gasoline, saves money and eyes. Automatically cleaned, adjustable turned high or low at will. Positively cannot clog. Operates in any position. Guaranteed. Decorated china shade free with each lamp. Just the thing for homes, hotels, doctors' and lawyers' offices. Ask your local hardware dealer for a demonstration, if he doesn't carry it he can obtain it from any Wholesale Hardware House or write direct to us.

National Stamping & Electric Works

438 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Illinois

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co. Reduced rates on household goods to and from all points on the Pacific Coast 443 Marquette Building, Chicago

640 Old South Bldg., Boston	1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis
324 Whitehall Bldg., N. Y.	855 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco
435 Oliver Bldg., Pittsburgh	
518 Central Building, Los Angeles	
Write nearest office	

The
Prophy-lactic

Tooth Brush

Used every day—note how your smile improves

Hitchcock Military Academy

San Rafael, Cal.



*"Preparedness First" cadets of Hitchcock Military Academy
drilling on the sports' field.*

A HOME school for boys, separate rooms, large campus, progressive, efficient, thorough, Government detail and full corps of experienced instructors, accredited to the Universities.

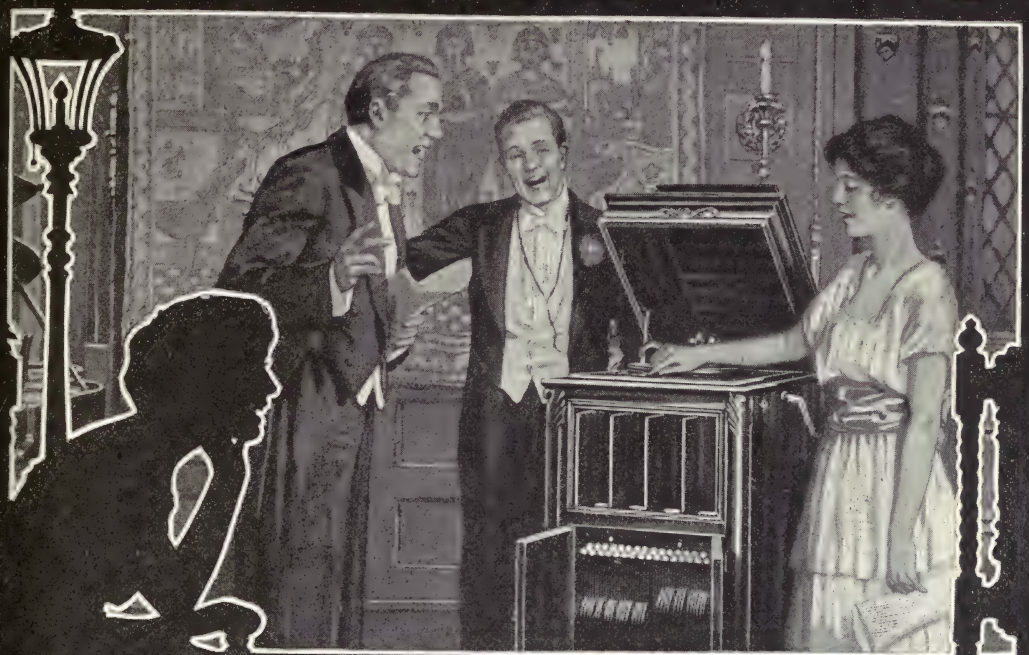
Ideally located in the picturesque foothills of Marin County, fifteen miles from San Francisco.

Founded 1878.

Catalogue on application.

REX W. SHERER and S. J. HALLEY, Principals

COLUMBIA



RECORDS

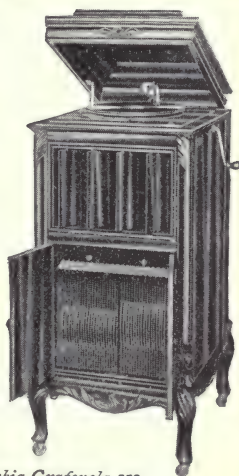
Double-Disc

EVERYBODY joins in when the Columbia Grafonola plays the big song hits of the day. But the latest "hits," *first* recorded and *best* recorded on Columbia Double-Disc Records, are only an indication, a temptation, a foretaste of the life, the fun, the sentiment, the classic beauty offered in the complete catalogue of Columbia Records, free on request at your dealer's.

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month.

Columbia Graphophone Co.

Woolworth Bldg., New York, Prices in Canada Plus Duty.



Columbia Grafonola 110—
Price \$110



FOR SALE! \$4,000

40 ACRES ON "LAS UVAS"

Santa Clara County, Cal.

The finest mountain stream in Santa Clara County, facing the county Road.

Situated 9 miles from Morgan Hill, between New Almaden and Gilroy.

Perfect climate.

Land is a gentle slope, almost level, bordering on "Las Uvas."

Many beautiful sites on the property for country homes.

Numerous trees and magnificent oaks.

Good automobile roads to Morgan Hill 9 miles, to Madrone 8 miles, to Gilroy 12 miles, to Almaden 11 miles, and to San Jose 21 miles.

For Further Particulars Address,

Owner, 21 Sutter Street

San Francisco

-

-

California



M. C. Harrison

(See Page 341)



Apollo in the "Hamaðryads," in one of the annual "jinks" given by the Bohemian Club, in their redwood grove, California.

MAR 3, 1916

Overland Monthly

OVERLAND

Founded 1868



MONTHLY

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXVII

San Francisco, April, 1916

No. 4

The Social Theatre and Its Possibilities

By Helen Stocking

IN a San Francisco home, there is, way up in the top of the house, a miniature theatre, with a stage, tiny but perfect in every detail, from the velvet curtain with its letters "E. L."—standing for Emilio Laestretro, whose theatre it is—to its scenery and lighting. And there, on certain nights, you will find a roomful of people who know each other and laugh and talk together. The play is Shakespeare. It is such a little stage that there can't be a lot of canvas and wood on it for scenery—so there is just a suggestion of a tree, or a wall, or a throne, and one's imagination can build freely. These are not professional actors—just people who have loved and studied the men and women of the play, and worked enthusiastically in their desire to share their pleasure with friends. When you stop thinking of them as King Lear or Earl of Gloster or Cordelia, you know this. Otherwise, you might think they were paid professionals in a paid theatre.

And afterwards, you and the rest who have lived with Shakespeare's genius for an hour, come together again over a bit of refreshment, with mind stimulated and imagination fired.

In Moscow, a decade ago, a group of amateur actors organized to present the best in dramatic art. To-day three hundred and sixty men and women give their entire time to operating that theatre, which is the best

equipped playhouse in Europe, with productions the most perfect. Its expenses are \$350,000 a year, its receipts over \$400,000. It is an Art Theatre, outside the class that regards the theatre purely as a market place for dealing in dramatic goods.

There are many plays, by no means "high-brow," which, however, are not put on the ordinary commercial stage, because they will not attract "the crowd," and the producer must make his very large per cent. However, the material demand for such plays as appeal to the limited and more developed audience, is shown by the fact that everywhere, small and intimate theatres are being built by managers whose one idea is to make money. Since the "Little Theatre" in New York, with its two hundred and ninety-nine seats succeeded so brilliantly, a dozen more have been built.

In the "Sequoia Club" of San Francisco, members from all the departments of the club's varied artistic interests are combining in their "Little Theatre." Worthy plays by local playwrights are given a hearing, scenery is painted by their own artists, who work out original ideas in stagecraft, even costume designing and craftsmanship of properties have their field, as have musicians, of course, in composition. Such a theatre is not only a very valuable social asset, but may be a laboratory of experiment,



"Alice in Wonderland," in Eucalyptus Theatre, Piedmont, California.

and a means of self-expression that places it in the development of dramatic art. Harr Wagner, the club's president, the workers in the "Little Theatre," Dr. C. B. Root, its director, have inspiring plans for its future.

The Washington Square Players of New York began just this way, a year ago—a group of amateurs with no capital, not even a playhouse. Soon they had enough subscribers to start on a more comprehensive scale, admitting the public at fifty cents a seat. They are now established in the "Band-Box Theatre," with full houses every night, enough money to pay a living wage to a permanent staff, giving the best in dramatic art at a fourth the price of

what may be paid for a trashy Broadway "show," with a record of having given fourteen notable plays new to the American stage, mostly by native dramatists, and productions which several newspaper critics declare the most interesting in New York, and all agree are superior to the standard of the commercial theatre.

It is only a step further to even the broader scope of the "Chicago Little Theatre," with its many additional activities; intimate concerts, art lectures, informal salons, with eminent men and women as guests. In fact, now, almost every city has its small but earnest group of workers who are trying to find expression in the New Theatre—



Forest Theatre at Carmel, during a production of "Twelfth Night."

and its variety is infinite.

What a field there is in the Out of Door Theatre! The Greek Theatre in Berkeley stands as an ideal, with its approach under aged oaks,

"Great in their silence, breathing
mystery,
Wordless witnesses of growing his-
tory,"

and its twilight grove of melancholy eucalyptus and classic pine, its great amphitheatre where a sea of humanity covers the gray stone seats.

He who has been of such an audience knows a unique experience—great numbers of all kinds of people brought together in a spontaneous pursuit of beauty, in freedom from the

sense of the artificial or the limitations of roofs and walls, of yesterday and to-morrow, an unlifting of mind and spirit as high as the heavens above and as wide as the universe.

Great drama—but more—great experiences—were the Greek tragedies given by Margaret Anglin there last summer, from the lyricism and spirituality of the "Iphigenia" to the dramatic and barbaric "Medea."

Added to the charm and illusion of witnessing a Greek play in a real Greek Theatre, there were striking examples of the New Art of the Theatre. Largely responsible for this is the imposing architecture, demanding largeness, sincerity and simplicity in action and staging, and the classic dignity and severity of background, allowing



Village pageant of early California history.

of little decoration, and accentuating the decorative effect of moving figures and the meaning of color and light. Such productions are significant in the progress of the New Theatry of the Theatre as applied to the indoor stage.

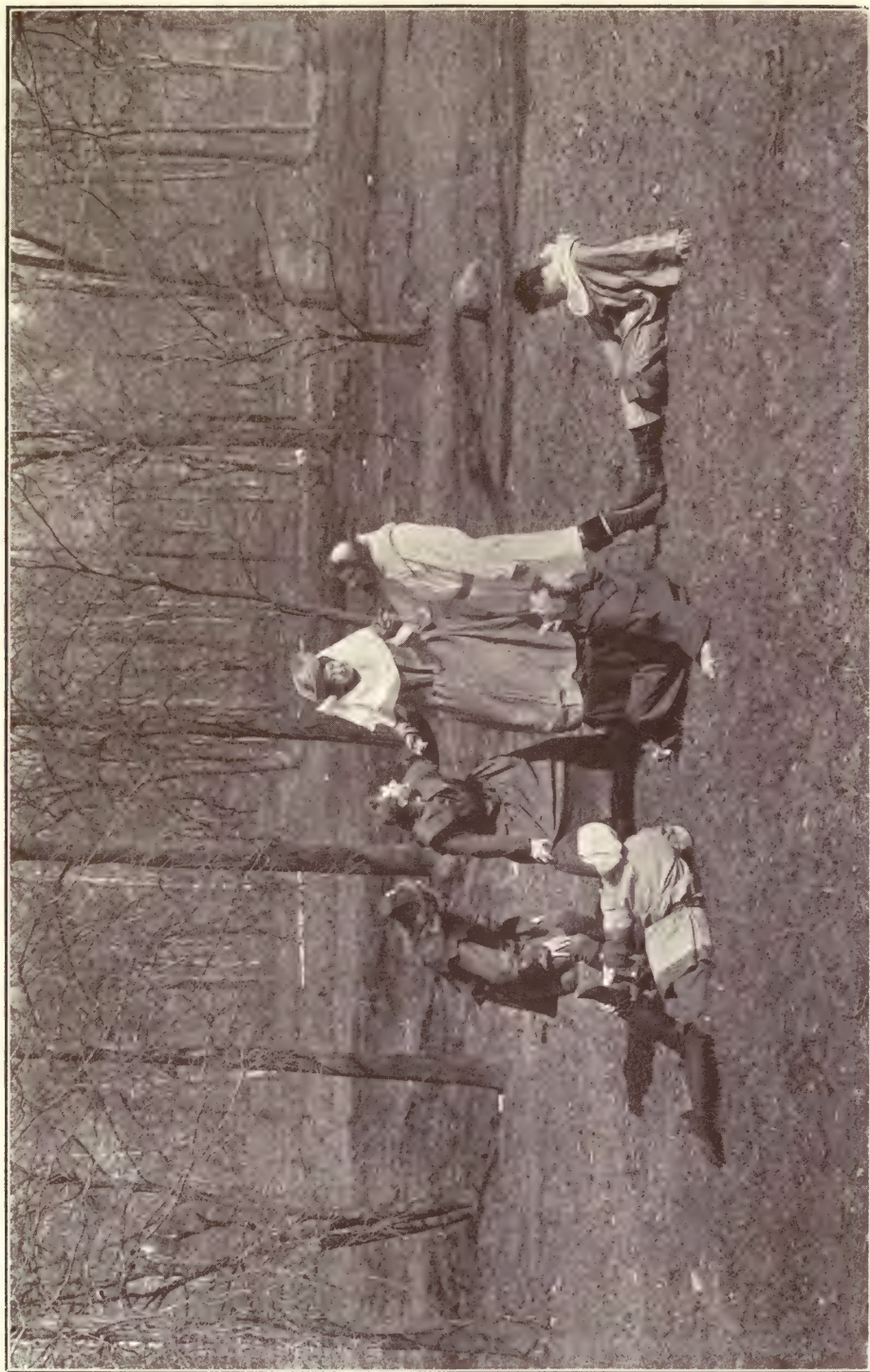
And we need not depend on such great amphitheatres for our Open-air Drama. One has only to recall the satisfying performances in such charming surroundings as the Carmel Forest Theatre. And the Eucalyptus Open Air Theatre in Piedmont is a practical example of what any suburban park or town may have.

There are the Garnet Holme Players, who gave last summer "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Taming of the Shrew," in such settings as only California can provide, with its great trees and perfect sky. For next season, this organization has even greater plans, in which Mary Austin expects to co-operate, with her enthusiasm for the theatre of social service. Mr. Holme has already been interested in taking his players to other places even by transporting company and costumes in two or three automobiles to isolated communities.

Then there are the Mountain Players, under the auspices of the "Recreation League," who have given three plays on Mt. Tamalpais—productions so ideal as to become widely known, especially the "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sankutala."

Some one has said that the theatre is the quickest, most far-reaching means of educating the people, and Mr. Dooley answers: "It's a good thing for the theatre that the people that go to them don't know this. If they felt they were bein' edjicated whin they thought they were neglectin' their minds, they'd mob the box office and get their money back." At any rate, it is a most attractive and stimulating means of education.

Every one must have some interest outside of the "bread alone" struggle to be well and happy, so amusement is not a luxury but a necessity. Why should not, then, the support of playhouses by the people for the people be a duty like the maintenance of schools? Why should we surrender



The Wife of Bath and Her Swains, "Canterbury Pilgrims."



The Friar and Prioress, "Canterbury Pilgrims."

ourselves entirely to the commercial manager, especially the children and young folks?

There is so much discussion as to the feeding of children. What about the hygiene of the mind—providing the best, purest, most perfectly digestible and easily assimilated mental

foods. Such nourishment determines whether or not that child will develop into a man or woman who can enjoy and appreciate the best in life, the worth while in drama, literature and art.

Happily, nowadays, the theory of a theatre for children is not without



The Miller and the Friar, in the "Canterbury Pilgrims."



Electra in the Greek play produced in California.

practical illustrations. And the transforming of theatre or opera house into a veritable children's playhouse for such events as "Peter Pan," "Blue Bird," and "Hansel and Gretel" is frequent. There are moving picture theatres with special pictures taken for children and explained by appropriate stories.

The San Francisco "Children's Theatre" of the Recreation League, under the leadership of Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, last season gave fifteen performances of such plays as "Alice in Wonderland," "Shockheaded Peter," "Snow White."

It is a rare experience—that of watching a theatre full of children following spell-bound the adventures of a Fairy Princess, thrilling to the gallant bearing and brave speeches of the Prince, laughing at the funny little gnomes. Then to watch them trooping out afterwards, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, out from a hushed hour in fairyland, into the great, roaring city; their souls so ready to turn to the sun, flowering under the magic touch of poetry and beauty, clad in a fairy-woven armor against the world's materiality and ugliness.

To keep the theatre, as it should be—within the means of all children, the admission is ten cents. But by the most economical planning possible, it requires an audience of five hundred at each performance to maintain such an organization, and this has proved not practicable in one fixed location. So this season's plans are to give the plays in Neighborhood Houses and schools, using as much as possible the children of the community.

The really great possibilities of a theatre for young folks is in the Neighborhood House—plays given by themselves, studied, rehearsed and staged under the skillful direction of those who work from the view point of human development, with roles assigned with the idea of purposeful play—an outlet for self-expression, to break the fetters of self-consciousness, and develop through dramatic instinct body, mind and soul—for many a soul is starved and warped for lack of a chance to live its imaginative nature, and thus thrown into wrong channels. For instance, the very timid child may be encouraged to assay a character of confidence of manner and courage—to assume the very qualities he lacks. The bad boy finds that it is quite as interesting to direct his energy and emotional bent into deeds of dashing chivalry and heroic deeds, as into crime. The "loud" girl learns by experiencing another's personality, the beauty and charm of modesty and simplicity. The stoop-shouldered boy is inspired through one experience in



Padres and Indians in one of the annual Saratoga Blossom Pageants, California.

bearing himself as a romantic hero, to retain, at least, something of that bearing, as his own habit. And so on through infinite possibilities in creating and reforming personalities and attitudes of thought and feeling. A child in most unfavorable environment may receive conceptions of ideals of taste, of properly spoken English, house furnishings, dress, social form, manner—in a word, the Art of Living, which, however superficial, constitutes a mighty influence in broadening of efficiency and development of personality—adding to the "leaven of life."

The plays may be chosen to present definite ideals, as for instance "The Tempest" (in which three or four hundred young people may take part) with its Nature appeal; "Forest Ring," suggesting kindness to animals; "Ingomar," ideal affection contrasted with brutal love; "As You Like It"—a wholesome love story.

If you have ever seen one of Shakespeare's comedies, of childlike spirit of fantasy, interpreted by children full of the joy of life, and the spirit of the play, it seems a stiff and dull thing indeed given by adults. As to what the theatre means to children themselves, one little girl wrote of their play: "I like the place where Sara Crew got her imaginings, when the garret was made into a palace. It's nice when children get their imaginings." And verily,

"He whom a dram hath possessed
treads the impalpable marches.
From the dust of the day's long road,
he leaps to the laughing star.
He views the ruins of worlds that fall
from eternal arches,
And rides God's battlefield in a flash-
ing and golden car."

But we are all children more or less, or should be—and play can be made as "purposeful" for us.

The Hull House Players began with a few people associated with Hull House, Chicago, "giving a play." Today there is a well organized company, consisting of people of various occupations—a cigar-maker, a restaurant

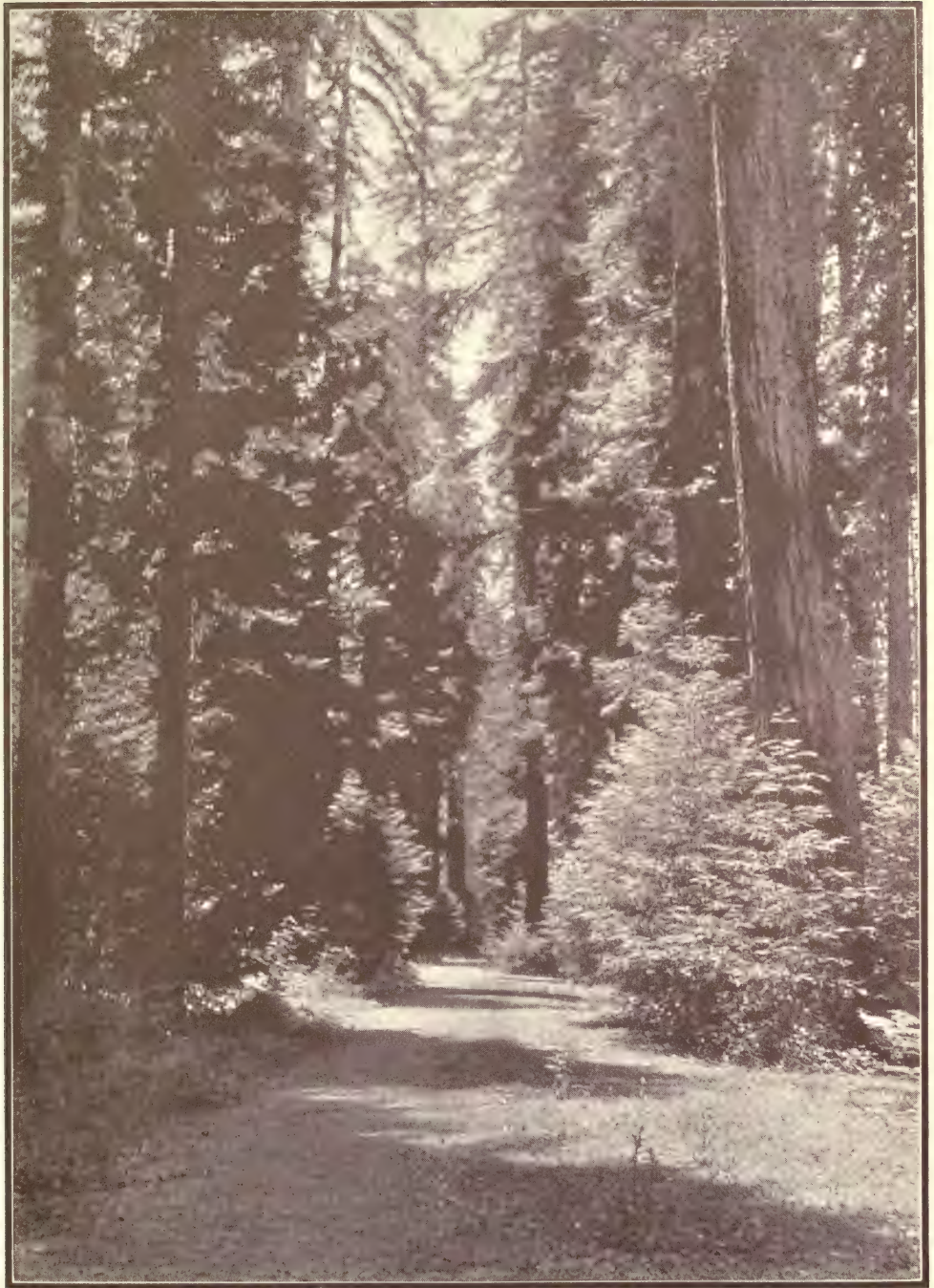
keeper, a stenographer, a school teacher, a photographer, and so on, who give productions known worldwide. Not long ago, by their work in their playhouse, to which of course they can give only their evenings, they were able to take a short trip to Europe—being entertained while there by such great and interested persons as Lady Gregory, Lady Aberdeen, John Galsworthy and others. They give such plays as "Kindling," "You Never Can Tell," "The Pigeon." And what splendid "play" are these, for refreshment after the daily grind to stimulate mind and spirit.

The "Drama League of America" is one of the most effective organs of its kind in this country. Its object is to stimulate and interest in the best drama and to awaken the public to the importance of the theatre as a social force. Its work is done through local centers, which are in all the principal cities and in many small towns. It has an information bureau for dramatic clubs and amateur players. It brings good plays to towns which would not otherwise have visited them.

A special national committee is arranging for a nationwide celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary in April. The San Francisco branch, under the leadership of Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, its president, is planning to present "Richard III." This pageantry or community celebration is a splendid idea. It's a fine thing for a community to play together for a purpose, especially with such a motive as promoting the great art of which Shakespeare is master. Schools, universities, municipalities, clubs, individuals, unite in great masses under the leadership of a few in the spirit of art.

The idea of Pageantry in schools is fast supplanting the former crude festivities and giving evidence of what an organic culture of interrelated arts, music, dancing, speech, drama—may mean.

In all California there is not a statue or bust of Shakespeare—no memorial of this most representative name in the history of dramatic art. So the



Entrance to the Bohemian Grove, located about ninety miles north of San Francisco.

Drama League proposes to raise such a memorial in San Francisco.

In Northhampton, Massachusetts, there is a municipal theatre—as in so many towns of Europe, where the people of the city find their intellectual, esthetic and social delight. The best seats are seventy-five cents. Street cars carry free advertisements. The plays are chosen by a committee representative of all classes and tastes. The audience is in close connection with the creative part of the drama. One thousand persons—it is a town of twenty thousand—pledge to support a stock company to produce the best plays. These are not by any means “high brow,” for instance *Pomander Walk*, *Fortune Hunter*, *Sister Beatrice*, *Cottage in the Air*, *Our Wives*, *Lights of St. Agnes*, *Frederic Le Maitre*, *Clothes*, *The Family*.

Perhaps we cannot have everywhere such municipal theatres yet. But the San Francisco Drama League aims to stimulate and pledge support to a stock company in plays of ideals and ideas. Moving pictures need not “take everything,” as the saying goes. They can-

not. Their values are based on action. In order to make a story obvious it must depend entirely on its objective appeal. Life must be portrayed in black and white.

Are all the finer shades—all drama of character and ideas, then, to be lost—and much of it must be to us, so far away from producing centers. Must the next generation scarcely know the fantasy of such plays as “*Peter Pan*,” the Poetry of “*Sister Beatrice*,” the wit and satire of Oscar Wilde?

To inspire those interested in the Drama League and its work, there has been a visit from Lady Gregory. Among others to come is Luther B. Anthony who gives to the League a very interesting demonstration of the building of a play, apparently writing and producing it before them. “For indeed this writing of plays is a great matter.” As says Bernard Shaw: “Forming as it does, the mind and affections of men in such sort that whatsoever they see done in show on the stage they will presently be doing in earnest in the world, which is but a larger stage.”





A glimpse between trees.

A Corner of San Francisco Bay

By Roger Sprague

Illustrated With Photographs by the Author

IN the United States, rural life is becoming more and more a tradition. More and more do men crowd together in great municipalities, where a business with ramifications nation-wide may be conducted. But there still remains instinct in the human heart, the love for hills and trees and sun-kissed shores and sweeping views over the emerald water of harbors where commerce hurries back and forth. So it comes about that the man who has his office on the fourteenth or

the fortieth floor of a sky-scraper may have his home miles away, on some height where he sees the city only as a blur in the distance.

Thus it is that, within easy reach of all our larger cities, there may be found scores of delightful residential communities tributary to the metropolis. There are many such near San Francisco. I like nothing better, on a spring morning, than to cross the harbor and to spend a few hours rambling among their hillside homes.

And that is just what we shall do in the course of this sketch.

The sun was shining on the bay, but the fog still hung on San Francisco's hills in great fluffy, billowy waves. Below lay the fringe of wharves and piers, from one of which the steamer Sausalito crept cautiously out.

The long black walking-beam balanced for a moment; then recom-

many-windowed bulk of a huge hotel. It loomed between two masses of fog, which rolled together presently and concealed it.

My gaze fell to the piers in the foreground, where coastwise and ocean steamers were lying—steamers for San Diego, steamers for Seattle, steamers for Honolulu, steamers for Nome. Their names showed in white letters



House boats and yachts below Belvedere.

menced its solemn see-saw as the Sausalito turned northward toward the little suburban communities which stand on the slopes rising so steeply to the north of the Golden Gate.

I stood on the upper deck and leaned against the pilot house. I looked up to the top of San Francisco's hills, and on those hills I saw the

on the black iron—Yucatan of San Francisco, Sierra of San Francisco, Menes of Hamburg. I heard the snarling of winches, the snorting of engines; I saw the stevedores rushing back and forth. The long sheds on the piers were sharply outlined beneath the crisp April sunshine, with its vivid lights and shadows. Whole



Blue gums, framing Bacon Hall, Berkeley.

colonies of sea-gulls roosted on their roofs. Above those roofs I saw the long sign boards, reading "Sacramento River Boats," "Pacific Coast Steamship Company," "American-Hawaiian Steamship Company." The great numerals on their ends stared me in the face.

Back of the sheds there rose the green slopes of Telegraph Hill, half covered with houses. In its front yard yawned immense excavations, where rock had been blasted to build the seawall.

I opened my camera and clicked the shutter a few times to make sure it was in working order, but decided to use no plates until I got to my destination—Belvedere. My plan was to climb the hills, enjoy a tramp in the open air, and make a few snap-shots.

The trip would be an enjoyable day's outing.

Meanwhile, I turned to the east, where I could watch a river steamer steering toward the Sacramento. Its single, huge wheel, placed at the stern, lifted a roll of feathery foam as it propelled the high white hulk across the water. I watched the steam escaping from the stack in rhythmic, regular puffs, to float away in a line of little clouds which quickly faded.

Farther out in the bay I could see a long white four-masted schooner. It made a pretty picture, with a single yard crossing its foremast, its white hull lying low on the water, deep laden with a cargo of sugar from the Hawaiian Isles.

All around there lay the customary and familiar sights of the harbor; the



A sentry of a garden.

dark green water, sea-going ships and steamers, broad ferryboats, shallow river steamers, while from the land there rose hills, hills, hills, far and near. Hills even rose from the water in the form of islands. The Sausalito was now approaching one of these.

It was Alcatraz Island. Its terraced sides were crowned with the huge bulk of the federal prison, above which rose the white shaft of a light-house.

Alcatraz means gull, for when that island was named, gulls composed its whole population. And they still make its shore their rendezvous.

They were wheeling and whirling all around the Sausalito. Some sailed along on level wings, not ten feet from the rail, keeping even pace with the steamer. Others were dipping, soaring and gliding before and behind. And when any scraps were thrown overboard, what a screaming!

I noted the contrast between different varieties. The yellow-beaked herring-gull is the more graceful of the two found in San Francisco Bay. Slate colored above the wings and pure white beneath, with lemon-yellow beak, it is a beautiful bird; all the more so in comparison with the common gray gull.

A small boy stood at the rail, toss-

ing bread to the birds to watch them catch it. Sometimes the bread seemed to fly straight from his fingers down the throat of the gull, so neatly was it caught. Then he threw a larger piece, as long as his hand. A herring-gull and a gray gull caught at the same instant. Neither would let go. They lost their balance. Down they went, heels over head, to strike the water with a splash. The crust broke. Each gull gulped his portion, and made a stab at his rival. But they couldn't wait for further hostilities. They were up and away and after the steamer as soon as they could get started. In two minutes they were back at the rail, as eager for bread as before. There seems to be no limit to a gull's appetite.

Beyond Alcatraz Island I saw the Golden Gate. More than a mile in width, it opened broadly to the ocean. A cool, gentle breeze blew into the harbor.

Beyond the Golden Gate, the ocean road stretched away without break or interruption clear to the Orient. A heavy bank of fog hung between the Heads. And from out that fog there came a steamer fresh from Manila, Hong-Kong and Yokohama; fresh from where two-thirds of the world's

population live. The morning sun fell full on the long black hull. With its white superstructure and yellow funnels, it made a striking picture as it floated on the olive-tinted water. A column of black smoke was pouring from the after funnel. A string of gaudy signal flags were fluttering from the foremast. At the jack-staff there flew the Japanese ensign—with its white field and blood-red sun.

In such fashion the Sausalito crossed the bay. How cool and quiet and restful it was, out there on the water. The passengers sat on the outside benches, eager to enjoy the fresh, soft air. Whirled onward over the emerald water, exhilarated by the sparkling sunshine, fanned by the cool ocean breeze, all gave themselves to the enjoyment of the day.

It was fascinating to sit there and idly enjoy the pictures all about us—the seagulls and the water and the hills; the steamers coming through the Golden Gate; the islands with their steep and rugged sides. Behind us on the San Francisco shore we saw the domes and walls of Exposition palaces. Behind them the streets of the city climbed straight up the hillside, shining bands against the background.

Once across the Golden Gate, and we had the tide behind us. We ran into Richardson's Bay. Fifty minutes after leaving San Francisco, I landed at Tiburon.

I climbed a low hill. From its summit I could look westward across the smooth surface of a little inlet. A quarter of a mile away, a strip of yellow beach, a high hillside almost covered with trees, great scars of red earth showing through the green, scores of pretty homes clinging to the slope from base to top, rose abruptly from the water. All those homes were set in a setting of the deepest, richest green. Some were partly silhouetted against the sky. On the very summit a grove of evergreens were overlooked by a taller grove of eucalyptus. That hill was Belvedere.

How quiet and fresh and shady it looked! The very place for "a walk in



Entrance to a wayside house.

the open air." I descended to where a causeway led westward.

On one side of that causeway there lay the inlet; on the other side a tidal marsh. The houses on either hand were a study in themselves. All were built on piles. At low tide the ground beneath many of them lay dry. At high tide the water would rise to their front steps. Many of them were low, one-story structures, built on the plan of the house-boats that could be seen at anchor in the inlet—low and square, with a narrow veranda. From the back door a flight of steps led to the water, where lay a sailboat or a motor-launch. Beneath them I heard the water playing, with measured splash and gurgle. The tide was coming in. The low ripples of the bay were sliding shoreward, to run beneath those homes. They slapped gently down upon the gravel, rattling it as they withdrew, then urging it up the beach as they came again. And every ripple reached a little higher.

Before those houses the broad yellow road stretched smooth and level. There was no dust, for recent rains had washed it all away. A motor car came shrieking around the curve at its farther end, and fled past to rumble across a bridge and dart down to the ferry at Tiburon. But even it left no cloud behind it.

On my right, as I walked westward, the receding tide had left a stretch of ground partly bare and partly flooded. A few hours later all would be under water, as the flood came in. Now it was thronged with seagulls, who were exploring the shallow pools.

The road from the ferry at Tiburon to the hill of Belvedere is about half a mile long. At its mid-point it crosses a bridge, so that Belvedere is, strictly speaking, an island. Its ridge is more than a mile long from north to south, and very narrow. On its eastern slope there is a luxuriant native growth of a species of live-oak. Some twenty years ago some one noticed the possibilities of the place. A suburban community was planned and planted among the oaks of the eastern slope. It is purely residential.

I reached the foot of the hill, and turned to follow the long carriage road. It led southward, rising at the gentlest possible slope.

On my left the road was guarded by an iron railing, for the ground fell away as steeply as a cliff. I could look down on a narrow strip of pebbly beach, where little yachts had been hauled up. Men were at work on their sides—caulking, carpentering, painting, varnishing. Little wooden boat-landings ran out fifty or a hundred feet. Beyond them house-boats lay at anchor. Farther out were sail-boats. A perfect swarm lay before the Corinthian Yacht Club at Tiburon.

Presently the road had risen high enough to reach the grove of live-oaks. And wherever an oak was lacking, a cypress, an acacia or a magnolia had been set. The way was bordered with camellias and marigolds and scarlet geraniums. Ivy trailed on the trees. The odor of lilac and lavender

drifted down the hillside.

It was enchanting to loiter along that shady, winding drive. It lay along the hillside, like a broad ribbon trailed at the feet of the dark oaks. Every few steps an opening showed in the foliage on my right, and in each opening I saw a curving flight of gray stone steps, leading upward. Perhaps it was the way to some home. Or else it was a little lane, connecting two long bends of the road.

On my left, pergolas led to the upper verandas of the homes below me. I stopped before an entrance. Above, below, on every side were trees. The hedge was of box, the walls of the house were dark brown, a pergola wreathed around with roses led to the little veranda. Broad windows overlooked the bay.

So it is with all of those hillside homes. They are all provided with a succession of verandas and a multiplicity of wide windows where the owners may gaze out over dreamy California landscapes, above which drift billowy summer clouds floating in a warm blue sky. Looking down to the shore, they see the boat landings. Beyond each landing there lies the waters of the inlet. The dark surface is spangled with house boats and yachts and motor launches, their white sides glittering in the sunlight. Beyond, the water rise the hills of Tiburon. Cloud shadows drift over those hills. Their green slopes stretch away far to the southeast, where pale blue hills melt into a pale blue sky, which deepens in tone as it rises; a sky blurred in places with great wreaths of smoke from factories located on the bay shore.

If they look southward they can see the heights of San Francisco, barred by the broad, bright bands of the city streets. Between them and the city lies the Golden Gate, its commerce passing back and forth.

I resumed my walk, for I was enjoying the crisp April sunshine, the shade of the trees, and the picturesque glimpses between their branches. And then there were the flowers.



Looking down on Tiburon.

I saw the blue of wistaria, the dazzling white of clematis, and the golden yellow of broom trees. By the side of stone steps there grew great clusters of Shasta daisies, with their long, white rays and golden hearts. Dark green vines, spattered with blossoms of brilliant scarlet, climbed the columns of a pergola and trailed on the trellis overhead. The odor of heliotrope and honeysuckle rolled across the road from either side. And more noticeable than all other flowers were the roses.

They were white and buff and yellow, with reds ranging from the deepest crimson to the palest pink. I noticed a single bush, trained clear across a roof, which it half covered with its white frost-work.

I left the road, and descended to the shore. I walked out to the end of a boat landing, where I rested, turning to admire the picture made by the hillside. From where I was I could not see the summit of the hill directly before me, for it rose too steeply. But I could look northward along the beach. Commencing at a point two hundred yards away, I could command a view of the whole hillside from base to top. It rose—one great slope of green, towering three hundred feet above me. Below me the water was crisped by a tiny breeze, which fluttered the pages of my note book. A hundred feet away, the tide rippled on the shore. Behind me, a great side-wheel steamer paddled to Tuburon. I heard the splash of its paddles and the deep groan of its whistle. From the railroad yard a mile away came the snorting of engines. And before me spread a picture on which my eyes might linger.

In the foreground there lay the olive green water. A boat landing led to the shore. From the landing a narrow flight of concrete steps—a twisting ribbon of white—crept up the hillside. On both sides it was bordered with a line of scarlet geraniums, their color contracting with that of the dark evergreen ivy that hid the yellow rocks and earth. The stairs led to a little

home, with dark wooden walls and white framed windows and red chimneys. Below it the ground had been planted with marigolds, for the slope was too steep for a lawn. They made a great splash of brilliant orange, which blazed on the face of the hill. Directly above that cottage and seemingly balanced on its chimneys, was another, with shingled walls and dark green roof, and a tower surrounded with deep balconies. Above it, another home, with dull red walls and steep gables, peeped out from a tangle of trees; while on the very summit there loomed still another, the largest of all. Its tall yellow chimney and steep roof stood out clear and sharp against a great pearl white cloud just peeping into view.

And that combination was only one of many that I might have commanded by seeking other boat landings, or by skirting the shore in a skiff. Everywhere were perfect pictures, with such a profusion of tangled oaks and trailing ivy, of brilliant flowers and dark woodwork, from the golden blossoms that glowed in the foreground to the more delicate pink that drooped from windows, that it seemed as though no change could be made without working an injury. But it was time for me to continue my walk. I climbed again to the carriage-road.

The road, climbing higher all the while, circled the southern end of the hill. I came to its western slope. Here the native growth of trees was scanty, and had been supplemented heavily with eucalyptus and evergreens.

There are not many homes on the western face of the hill. Nevertheless, there are some. White walls and red roof-tiles peep out from between the dark green branches.

I stood before an opening between the trunks. I studied the picture which they framed. Below me, in the foreground, a schooner lay at anchor. Beyond it, the surface of Richardson's Bay stretched to the Marin County shore, a mile away, where height rose behind height, each overlooking the one before it.

I could see the fringe of homes along the beach, the lower slopes covered with trees, the higher slopes rising smooth and green a thousand feet or more. I noted a railway train coming from the north. Its long gray plume of smoke drifted above it. The hoot of the whistle came across the water, mellowed and softened by the distance.

Before that green background of hills a mosquito fleet of yachts and house-boats and motor-launches were anchored along the shore. A few torpedo boats and destroyers loomed large in comparison.

The hoarse bellow of a deep-sea freighter came faintly from the Golden Gate. That and the fresh breath of the sea breeze, tingling with the tang of salt water, filled my mind with suggestions of the sea.

I stood beneath the eucalyptus trees and looked across to where there floated on the bay the battered hulk of what had been a noble ship. Its rigging gone; the jib-boom showed bare. Only parts of the masts remained. The mainmast was crossed by a single spar. The dark, heavy hull rode high on the water. Ambitionless, it canted to one side.

It was a relic left to tell the story of a vanished era. It recalled the days of twenty, thirty and forty years ago, when great fleets of three-masted and four-masted ships crowded to San Francisco Bay. They came to carry the grain of California to Europe.

Those were the days of sailing ships. From New York and Philadelphia, from London and Liverpool, they came, their hulls filled with consignments of Pittsburg rails or Cardiff coal or Portland cement. They came, slipping in through the Golden Gate with all sail set, to be towed out to sea by powerful towboats later, deep laden with wheat and bound to "Queenstown for orders." Then their sails were loosed, the yards hoisted, and they steered southward towards Cape Horn. Racing beneath the strong northwest winds of the California coast, drifting in equatorial calms,

or swinging along before the steady rush of the trade-winds, they reached the South Pacific, where the "brave west winds" sent them surging eastward around the stormy cape.

Rounding that lonely headland, they scudded up the South Atlantic before the stiff pamperos. They crossed the Torrid Zone once more, and held their northward course until they drifted into Queenstown harbor, four months out from San Francisco.

In those days, California's annual wheat production was sixteen hundred thousand tons. To-day it is about one-tenth of that figure. In those days, California fed the world. To-day the State imports more wheat than it produces. The farmers have turned their attention to vines and fruits and alfalfa.

In the days of the wheat trade, it frequently happened that an oversupply of ships arrived in the bay. In such years they had their regular points of rendezvous, where they might lie at anchor for months while waiting for a cargo. The stretch of water below me, a little arm of San Francisco Bay, known as Richardson's Bay, was one of their anchoring grounds. In the '80's I had seen a dozen tall seaworthy ships lying where now I saw one worm-eaten wreck, barnacles clustering on its timbers.

Such old hulks form interesting subjects for reverie and speculation. If those old timbers could talk, what stories they might tell! And what sea-pictures would fill those tales!—pictures of nights in the tropics, the waves curling to the rush of the trade wind, their white crests glittering in the glory of the moon-beams, the great white moon poised high in the heavens, pouring its rays down on the broad white sails and clean-washed deck, while the shadows lay in inky blackness. For contrast, there would be pictures of pitiless nights off Cape Horn, where storms roar all the year round.

There would be stories of snowy days and escapes from floating ice, as the tall ship stemmed its way where,



Vista, fraternity house, Berkeley.

in the southern hemisphere, that vast desert of water rolls around the world. Those tales would be filled with the howling of gales, the thunderous rumble of giant seas; pictures of cloud-racked skies hovering above storm-driven water wastes; sky and sea, sea and sky, the great ship buffeted from wave to wave, a mere atom in the immensity. But the stout hull came through it all, to lie asleep at last on

the smooth surface of that quiet inlet overlooked by the green heights of Belvedere.

But, if the old timbers can't talk, the old captains can. When the sailing ships were shelved, the men who commanded them must needs retire also. Men of that class are notable storytellers. Their experiences in good fortune and in bad, in many ports and seas, give them a ready fund of anec-



Corner in the Conservatory, University of California.

dote, which some of them can supplement from a vivid imagination.

One of those old captains lives at Belvedere, and it is a treat to hear him when to a select coterie he tells his experiences. He was shipwrecked more than once. The first occasion threw him on one of the coral islands of the Pacific, where he and his companions remained many weeks, living on a diet of fish and sea-birds, until rescued by a passing steamer. He loves to tell the story of his life under those strange conditions. With a wealth of illustration, he pictures that island home with its palm trees and

its coral, and its sand—the billows foaming on the shallow reef—the wind-blown clouds afloat in the blue sky—a signal flying from the highest hill to send across the ocean's wide expanse a call for help from vessels steaming by.

And he has other stories—stories of expeditions in search of lost treasure, of expeditions to lift richly laden wrecks; stories of thunder-storms off Cape Horn, and of typhoons in the China Sea. All in all, his forty years at sea gave the captain a rare fund of anecdote.

So my thoughts ran on. I had been

dreaming beneath the trees, for the spot was congenial to dreams. The sun's rays filtered through the foliage. A tiny breeze rustled the leaves. The sound of a ship's bell barely reached me from one of the torpedo-boats. Peace, quiet, a glorious view—I had them all. I was reluctant to leave that drowsy, dreamy, restful place. But I rose and continued my walk northward.

There were no homes where I was walking now. Trees were scarce. The immaculate carriage road had degenerated into a track in the red dirt.

Once around the northern end of the hill, and there came a change. Instead of the eucalyptus trees, with their scanty foliage, the way plunged downward beneath a tangle of live-oaks, with their close, cool shade. But I heard the whistle of the ferry steamer and I saw it coming.

I hurried down the road to Tiburon. Ten minutes afterward I was on board the boat, and the boat was moving. From its deck I looked up to the dark heights of Belvedere. I enjoyed a final view of those delightful homes. One above the other they rose, each

looking down on its neighbor next below. And all looked down on the strip of yellow beach, with its boat landings running out over the smooth water of the inlet. Sea-gulls were perched on those landings, or were flying along the shore. And everything was sheltered by the shade of the hill, which protected the green slope from the warm rays of the afternoon sun.

* * * *

The Sausalito had completed the return trip to San Francisco, and had swung into its slip. I joined the rush over the gang-plank and out through the ferry building. A moment more and I was hurrying up Market street, between the solid fronts of brick and concrete which bordered the way on either hand. Motorcycles screamed past explosively. Street-cars, jangling and jouncing, clattered over the crossings. I heard the clang of the gongs and the shouts of truck drivers and the raucous notes of automobiles. All the din and roar and rattle and tumult of a crowded city re-echoed on every side.

And I thought of Belvedere, with its trees and water and sky and sea-gulls.



One O' Them Greeks

By Sarah H. Kelly

GRACE," said Marie, rolling out the dough for her famous biscuit; "Grace, I think he's horrid. Always cross and black and dirty, and banging his kettles around as if he wanted to kill somebody."

"Oh, Jimmie's not dirty for a Greek boy," I modified, wondering if the roast pork would be ready by serving time. "But he sure is cross."

This was my third week as second cook in the big cafeteria, where I had come in search of "atmosphere," my chief assets being a talent for plain cooking and an overwhelming desire to write about Real Life. I found plenty of real life there, for the help took me for granted as one of themselves.

Marie answered me absently: "Oh, I don't know as them Greeks is so much different from other folks, just their talk and ways, and Jimmy looks like an American. He's real handsome if he weren't so cranky dispositioned."

A little later Jimmy came over to the pastry table with some clean pans which he threw down surlily before Marie. She set aside the pie she was pinching the edges of, and turned to her cupboard.

"I know what you need, Jimmy," she said, handing him a slice of chocolate cake. "Here, take this—the boss ain't looking—and cheer up."

I was putting on my big apron the next morning when Jimmy came to me. "Mees Grace, I think Mees Marie, she nize girl. She no marry, Mees Grace? No? Thas funny. She good cook. She strong, too. I'll be strong man some day"—he crooked

his arm to show the big muscles—"Mees Marie, I think she don't like I don't spik good Angliss. I get book, I learn read, and write, and talk, then maybe Mees Marie she like me talk to her. I'm shamed. You help me, Mees Grace? I fix for you the potatoes, Mees Grace."

He had found somewhere a cracked piece of mirror, which he hung above his tubs, and daily hereafter inspected his appearance therein. I, too, noted thankfully, the increased bodily cleanliness and neatness, the smooth brushing of his luxuriant black curls, and the esthetic tone of the red rose (or piece of cabbage leaf when no rose was available) over his ear. Always now he smiled and sang the songs of his "gundree" in a strange, high key, above the subdued clatter of his kettles or the swish of his mop. All his spare time he spent with copy book and pencil or the primer I loaned him. With what pride he slowly spelled out: "I have a kitty. Biby, see the kitty!" I helped him occasionally with this, and to me he poured out all his hopes and aspirations. He would study hard, and some day be a real American. He would save up much money, and have a little farm in Arizona, with a "nize" house, and there he would install Marie as goddess, queen and home maker.

"But, Jimmy," I protested, "Marie is older than you. While you are still a young man, she'll be an old lady," I exaggerated without conscience.

"Yes, alright. We have little farm. We have little boys, maybe. The little boys and me, we take care of Mees Marie when she's old lady."

"But you're a Catholic, Jimmy, and

Marie isn't; so you can't marry her, anyhow."

"Yes, alright. You and Mees Marie and me, we go to Mees Marie's church. Then maybe I learn to go to Mees Marie's church."

He had answered all my objections before they were made. But never a word did he say to Marie herself. "They don't do that way in my gundree" he explained with dignity, and contented himself with "Good-morning" and "Thank you," for the occasional goodies with which she rewarded his devoted errand running and egg beating.

Her gentle nature was genuinely distressed when I told her of the situation. Extreme shyness had kept her girlhood from its due pleasures, and now she was flowering out in a sort of maternal care and tenderness toward every one, even "them dirty Greeks," so this brought an entirely new phase of life to her.

"I can't stay here no more if he feels like that," she said. "Poor boy! Do you think the boss 'll mind if I make him a little cake all for himself? Is he real in earnest, Grace? Why, I can't stay here no more now! Oh, dear, ain't men queer, Grace?"

The first morning that the gaunt, un-

attractive figure of Mrs. Martin took Marie's place at the pastry table, Jimmy threw away the sprig of parsley that adorned his ear, banged the kettles fiercely, but sang, whistled and talked more noisily and less intelligibly than ever, though he soon quieted down and went energetically at his books. He had progressed to reading newspapers now, and could write quite legibly on his slate, "My dere Miss Marie, I luf you fore my wife."

One day I received a very puzzling letter from Marie. She said: "When you're way off on a farm, do you think it makes so much difference if your man can't talk such good English, so long as you understand him? Them Greeks ain't so different from us, after all, do you think? I made me a new dress yesterday—kinda pretty, but it's awful lonesome here. I kinda think a woman needs some one to take care of. How is everybody there? Jimmy can read writing by this time, can't he?"

Jimmy came over and carefully stirred a pan of boiling water. Then he pulled an envelope from beneath his shirt.

"I got letter," he announced, radiantly. "Mees Marie, I think maybe she come back."

THE DAY

The Day; thou patient child of Time,
Born aeons gone, thy birth Divine;
Ordained of Him to keep aright
The record of Old Time in flight,
And to transcribe results defined
Across the dial-plate of Time.

The Day; who shall say when thy birth
Gave omnilucient life to earth;
Looped up the shroud of chaos and
Gave life and light throughout the land?
Oh! let thy answer ever shine
Across the dial-plate of Time.

STILLMAN WILLIAMS.

A Case of Supposition

By Arthur Wallace Peach

IT ALL came about from a commonplace incident. Carl Boyd, tow-headed, stubby and seven years of age, helped Miss Jean Wright weed her small but pretty garden, where the roses in the spring and early summer simply ran riot.

He was a willing little worker, and such cheerful company that, after the work was done and as she paid him, she said:

"I wish I had a little boy like you."

Now, Miss Jean Wright was pretty; her eyes were of a hazel shade, her hair was thick and dark, but the years had been stealing a little bloom from her cheeks, and they had turned to silver some of the strands of hair that waved so oddly and prettily over her temples. She had never married; the village people said she was too good for any of the chaps who wanted her, and she had never gotten out where the finer men could see her. So she lived alone in the quiet little house on the wide village street.

When she said, "I wish I had a little boy like you," Carl missed much of the tenderness and the longing in her voice, but his boyish mind was reached, however. He explained to her very carefully that he belonged to his mother, but that he thought there must be some boy who would like Miss Wright for a mother.

She smiled a little strangely at that statement.

The next day she opened her door to a light knock, and saw before her the stubby Carl and another figure, slight and boyish, dark-haired and eyed, with timid but hopeful face uplifted.

"I've brought you a boy," Carl announced, proudly. "I thought of him yesterday when I was here. He goes to the School, but you can have him

if you want him. He ain't got a mother."

Touched by the childish faith that such things as were involved in the gift are at the summons of the heart, Miss Wright listened, and then she made them at home. The shy boy, whose name was Egbert Ransom, was of an aristocratic type; beside the plebeian Boyd, the traits of blood and breeding were evident. Soon Miss Wright had the story.

He was a student in a private boarding school known as the Elm School in the village. To the school wealthy parents sent their children, and she had often heard that some of the children were left there the year around. She had pitied them, and she was moved as she heard the little fellow unfold his heart to her. It seemed that he had secured permission to go with Carl to Carl's house, and as her house was on the way, no rule had been broken by their stopping at her house.

She set the boys to playing, and soon the quiet confines of her home were ringing with boyish laughter and echo of play. She listened and watched, and once in a while she played a little with them, but more often she sat simply watching them with very tender and gentle eyes.

When the time came for departure, Carl announced, while Egbert waited with silent and anxious interest, that she could have her boy two afternoons every week, and she, a little apprehensive, but eager herself, said that she would like to have him.

However, before she entered into any agreement with the youngsters, she saw the principal of the school and learned from him that Egbert did have a mother, who took but little interest in him, the principal reluctantly

confessed, and that there would be no objection to Egbert's visiting.

The afternoons speedily became bright spots in her week. He had many of the traits that her Dream Boy had; nothing entered into their relationship to break the illusion of mother and child except in the moments when he referred to his real mother—moments very seldom appearing. He seemed whole heartedly content with her, and she with him.

One evening another figure entered into the little drama of her life. A tall, graceful figure came to her door, and when asked to come in, as was customary in the village, appeared a man of about middle age, fine of countenance and manner. He introduced himself in a hesitating way, and in a moment she guessed who he was: the same dark eyes and the same shy manner—the father of Egbert.

He gave his name as Mr. Ransom, and mentioned his pleasure in having heard from the boy of good times he had had with her. The topic gave a good opening, and soon their conversation was running smoothly in interesting channels.

When an hour later the door had closed upon the tall figure, Miss Wright turned to find herself with the roses' ghosts in her cheeks and a warmth about her heart. Into the little harbor of her heart had come the ripple that reaches around and over the world, touching every heart sooner or later.

It seemed that he came out to see Egbert from the great city to the east about once in two weeks, and when he came the next time he came to see her. Again the evening passed in a quiet way, but in a way that seemed to appeal to them both. It was indeed a happy day when Egbert came in the afternoon and his father in the evening before he took the train for the city.

One eventful twilight she heard on the walk the sound of his even, regularly falling step. She stilled the little tumult in her heart with a word of reproach, and went to greet him.

When he stepped in, she saw he held in his arms a long box. He presented it to her with a shy word of greeting.

She opened it, while wondering a little what he might bring her, and before her eyes lay in careful order a large bouquet of rare flowers of which she had dreamed and read, but which she had never seen.

She turned to him impulsively, with her hands held out.

He caught them, but did not let go, and the grip was firm.

There was something in her eyes, an enveloping tenderness that seemed to mesmerize her; the Something which she had never seen was in them. The firm hands drew her, and trembling, she yielded to them, wondering the while what strange joy had taken possession of her. Before she realized it, her head was on his shoulder, her body held by a strength unexpected, and she was kissed.

The touch of his lips shook her to consciousness of what they had done. At her low exclamation, he released her, and they stood apart, each waiting in the awful suspense while the mind passes upon the acts of the heart.

Then came her faint reproach: "Mr. Ransom, how could we? Your wife—"

"My wife!" he exclaimed. "Why, I have no wife; and, Jean, I've been planning to make you mine since the time I saw you first."

"But Egbert!" she urged, the earth beginning to grow unsteady again under her.

"Is the son of my brother, who died three years ago. I pitied the little lad for many reasons, and I have been trying to help him. I supposed you understood."

"And I supposed it was just as I imagined it, but it seems I was wrong." She looked up suddenly and said a little breathlessly, for the step was a great one:

"I'm glad I was wrong!"

He did not agree verbally—but in the old, immortal way that has ever been better than speech.

The Faith of "Mortar" Jim

By Ralph Cummins

FOLLOWING the custom of years, Old Jim Kyle, upon the morning of that eventful Sunday, lay abed a full hour later than usual. That, however, was only one of his ways of observing the Sabbath, for the seventh day he always had hot-cakes for breakfast, and worked only five hours, while on ordinary days he ate Dutch oven sourdough and labored ten hours.

That hour between five and six on Sunday morning was but a series of catnaps, for the habit of a lifetime was strong upon the old miner. Sandwiched between the catnaps were dreams and plans and cattles built against the time when riches would be his.

On this Sunday morning the catnaps were few and the memory pictures many and especially vivid, for during the past week old Jim had felt more painfully than ever before the gripping fingers of old age. It had taken him longer to put in his round of holes; he had found it necessary to pause oftener as he shoveled the muck into the car, and he had felt a wearying weakness as he stood churning the pestle into the mortar of his quartz mill. He was growing old. Father Time, and the long years of hardship and toil and hope deferred were exacting their toll at last.

Stretched upon his rude bunk he looked upon the interior of the crumbling cabin. His faded grey eyes rested for an instant on the great stone fire place with its jumbled accompaniment of pots and pans, and its mantel shelf loaded with junk, then passed on to the old puncheon table overflowing with odds and ends of dishes and grub sacks.

"Got to clean up that table to-day," the old man mused aloud. Then he chuckled as he thought how often that cleaning process was promised and how seldom performed. He knew that in the heaped up mass of scrap iron and old tools in the corner were articles that had lain undisturbed for twenty years. His glance moved by the sagging oaken door and the patched-up pane of glass, to the farther end, where one of the great fir logs had rotted quite away, leaving a hole that was partly covered with cedar shakes.

"Forty years!" he muttered. "Forty years," and his mind had leaped back to the time when the cabin was new.

Jim Kyle was eighteen when he came to Murphy's Bar. He dashed in with the gold rush and stayed to work the rich placers of the North Fork. And when the streams and gulches were worked out, and the great army moved on, Jim stayed, for far up the side of Madrone Ridge he had found a little stringer of brownish quartz that carried gold.

Mighty little Jim Kyle knew of quartz mining, for everything was gravel in those days. Still, he had heard of rich veins where the rock was half gold, and he firmly believed that his little seam, scarce half an inch wide, would lead to something big. So he began the study of quartz mining, built this cabin, and started to dig.

Started to dig!

The old man groaned, then laughed aloud, as his mind leaped forward. He had been following that little stranger for forty years!

The quartz mine was rich, but after following it for hundreds of feet, and

cutting it on half a dozen levels, the ledge still was less than a foot in width. The gold bearing rock in the little vein was partly decomposed and of a rusty reddish color that successfully hid the gold from sight until it was crushed and the powdered rock washed away.

Although a gold fortune had not come, the mine had been Jim Kyle's living during all those years. He had rigged up a mortar, with a pestle that he operated by hand, and in this primitive mill he pounded up the quartz that he took from his tunnels. This gave him a bare existence, for he persisted in following the vein, and never took out pay rock that was not in the line of his development. Always there was the hope—the expectation—that the ledge would widen, or increase to the dreamed-of richness.

"She's in there," Old Jim would state confidently. "Some day I'll strike it." As the years passed, and the nickname of "Mortar" became fixed, the old miner's faith never wavered; if anything it grew with each day and with each foot of depth upon his ledge.

He had many offers for his property, but they were all ridiculous from the golden viewpoint of his faith.

"Shucks," he would say, "what's a thousand dollars, or five, or twenty thousand dollars worth of stock? Why there's a million in that old hill!"

So he kept on and dreamed of the time when the big clean-up would come and he could go back to the old home and buy comfort and happiness for the loved ones there. But as the years passed, his castles fell, as the old folks one by one, his brothers and sisters died. After the arrival of each black bordered letter, he would have an hour of fierce resentment against the fate that allowed the loved ones to die before the big strike came. Then his great faith would swing the balance back, and he would plunge again into his work. At last there remained on the old homestead only Mary, little Mary, a baby when he went away, a grandmother now.

Old Jim threw off the faded comfort

and rolled stiffly from his bed. He pulled on his ragged blue overalls, and stuck his feet into his heavy hob-nailed shoes. He kindled a fire, then took a tin bucket and shuffled to the spring. Returning, he stopped to wash in a basin beside the door. After drying his gray beard on a piece of flour sack he dabbed at his fringe of hair with the remains of a comb and went in to his breakfast.

When he had washed down the last remnant of flapjack, with the last swallow of muddy coffee, Old Mortar covered the dirty dishes with the worn-out shirt that passed as a wiping cloth. With his blackened corn-cob pipe in steaming action he went out and climbed a trail back of the cabin. Rounding a point he came within sight of the ten or twelve dumps that testified to his years of toil. He crossed to the lowest of these.

At the entrance to the tunnel he paused to light a candle, and to stick the sharp point of the holder into the front of a little car that stood on a wooden track. Pushing the car before him, he entered the mine.

The tunnel was four feet wide and six high, and was carefully timbered to prevent caving. At four foot intervals a set of three six-inch poles—an upright on each side and one piece across the top—held the end of split boards placed back of them.

Four hundred feet from the mouth of the tunnel the miner pushed his car under a large windlass and stopped. With the end of the windlass rope attached to it he pushed the car over the brink of the incline, and with his foot upon a brake, listened to the rattle as the car shot downward. When the rope went slack, Old Jim stumbled his way down the rough rock steps.

The four hundred feet of horizontal tunnel had been run to strike the ledge below the earlier workings. Because the quartz vein pitched downward at an angle of 30 degrees, the inclined tunnel was necessary in order to follow it.

Upon reaching the car the old man pressed around it, and confronted the

heap of debris that his shots of the day before had broken down. This "muck" was the country rock, or valueless material under the quartz. The miner squinted up at the mass of discolored quartz that hung just below the ceiling.

"Good clean shot," he remarked. "Might have busted the pay down, though, while it was about it."

He began throwing the larger lumps of rock into the car. When it was full, he climbed to the windlass, wound the load up to the head of the incline and pushed it out to the dump. The fifth load cleaned it up.

As he emerged from the tunnel with the last load, an undersized boy of fourteen seated on a powder box accosted him:

"Mornin', Mortar: how's she coming?"

"Purty good, Joe. How's things below?"

"Humming. I brought your mail."

"That's good."

The old man took the bundle of papers and the single letter and seated himself on the car. The letter was from Mary.

"They made a strike last week in the Happy Jack," volunteered the boy. "Thousand dollars a ton. Struck it in them two new levels."

Old Jim was interested and fumbled the letter idly.

"That's the ticket!" he exclaimed. "She's in there, all right. That makes three mines this year that's struck the rich stuff. And the others are holding out, too."

He opened the letter, but his mind was on the news of the strike.

"And the Happy Jack's only twenty miles from here."

His eyes fell to the letter, and carefully adjusting it to the proper distance he painfully spelled it out.

As he read, his heart slipped back to the old home, and a deadening wave of homesickness swept over him. Several times he read the final passage.

"Times is awful hard here, Jim, and I don't know what we're going to do. We'll lose the old place next month,

if we can't raise a thousand dollars, and God knows we can't do it. And Jennie's baby's going to die if they can't have that operation. I tell you it's hard——"

The old man blinked, rubbed his hand across his eyes and rose.

"Much obliged, Joe," he said. "Git some apples from the lower tree as you go down. They're purty good now."

Trundling the car before him, he plodded back into the tunnel.

"Poor Mary," he sighed, as he tapped the hanging quartz with a pick. "That's sure hard lines. And me with a fortune right here. Lord! Why couldn't I strike it now afore it's too late?"

Finding his pick useless, he threw it down and took up a sledge. Several times he swung the heavy hammer; the quartz cracked, but did not fall.

"Darn the stuff. Sticks like it had wires in it."

With his pick he pried a big chunk down. It broke into small pieces as it struck the rock floor.

"And they made a strike in the Happy Jack"—the old man was talking aloud—"I always said them boys would make it there. Jest have to go down on it, that's all."

He began picking up the brown lumps and placing them in a canvas sack. When it was full he lifted the sack into the car, and looked up at the jagged pieces of quartz.

"Oh, that's enough for to-day. It'll take me three hours to run that through."

He wheeled the car to the outside, shouldered the sack and limped down a trail into the gulch. The sack seemed heavier than usual, but Mortar Jim was getting old.

He came out upon a little bench near the creek and dropped the sack beside his quartz mill. From a bottle he poured some quicksilver into a steel mortar that was full of water, and into which a small stream ran from a trough. Dumping a double handful of rock from his sack into the mortar, he began churning with a pestle, made

from a steel crowbar. This pestle was hung on a spring pole in such a way that the lower end could not be raised above the top of the water in the mortar. As Old Jim pounded the quartz was pulverized, the lighter matter being forced over the side of the mortar with the water. There it fell into a wide box, and was washed down over a plate of copper that had been coated with quicksilver. Occasionally he threw a handful of quartz into the mortar, but never ceased the monotonous churning. He knew that the pounding would reduce the rock to powder and release the particles of gold. This gold would at once be taken up by the quicksilver. When the sack of rock was crushed he would pour the contents of the mortar into a gold pan and "clean up" by washing off the sand and pieces of rock. That which remained would be the gold partly concealed in the lightning-like quicksilver. He would squeeze this in a piece of chamois-skin, forcing the quicksilver through. The silver colored lump remaining in the chamois would be amalgam—gold and quicksilver. Later, by the fire, he would retort the amalgam, that is, burn away the quicksilver, leaving a lump of pure gold. He also knew that he would get nearly a dollar's worth of gold from the sackful of ore; about once a week he would scrape off the amalgam on the copper plate, and get a little gold, the finer, lighter particles that were sloshed over the side of the mortar.

As Old Jim churned with his pestle his mind was busy: the hard times at the old home—Mary—the strike at the Happy Jack.

"Thousand dollar ore! By George, if I could get only a quarter of that I'd be fixed. I'd borrow the money of young Blue and put in a little two-stamp mill. Seven tons a day—that's what I could do."

Figuring the cost, planning the work in the mine, building in fancy the little mill, he did not notice the gradual

change in the action of his pestle. Hung balanced on the spring pole it had a stroke of eight inches, and was lifted with a slight effort. Now the length of the stroke was shortened to four inches, and the miner was unconsciously pulling on the pestle at every stroke.

"If I only could do something for Mary!"

He paused in his pounding to wipe his mud-streaked hand across his eyes. As he resumed his work, he noticed something wrong. He gave a tentative stroke.

"Funny. Never filled up before."

Rolling up the sleeve of his old jumper, he stuck his hand into the mortar. Even as his fingers passed through the water a strange electric shock passed through him. His heart stopped beating and his lungs refused to act. He dug his fingers into the clogging substance and drew it up to view. Dropping it quickly he reached with his right hand for a hammer, and with his left for the sack. His breath came in short, sharp gasps. His heart now beat furiously. He struck a piece of quartz with the hammer. It broke in a dozen pieces, but did not fall apart. Nervously he dumped the rock upon the ground and pawed it over. One of the larger chunks he cracked, but he did not pry the pieces apart. He knew now what the wires were that held it together.

Half-fainting, with tears rolling down his leathery cheeks, he stumbled to the mortar. With trembling hands he tipped its contents into the gold pan.

Out into the light flashed a yellow gleam touched here and there by the white of the quicksilver.

Sobbing and moaning, old Mortar Jim groveled on his knees beside the pan and ran his fingers through the dull, shining mass.

"A thousand a ton!" he cried. "A thousand a ton! My God! There's a thousand here!"

A Dream that Came True

By Elizabeth Vore

TIM BARKER put another stick on the fire and set a pan of bacon where it would brown. He was an epicure in his way, and a chef might have envied his skill. He was cooking out of doors because of the heat. For three days he had not made a fire in his cabin because of the heat, and the consequent coolness of the one room it afforded repaid him for it when he returned in the evening from washing dirt. A sound behind him caused him to turn abruptly. A startled exclamation escaped him. For a moment he stood, filled with amazement too great for words.

A slender young girl, white of face, with wide, frightened eyes, stood before him. From whence she came he could not imagine—how long she had been standing there he had no idea. To Barker, untutored and unlettered, she seemed like a being from another world. As soon as he could regain his mental equilibrium he gasped:

"In the name of great Jehosephat, who are you?"

"I am Sara," she replied gravely. "I came from the wagon."

"Aigh? Sara—but you must have some other name. You're Sara Something, I reckon—ain't you?"

"Just Sara," she said, sorrowfully. Perhaps—I don't remember. It may have been something, once." She passed her hand wearily across her eyes, and reeled as she spoke, throwing up helpless, slender young hands, with a little, piteous, impotent cry that went straight to Tim Barker's big, tender heart.

"Why, God bless the little gal—she is sick! The little woman-child's been done for in some blasted way!" he ex-

claimed, as he sprang to his feet and caught her as she fell.

"By gracious! There's something mighty near wrong in her little upper story—or my name ain't Tim Barker!" He laid her down gently under the shade of a tree, and poured a few drops of water down her throat, from a flask he carried in his pocket. "Yep! there's something very near wrong in her head—looks like reason was just ready to totter—and her the whitest, innocentest little child that ever strayed into a miner's camp—or any other feller's camp. I'd swear to that!"

Chafing her hands and bathing her face with cold water, the remarkable beauty of the girlish face, the pathos and suffering upon it, struck him with sudden trembling. His heart was stirred to its depths.

"God Almighty helping me, I'm going to see her through. But it's a serious matter I've run up against," he muttered.

He was rewarded at last by a faint color coming into her face. She opened her eyes, a low moan escaping her lips.

"Come, now, you're better—of course you are!" he exclaimed cheerfully.

"Dad!" she moaned. "Dad—oh, Daddy!"

"Now, that's talking!" cried Tim. "Where is your Daddy, little 'un? You said a spell ago you come from the wagon. Is your Daddy there, aigh?"

"He was!" she said, with those wide tearless eyes, looking mournfully at him. She terrified him by bursting into wild sobbing.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she cried.

Barker knelt down beside her and lifted her head as tenderly as a woman might have done.

"Little child," he said, tenderly, "won't you tell me where your Daddy is? I swear by all I love in heaven and on earth that I will go and get him for you—if he's to be found."

"Daddy! Daddy!" she moaned, over and over again, her slight form shaken with sobs.

"Good God Almighty!" he groaned, "I can't stand much more of this! Why, the little child's brain is just trembling in the balance."

He took her up gently in his arms and rocked her to and fro, crooning soft words of pity and reassurance, as one does to a baby. The perspiration stood on his forehead in drops.

"I can't do nothing," he said. "They ain't nobody on earth can help this little child but God himself. It stands to reason he feels more for his than I do. I ain't prayed for years—I ain't fit to pray! Not that I've been a rascal—I haven't never lied when it hurt anybody, and I ain't cussed unless I had to. Somebody's got to pray for this little gal right now, and I just plumb got to tackle the job! Oh, God! Here's a sneak other fellows calls Tim Barker. He never prayed to you till he got into trouble, and he never come to you till he was in a scrape!" The sweat poured down Tim's face; he caught his breath sharply—"but for the sake of this little woman-child that can't hold on to herself any longer, do something for her!"

Back through the vista of the years came his mother's tranquil voice, reading from a book she loved in life and in death.

"Like as a father protects his children—Yes, Lord, that's it: I knowed there must be something that would show what you was like—Like as a father protects his children! I know by that you ain't agoing to forsake this here little child of your'n."

Even while his heart was lifted in this strange prayer, he realized that she had stopped sobbing; her head rested heavily upon his shoulder. Had

she fainted again? He gently lifted the long strand of fair hair which had fallen across her face; her eyes were closed; her breath came regularly. She was sleeping—a natural slumber.

Barker gulped hard, swallowing something that had come up in his throat. He showed no other sign of emotion.

For twenty minutes he sat and held her in his arms; then, finding that she continued to sleep, he arose softly, and carrying her into the cabin, laid her on the bed, and going out closed the door noiselessly behind him.

"Now I've got to find that there wagon and see why her Daddy ain't come to see where she went," he said, striking off up the trail to the main-traveled road.

It was not a difficult search. He had not gone over a quarter of a mile before he saw the team and wagon. The horses, jaded and exhausted, were standing stock-still. Barker uttered a cry of amazement, as his eyes rested upon them. They appeared like mere skeletons in harness. No human being was in sight. Had the girl's father wandered away and been lost in the desert, as many another had before him?

He went up to the wagon. With a sudden start he recoiled; an exclamation of horror escaped him. A motionless object covered with a blanket struck him dumb with amazement, although fear was almost unknown to him, he found himself trembling as with an ague. Even in that first moment he knew the truth.

"Good God!" he ejaculated. "That little child-woman. That little child!"

He stepped up and gently drew the covering away from the face. Removing his hat, he stood for a moment with bared head. The man had been dead for hours. Although his face was stamped with great suffering, a smile of inexpressible sweetness rested upon it.

Barker's face was convulsed with emotion. The tragedy was too great for words; he witnessed it mute-lipped while the tears fell over his face like

rain. He stood thus in silence for a few minutes, and then drew the covering back over the quiet face, and returned with all possible speed to the cabin. To his great relief he found that the young girl still slept. Taking a spade, he went again to the wagon. It did not take long to make the necessary arrangements.

"I'm taking a heap on myself," he said, "but, God helping me, I'm going to do it. It's best for him, and anyway it's the only thing to do. She just mustn't see him again, and somehow she'll be helped to bear it." He laid the dead man in his last earthly resting place, and gathering a few flowers he placed them in his hands.

"Posies are like a benediction in church," he murmured. "In this case they'll have to take the place of a sermon. But from that look in his face he's past muster, anyway, and panned out riches for the next world as he never would have for this one—he ain't built for the part."

When he had finished, he went back once more to the cabin, and found his young guest still sleeping.

"Best thing that could happen to her," he thought. "If she sleeps like that all night she'll wake O. K. in the morning."

He did not make a fire for his evening meal, but took a cold supper. Afterward he brought out a blanket and lay down under the trees near the cabin. Worn out with the afternoon's excitement and anxiety, before he realized it, sleep took him unawares.

When he awakened, the sun was shining. He sat up hastily. Slowly the facts of the day before came back to him.

"Poor little gal—poor little child!" he murmured. The words had scarcely escaped him when a vision in the open doorway of his cabin caused him to spring to his feet with an exclamation of amazement. The young girl stood there regarding him gravely with clear, wide eyes. She was as calm and self-controlled as if no storm of yesterday's wild sorrow had ever shaken her almost beyond her strength of en-

durance. It had spent itself and passed, and her white, child-like face was only touched by its shadow. Something in its calm endurance and serenity, at such strange variance with the childish soul looking out of those clear eyes, touched Barker beyond any emotion which she could have shown.

"Breakfast is ready," she said quietly. Her tone was very matter-of-fact.

"What!" cried Barker. His own self-control deserted him utterly. He gazed at her in astonishment, doubting his senses. Was this the child he had rocked in his arms but a few hours ago? Whose reason had grappled with a tragedy too great for its childish strength—a tragedy which had appalled a man's stout heart.

"Jumping Jehosephat!" he gasped. "Little child, you don't mean to tell me that you have got breakfast while a great lazy chap slept!"

She smiled faintly—very faintly—yet it was a smile. "I was glad to get it," she said simply. "It—it—kept me from thinking of——" Her voice faltered, but she finished bravely: "You had better come and eat it while it is hot."

"Come! You can bet that I'll come without urging!" he cried. "Why, little Major, I'm the most obedient feller alive when there's a meal on hand!" He was regarding her with deep admiration. The pluck of her, the strength and courage bound up in that delicate body overwhelmed him.

"Why, Lord love you, child!" he broke out again, as he sat down to the table, "there ain't anybody cooked a meal of vittles for me for a year, excepting myself. And if you ain't got hot biscuit an' the bacon browned to a turn—and coffee! Why, I ain't smelled coffee like this for ages! In the name of wonder, where did you learn cooking lessons with all that book learning in that little noggin of your'n?"

She told him then a little of her story, in her soft, low tones, and he encouraged her to talk, knowing it would do her good. Her voice was the sweetest music Barker had ever heard; it

caught him in its spell and held his big, tender heart—a poet's heart by nature.

"It sounds like the water of the stream up yonder in the hills, rippling over them scarlet and gold pebbles, and sparkling mica, when the sunshine catches it," he thought, as he listened in silence.

She spoke of the small ranch on the edge of the desert, where she was born, and which her father had tried to make pay, hoping each year for better returns. Of the loneliness and isolation which had characterized her childhood, of her father's illness for years. How in the midst of suffering and increasing adversity he had been her tutor, for her father, she said with much pride, had been a great scholar; he had taught her himself, that she might be able to take her place in the world that he and her mother had known before they made the mistake of coming to the wilderness to make a home and regain the health which was only a myth and never regained. She had learned from her good mother everything pertaining to the comfort of a home. And when that mother had died, she had tried to take her place, until her father's failing health caused them to give up the barren and heavily mortgaged ranch, and start by wagon, with their small store of money, for the old home in the East, where her father had friends. They had lost their way in the desert. Her father grew worse—and—"

"Don't go on," said Barker, very gently. "I know the rest."

He coughed, choked and blurted out unsteadily:

"Why, you little lion-hearted mite of humanity. You're the gamest little gal I ever seen—or dreamed of! And you sitting here talking about it as calm as a meeting house!"

He told her, then—thanking God fervently, that she had so fine a courage to endure—what he had done while she slept. When he had finished the difficult task, from which there had been no escape, he drew a deep, involuntary sigh of relief, and was sur-

prised to find that his big, bronzed hand was trembling, and that the fair face before him was dim for the tears in his eyes.

"I—I put posies in, little child," he said, a trifle shyly. "He held them in his hands, and he smiled beautiful, as if he was glad to rest and not suffer!"

She buried her face in her slender young hands. "He was," she sobbed, "he was."

He did not speak to her again; but got up and went out softly. He did not shut the door, but left it open, that the autumn sunshine might enter, and the perfume of the flowers and the songs of the birds might cheer her bruised young heart and bring comfort to its desolation.

Himself, he stood just outside the door, his hat in his hand, and kept watch, his handsome head bowed—a guardian with a most sacred trust.

"May God Almighty deal with me, as I deal with that little child in there!" he said solemnly.

Two days had passed. To Tim Barker they were like a dream. His heart sang with thanksgiving and joy of the present. He had not cared to analyze its joy—he had not yet awakened to the grave significance of the situation.

Again, he stood just outside the door of his cabin, his hat in his hand, listening to the lowsung notes of a song with a miner's strain, sung in a girl's tender voice.

The leaves of the trees, touched by the red and gold of autumn, were stirred gently by the wind of evening. The western sky was a blaze of golden flame, as the sun slipped down behind the purple mountains.

Barker's face did not reflect the peace of the evening. It was stern and convulsed. In its white, tense lines was written the evidence of the conflict within his soul. He was having a bad quarter of an hour with himself, and during that time he was becoming acquainted with a Tim Barker hitherto unknown to him, and from the expression of his face he was not

pleased with the acquaintance.

During the last few days he had been tried almost beyond the limit, and his iron nerve was shaken and his rugged strength was giving way. He felt himself to be fighting a one-handed battle with fate. And he was appalled to think that destiny seemed certain to come off conqueror.

"I can't do it," he groaned. "God Almighty. I ain't equal to it. It's more than a human man can handle, and feel anything but uncertainly. I want that little gal, in there, wuss than I ever wanted anything on earth—wuss than I ever will want anything again—the little, loving child that don't sense that she is a woman yet. Good God, I see the situation, just as it is. I've tried to deceive myself—without realizing it, but I can't do it any longer. I've done a blamed lot of cussed things during my life time. But I ain't never been a coward. I've called a spade a spade, and I ain't never stooped to calling it anything else."

He drew his hand across his eyes, his face whitened under its tan, and his lips moved. No man might know what was in his mind at that moment, but much of the conflict went out of his face—his eyes grew steady.

"I've been dreaming," he said, "dreaming; but I'm awake now, and I know what that little innocent girl in there don't know, and that is, that she mustn't stay here at my house. She couldn't stay here only as my wife—" He drew in his breath sharply. "God help me, I dass'n't think of that. I would be a mean cuss to take advantage of her gratitude and tie her up for life to a rough, uneducated feller like me. Not but what I would try to learn—I ain't a fool! but no—I ain't her equal. Why, she's a lady—the book kind, that's born of generations of book folks! No, she's got to go. It's one of the things that must be, and she don't know it, and I—good God! I got to send her away." Grim-set though his mouth was, it quivered, suddenly.

"Little child," he said brokenly, as though she were present, "I had thought of heaven. It was just a

dream, and now I am awake. I didn't realize that I was letting myself picture life, with you a-making it sunshine, and glorifying it with that brave, sweet smile of yours, and the proud look in your sweet eyes, and the sound of your voice that is sweeter than any bird's song. Yes, it was a dream that I hadn't ought to have had, and now, God pity me, I am awake. I know this is the time for action. I've got to go in there and face you, you little, tender thing, and tell you the truth. I would rather face a canon if I had been given a chance. You are going away to-night, little one—at once. there ain't no future time for a man that's facing temptation—there ain't no future time for a little white soul that's got a claim to protection. Please God, you shall leave as blameless as when you came under my roof."

He turned and went into the house. Something in the set resolve of his face the girl felt vaguely; the song was suddenly hushed upon her lips.

He went at it man-fashion, blurting out the words, though his voice was husky with emotion.

"Little child," he said, his very soul seemed shaken with the effort it cost him to speak, "there's something I got to say—right now—it can't be put off. I ain't any hand at talking—wasn't educated for conversing with people with book learning, but I've got to say what I have to say the best I can. Once, little gal, there was a feller that had a dream. To him it was the sweetest spell of heaven that he ever had, sleeping and waking, and suddent-like he waked up and knowed that it was a dream, and that in this every day undreaming world it couldn't be true. He knowed something else, suddent-like, and knowed it sure—and that was, that dreams—day dreams—are powerful dangerous sometimes, and a man must wake up for good and dream no more. That foolish feller was me, little child, and I have waked up for good."

The girl was looking at him with wide, unknowing eyes. She did not yet comprehend. There had been none to explain to her the mystery of wo-

manhood; she had not yet passed beyond the border of childhood's ignorance into the heritage of a woman's knowledge. Looking into those undisturbed eyes, Barker strangled a groan, stunned by the full force of her innocence.

"Little gal," he said, unsteadily, "I ain't never had a home since my mother who went to heaven made one for me, when I was a little chap. I dreamed of home, with you—it was just a dream, and couldn't come true. They—they ain't but one way that you could stay here, little child, and that is as my wife." He broke off suddenly, a choking sound in his throat, something in her face, in her widening, startled eyes warned him. He passed his hand unconsciously across his forehead, where great drops of sweat had gathered.

The girl had whitened to the sweet, childish crimson curves of her lips; she gazed at him with bewildered eyes. Some force, hitherto unknown to her, had her in its grasp.

"As my wife," he repeated huskily, "that would be the nearest heaven life could hold for me, little child, but I ain't a fool nor a scoundrel, and I am the last man on earth to take advantage of your defenselessness and tie you, a refined, educated little lady, to a rough, uneducated man like me. Why, I can't talk grammar any better than a heathen. There's just one thing to do, and that's for me to take you

over to Kender's ranch to-night, and send you to Loningville by stage. I've got to send you away, little child—now. There ain't no postponing it. I can't be such a sneak as to marry you—you are as high above me as the stars are above the earth."

Still gazing at him with troubled eyes—suddenly she understood. In that moment the child stepped across the border into the heritage of her womanhood.

"I am not!" she cried passionately. "If you send me away from you, I shall never speak another word of good English in my life!"

She stretched out her arms to him with a cry of unutterable sorrow, her lips quivered with sobs she could not repress.

"Good God!" said Barker, hoarsely, but said it reverently with bowed head. Instinctively he leaned toward her, and her strong young arms went about his neck and held him captive.

For several moments neither of them broke the silence. It was the girl who spoke first.

"Dear," she said, softly; "will your dream come true, or not?"

"Will it come true?" he cried, joyously. "Little child, you are going to Kender's Ranch—but I'm bound for Loningville, to get the preacher and the license. My dream has come true—and it can't be any truer till I come home again and bring my wife with me!"

A W I S H

When love light leaps from eye to eye,
And passion surges high;
Then love alone sits on her throne
And waves her magic wand
O'er the inward land of dream.
Would all the world could move along
On that one, flawless beam.

CEDELIA BARTHOLOMEW.

Outline of the Progress of Women in the Last Sixty Years

By Annie Martin Tyler

IN THE FORTIES of the last century the old common law of England that had held back the development and unfolding of the character of women and her liberty for untold ages was still in force. If she were married, she was civilly dead. All property rights belonged to the men. Women were not allowed to hold any property whatever. Should a wife earn money, it belonged to the husband. The clothes she wore and those of her children belonged exclusively to her husband, according to that law. America seemed to inherit this law from England, and it was thought a disgrace for any woman to be independent of men by earning her own living.

The masses of women were illiterate. They were barred from all schools and colleges. Oberlin was the first school to admit girls, but they had a special course prescribed for them—they were not admitted on equal terms with young men. Two or three girls graduated from that school in the early forties, but not on an equality with men. A little later Antioch College, another Ohio school, was the first to admit girls on exactly the same terms as men, and from that time the admittance of girls to all schools was rapid and astonishing. Soon girls were attending schools and colleges all over the great East and Middle West.

In 1848 a convention was held at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton in Seneca Falls, N. Y. At her instigation and request, a woman's declaration of independence was adopted and subscribed to. The author, of which

was Mrs. Stanton herself. The sum and substance of this declaration was that women should have and must have equal rights with men in all things, including the right to a voice in the government and its laws. This was the beginning of a most superhuman task of setting women free from the bondage of centuries. Not very long after this, some of the States passed laws giving women the right to hold property, which was the beginning of woman's freedom from legal slavery.

In the early fifties of the last century, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony came together in one common cause, and that cause was the enfranchisement of women. They worked, talked, lectured and wrote for the cause all through the fifties, and saw their cause slowly progressing against the stone wall of prejudice and sordid public opinion. They were ridiculed and denounced from one end of the land to the other. They never stopped, and went on with determined will and unflinching courage. They also worked for the freedom of the blacks in the South. They believed in equal rights to all—women and men alike, whether black or white.

In the early fifties, also, Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came before the reading public. This book was more instrumental in changing public opinion than anything else that has ever been before the public in book form or in public addresses. It was the instrument that inflamed and aroused public opinion to the awfulness of the crimes that were going on

and permitted on account of the slavery of the black man. There never was a book more universally read. It is estimated that over 300,000 volumes were sold the first year in the United States alone. The book was read and re-read all over this land of ours, and translated into almost every language of the world. The power this book had to arouse public opinion and bring about the freedom of the black race can never be estimated. Lincoln and the Republican party had their share in doing away with negro slavery, and we honor the men who fought, bled and died in the dreadful war waged to free the negro and save our national union. But, back of it all, and shining through it all, is Harriet Beecher Stowe with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I should like to draw a picture of the whole scene with Mrs. Stowe back of it all handing out her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the aid and betterment of humanity. This one book, written by this great woman, has had more to do with the present trend of public opinion than any other book of the last century. In fact, it brought about a great revolution, and so, while Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony were striving to bring public opinion up to the standard of women's enfranchisement and equal rights to all, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was quietly bringing public opinion up to the standard of favoring the emancipation of the thousands of colored people in the South. So much for the work and influence of three women in one decade.

Then began the great civil war in the early sixties, and every mind was turned toward the South and the advocacy of women's suffrage was abandoned during the four years of war. Every woman was doing her best to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and bleeding men who were engaged in battle.

When the war closed, the thousands of men who were killed and maimed during the struggle left their wives, mothers and sisters without any means of livelihood. There was no alternative then for them than to do the best

they could to earn their own living and that of their families. Farmers' wives went to the field to plant and cultivate the crops; business men's wives took up their husband's business where they had left off, etc., so that in every industry women were doing their best to earn a livelihood. From this time on, no woman was obliged to depend on some male relative for her livelihood. In this way they proved their ability to be independent of men. At this time all of the large universities opened their doors to them on equal footing with men. Women were no longer debarred from entering a wage earning occupation or any profession she might choose to follow. Thus, while the cruel war freed the colored man, it also, in a measure, freed women.

We have not spoken of the country west of the Rocky Mountains during these times. In the forties, while new ideas were beginning to take root in the East, there were but a very few white people west of these mountains. During the latter part of the forties there was a large emigration from the East and Middle West to the Pacific Coast, and with these there was a large number of missionaries, all in trains of prairie schooners. These missionaries were educated men and had broad minds, with kindly hearts. In 1847 and from that time on, large emigrations came every year. In 1849 and 1850, after gold was discovered in California, thousands of the most adventurous, progressive and energetic people came west to Washington and Oregon, as well as to California, and with them some of the best intellect from the Eastern States. They soon started schools everywhere, and girls as well as boys were getting the rudiments of an education. These schools in the very early days were largely taught by the missionaries. By the latter part of the fifties, public schools and colleges were well under way and flourishing. The young girl of the West became the equal of her brother, and often his superior. Some of our most influential men and wo-

men were reared and educated in the West. It was Marcus Whitman who, with his bride, came West as a missionary, who was the means of annexing all the territory then called Oregon to the United States. Then also came the Reverend Cushing Eels, Reverend Elcaney Walker, Harvey Clark and others, who established a mission school at Forest Grove, Oregon, thirty miles west of Portland, which developed into a university where girls had the same opportunity as boys.

Harvey W. Scott, who was for many years the editor of the "Portland Oregonian," one of the most influential papers of the Pacific Slope, was the first graduate on this University. He crossed the plains in an ox wagon when a mere child. Joaquin Miller, whom Oregon and Washington has a claim on as well as California, and Bret Harte, have wielded a large influence in the entire West. Abigail Scott Dunaway, the author of "Captain Gay's Company," crossed the plains. She is a woman who has exerted a very broad influence in favor of women in the West. In 1873, or thereabouts, Susan B. Anthony came West to advocate the cause of woman and to start the West on the way toward their enfranchisement. There

were a great many Western people who ridiculed her. She was, nevertheless, the means of getting a great many young minds to favor her cause, and when she went back East the mantle fell upon Abigail Scott Dunaday, who soon afterward began editing a paper called "The New Northwest," published in Portland, Oregon, which did a great work by educating people and bringing them up to the standard of equal rights to all. The paper was dedicated wholly to woman's enfranchisement.

It is very gratifying to know that Mrs. Dunaway is still living and has lived long enough to see her cause triumphant. In California, the University of California, fostered by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, and Stanford University, built by Mrs. Jane Stanford, will ever hand down the names of these two noble women to posterity.

And now as the women of all the Western States work from the most intelligent standpoint, with societies and clubs well organized, the future will be largely what they choose to make it. All this, in less than two generations. Are we not proud of our great West when we hear of our Eastern sisters being compelled to stay, at least a little longer, on the back seat.

AMOR INVICTUS

If bars should shut me from God's sunlit day,
 And granite masonry should seal me fast
 As some frail insect where the salt waves play,
 Encased in amber through the ages past—
 If every golden shaft the bright sun sped
 From blue ethereal realms should hidden lie,
 And all my life through grey-stoled shadow led,
 Fraught with pain-haunted dreams where faint hopes die,
 Still would the thought of you lend silvern wings
 To speed my spirit on its outward way,
 Nor would I reckon the tortures that fate flings
 Across the pathway of my earthly stay.
 Mine then the whole world's varied pageantry,
 And joy as boundless as the foam-fringed sea!

R. R. GREENWOOD.

Dutch Guiana

A Field for United States Capital

By J. Barkley Percival

SURINAM, or Dutch Guiana, which is to-day offering the best opportunities in the world for United States enterprise, is situated on the northeast coast of South America, and is 300 miles long and 260 miles broad. It is beyond a doubt the richest possession of the Dutch, and can fairly lay claim to be the rarest jewel in the crown of the Netherlands.

The Dutch parliament voted a sum of money for opening up the country by a railroad from Paramaribo (the capital of the colony, to the hinterland) with a view to developing the vast resources of this rich country. This project received universal and hearty endorsement, and already 100 miles of rail is open for traffic.

Dutch Guiana is a rich country—it needs only good roads and steamcraft on her waterways to become one of the richest on earth. The soil yields abundantly without any process of fertilization, the forests are full of valuable woods, and the ground contains gold and precious stones. Agriculture, lumbering and mining will flourish more when proper means of communication between the coast and interior are established.

The Klondyke excitement turned for a moment all eyes in the direction of Alaska. But there are many disadvantages connected with the getting of gold in that region of almost perpetual winter. The obstacles to be overcome before the riches of the region can be obtained are many and great. No such difficulties present themselves in the gold fields of Surinam. Here there is eternal summer, easily navigable waterways, cheap food and cheap labor, and the richest gold fields in the world in which to operate.

There are no hardships associated in getting out the gold in the placer mines of Surinam. An efficient management located at Paramaribo, which,

notwithstanding its hot climate, is one of the most salubrious cities in the world, can direct all the operations and work the mines successfully. There is no danger to life and nothing to dread from thieves or schemers. There is no place in the world where property is safer than Surinam.

Placer mining in Dutch Guiana can be counted on with as much certainty as manufacturing pursuits elsewhere. It is usually possible to estimate beforehand, with considerable certainty, whether the returns from a given undertaking are likely to pay for the expense of operating the mine. There is little fear of a mine petering out so long as there is a good gravel bank in sight, and the means for working it are at hand. Hence only a few placer mines are worked at a loss.

There is a rare opportunity at present for the investment of capital in Dutch Guiana.

Gold is found in almost every part of South America, from the Orinoco delta to the Straits of Magellan, but nowhere is it in such quantities as in the gold belt traversing Dutch Guiana. With the introduction of the hydraulic system for washing in the placer mines, there will be undoubtedly a largely increased gold field in the near future.

Diamonds and other precious stones are to be found throughout the colony associated with gold, just as they have been discovered in Brazil. The discovery is said to have been made in Brazil by a Portuguese student of the University of Lisbon, who was sent to collect mineralogical specimens for the college. While examining the worked out placer mines, he found a large diamond amongst a heap of gravel. Pursuing his search, he was amazed to find that the abandoned gold mines were rich diamond mines. Here, too, it appeared, the gold and the diamond went hand in hand. He

gathered numbers of diamonds for his own special benefit, and got back to Portugal as speedily as possible. Arriving home, he sent his brother to Brazil, who soon gathered a fortune for himself, but something about his conduct caused his arrest, and he was thrown into prison. To purchase his liberty he gave up his diamonds, and after obtaining his freedom was appointed by the king to instruct the gold miners how to search for diamonds. Under his supervision all the abandoned placers were rewashed, and out of the gravel were taken annually diamonds to the value of many millions of dollars.

The largest diamond ever discovered in the world at that time was found in Brazil, namely, The King of Portugal; it weighed 1,660 carats, and is the size of a hen's egg. It is still uncut.

Throughout the gold belt, which runs from Venezuela to Brazil, diamonds and rubies are constantly being found, some of them of large value. As Dutch Guiana is an enormously rich gold region, it will not be surprising if a great diamond discovery is some early day made here. The diamond fields in British Guiana are yielding handsome returns.

Surinam would seem to be the appropriate territory for such a discovery, for here are the richest placer mines between the Orinoco and the Amazon. Several diamonds of small size have been found repeatedly in the debris of old placer workings on the Surinam River. The micaceous quartzose schist, containing talcose minerals, are intersected by quartz veins, which is the parent of the Brazilian diamond, the stracoleomete; in short, metamorphic in character, and distinguishes the mineralogical features of the gold belt of Surinam.

South America seems to be the natural home of gold and gems, and the writer predicts that the next great diamond discovery will be in the Surinam wilds.

The colony of Surinam is also one of the richest in aboreal vegetation, in truth a perfect garden, the wild luxu-

riance of whose products furnishes a perpetual pleasure to the eye, and forms a shelter to myriads of brightly plumaged birds and a heterogeneous collection of the animal life peculiar to tropical forest. It is said of this marvelously fertile region that even Central Africa, with its luxurious and illimitable seas of verdure, present no such extensive space under conditions and uninterrupted vegetation as the woodlands of the Guiana seaboard, and those of the Amazon basin and its affluents. And it may be added that this territory contributes to the use of humanity more herbs, roots and plants for medicinal and food purposes than any other land of equal extent on the face of the globe. The earth here is in brief teeming with vegetable wealth, and the landscapes are consequently gorgeously rich in scenic beauty.

In a territory so rich in fruits and arboreal products, practically inexhaustible as far as regards its fecundity, it is natural that there should be large varieties of animal life. It is a noted fact, however, that there are no gigantic animals of the pachydermatous species, such as are common to the jungles of Africa and Asia, except the tapir.

Although the Colony of Dutch Guiana is no field for the poor white man, a capitalist may live in comfort in Paramaribo, and direct the operations of gold mines in the interior worked by native labor. There is no greater mortality in Paramaribo than there is in a city of similar size in the temperate zone, the sanitary arrangements being perfect and surroundings salubrious. A man with a moderate capital could hardly employ himself better, provided he could secure a concession in the gold belt, than to reside in the city, and conduct the work in his mines through instructions to his native helps, who, as a rule, find the bush innocuous and the labor profitable. In a few years a man with a moderate capital operating in this way could be almost sure to accumulate a large fortune.

What is Theosophy?

By Cornett T. Stark

THOSE who fully comprehend the scheme of Creation, seek to convey a better understanding of it to those as yet less highly evolved, but who wish to know more of Truth. These Initiates or Adepts are termed Masters, because they teach. Their teachings comprise Occultism, or nature, method and purpose of life; and Mysticism or devotional aspiration. Theosophy has long been the name for the ancient Wisdom-religion: those basic truths that have always been the life of religion, philosophy, science and art. This being a world of growth, the practical value of Theosophy lies most in its cultivation of discernment between non-essentials and the things that are worth while, resulting in determination to achieve true progress. Judgment between Desire and Intuition becomes keener, and the pupil is impressed with the importance of fixing his attention on consistent conduct instead of allowing Impulse to affect him. This poise and oversight is much helped by mental, emotional and physical conservation of the life principle, because imperfect health dulls discrimination, increasing bodily self-consciousness, whereas the effort should be to efface the grosser and increase the finer sense of Awareness.

It Explains Life and Death.

Divine-Wisdom or Theos-*sophia* is that which has been the enlightening principle of all culture and of every civilization. Beside Brotherhood, its tenets with which we have most concern are unfailing Compensation or "Karma," and Reincarnation, which of necessity follows.

This law of Periodicity as applied to our appearance on Earth, is expounded as being consistent with all other natural processes, and such re-appearance should not be confused with the theory of Transmigration or incarnation at random in the physical kingdoms—Metempsychosis. Rather, it is an orderly succession of lives in forms continuously more plastic and adapted to the needs of increasing intelligence gained by experience. We are taught that as long as the portion of Consciousness which we recognize as ourself is seemingly separate from all others, it is focused in one or another of three of the seven worlds or conditions of Matter: Physical, Emotional, Mental—the planes of Nature. The limitations of the bodies or vehicles of expression peculiar to each world, confine our attention for the time, but after a time we die from the outer, to be born to the ever more real worlds, thereby expanding this personal consciousness. Then if still imperfect and subject to Desire instead of Aspiration, we are by reaction brought back world by world to the physical one, and in that manner continue to separately function in those three, until by experience we have attained to transcendent wisdom and sympathy, thereafter to remain free from the need of rebirth. The goal of humanity as such is to outgrow the "cycle of necessity" (individual intelligence having matured), and in the worlds of full realization to attain conscious completeness. It is a state of desirelessness, a condition of well-being in perfection where the knowledge of the Oneness of all suffices to characterize life as absolutely real and beneficent: the place of At-one-ment.

Annihilation is an erroneous Western idea of Nirvana.

Evolution is the Divine Will, and once seen as such we feel that

We Must Do What We Know.

That is the Occultism which enjoins complete purification: a willingness to part with whatever we have outgrown. To reach a condition of permanent and wholesome happiness is our constant home. To do so we must be building our future accordingly, because natural Compensation is invariable. True theosophists do not strive for magical powers: strength of char-

acter is their ideal. Altruism, and the analyzing of the personal self with a view to overcoming imperfections, should be among the aims of all earnest persons. Disregard of duty to others intensifies the illusion of separateness, and all can attest that selfishness does not satisfy. Suffering is the karma or logical result of failure to live our knowledge throughout the long past, and the more we intelligently co-operate with Evolution—which impartially considers the welfare of all—the sooner shall we attain to freedom from error, and to consequent liberation from birth in the worlds of partial expression.

SUNSET

When the day with its toil is done,
 And my thoughts, like the winds, run free,
 Then I long for the silent shore
 As the sun slips into the sea.
 Where I stand on the farthest rock
 While the warmth and the light it gives
 Flashes back to my world-tired heart
 And my soul catches fire and lives!
 Like a king on his royal throne
 So the sun slowly sinks to rest,
 Throwing one farewell kiss of flame
 To the spray on each white wave crest.
 Silver sands reflect its splendor
 While the sea turns to gold with light,
 And the hills with new glory shine—
 Then the purpling robes of night!

Who could have painted this picture
 At the end of your day and mine?
 Ah, none but the greatest painter,
 The hand of the Master, divine!

VERA HEATHMAN COLE.



A Daughter of the Sun

By Billee Glynn

Chapter II

(Continued From Last Month)

BESIDES being "an angel," as Myra called her, Margaret Allan "did things" in black and white. She did none of them very well, and she realized it herself, but it was pastime nevertheless, so she had fallen into this habit of pen and ink and crayon sketches—and most of the scenes about and people she knew had "suffered her attacks," for that was the way she put it. It was small wonder, then, that very soon after his arrival she conceived the idea of drawing John Hamilton. To say the least he was a striking figure, and by reason of such an unusual model, perhaps, the girl this time decided on a painting. She had broached the subject to him just as soon as she felt herself well enough acquainted, so it came about that he sat almost daily for her, with the patience so characteristic of him, in the Japanese summer house, while she painted. The first picture took a week, but partly through accident, partly in itself, proved an absolute failure—so they had to go all over it again. Both were enjoying it thoroughly, and the time didn't matter. Ever since that second meeting, when she had accused him so straightforwardly of his crudeness, John Hamilton had endeavored to be particularly nice to her—to make up in gentleness for the other things he couldn't help, and which he had gathered from the ends of creation. He owed it to her for her kindness to Myra, he said to himself, and this was true. Yet there were often times in the silences of those sittings—as he watched her working with brush and met her eyes

glancing around at him every now and then—that the man with a queer sense of self-desertion felt that somehow he was growing a stranger to himself. There were times, too, afterwards in the purple float of the twilight, generally when he was alone, that he would stand for minutes gazing out toward the sunset—the way his trail lay—a pondering, uneasy expression on his face. Yet this rest was doing him good. Myra told him he looked ten years younger. The girl expressed something of the same thing one day as she drew.

"Do you know," she said, "you've improved wonderfully in these last two weeks—the lines of your face, I mean. You're not nearly so gaunt, so deserty like."

"What!" he exclaimed, with a real note of alarm. "I hope I'm not getting a tenderfoot, stay-at-home sort of expression, am I?"

She smiled with a lingering, askance look out of the hazel eyes at him—a part of the expression that was more characteristic of her than speech.

"You knew, of course, when you said that," she breathed, after a moment's pause, her face again turned toward the picture, "that I am what you would call a tenderfoot and a stay-at-home."

The sudden hurt in the tone brought John Hamilton to his feet, absolutely forgetful of the fact that he was posing for a picture.

"Why, Miss Allan," he began, putting out a hand as if to touch her shoulder, then letting it fall awkwardly, since she didn't look up. "You know I could never throw anything like that

at you—you know I wouldn't. I was not talking about women—I wasn't even talking about men. I just meant that some of us had found a certain thing we had to follow. Surely you know what I think about you?"

She turned around at him with a little earnest stare. "I am sure I don't," she doubted. "I am sure I don't!" She repeated it, tapping her finger emphatically with the end of her brush.

For an instant the man paused, fumbling for words—then he spoke slowly. "Why, I think of you," he said, "just what Myra thinks of you. I think—I think you are the finest woman I ever met."

Then he stood there with an odd sense of confusion, and the girl glanced up at him with a surge of something that instantly controlled itself, and might have been gladness—in her face.

"Perhaps," she half apologized, "I shouldn't have said 'gaunt and deserty,' either. I meant only that there is a certain tenderness about you now there wasn't at first. I think it's from being with Myra—from feeling for her. I don't mean, you know, that you were not in the habit of feeling things, but just that they weren't things of that kind—were they? It does a man good sometimes to know there's a woman in the world—perhaps most of all a woman like Myra."

John Hamilton, on his chair again, sat in a sort of reflection. "Poor Myra," he said at length. "I wish I could do something for her."

A short silence followed, in which the girl made a couple of strokes with her brush. Then she looked around at him.

"There is something you could do for her if you wished," she stated slowly, as if she had thoroughly considered the matter. "You could stay here with her and not go to Australia. Why do you want to go there, anyway, so far away from her?"

John Hamilton smiled gravely at the sunshine glinting in at him through the door. He seemed to weigh his words as he spoke.

"Myra's heart," he said, "is so completely filled with her husband that no matter how much she appears to like my visit, I could not in the long run add one iota to her happiness. I could not give her any more comforts than she has—so it is simply a case of myself. Piece by piece, Miss Allan, I think I've told you the whole story of my life, and yet you don't seem to understand me."

She dropped her brush and came a step toward him, something bright and eloquent in her face. "I do understand you," she declared quickly. "I didn't at first, but I do now. I think you're big and brave for all you've been through—I know that it's your sort of men that have won the wilderness for us—and I know the passion to go on that comes to you. I think that in its way is big and brave, too—but I don't think it's so much so as giving it up for somebody else. And Myra wants you."

Her companion had got on his feet, his hands clenching and unclenching themselves behind his back.

"Miss Allan," he averred—so that her cheeks flushed suddenly—"I know that you believe in what you say. You are pleading for Myra—and yet you're mistaken—you're wrong. Just as I've said, I couldn't make her a bit happier than she is by staying, or give her another comfort. And even if she needed me—even if she needed me—"

"Well, if she needed you?" put in the girl eagerly, filling the break.

The man, looking straight into the sunset now streaming in the door at him, drew a strange, hoarse breath.

"If she really needed me," he stated slowly and in a tone queerly tinged with regret, "if she really needed me—well, I guess I'd just leave her what money I got—and have to go on following the trail."

He still stood looking outward during the tingling silence that ensued, and could not see the expression on the girl's face; the mouth that had drawn itself open, as it were, in a little, gaping wound.

Then, without saying anything, she

turned and began putting away her brushes and paint. A sigh somehow seemed to haunt the roses that clustered around.

"With just one or two lines which I can retouch myself," she said, at length, "the picture will be finished."

And yet it was as if she hadn't spoken—for the former silence still clung there—remained with them even after they had parted.

* * * *

The next day, as it happened, was Sunday—a warm, mellow day with a lilt of wind. John Hamilton arose early and was out wandering with a boy's delight in the bit of a park which the town afforded—till his shoes were shining with wet, and striding so close that the fragrant evergreens plucked at him with glad, clinging hands and seemed to have splashed their dew in his eyes. His elation was new to him—strange, indeed. It wasn't as before a ripple blown on the calm appreciation of the child of nature—for it had youth in it. Moreover, and deeper still, it was founded on ecstasy—a thing that the man, had he thought about it, would have resented from all the grimness and nonchalance of his years of wandering. He didn't think of it, however; but simply ascribed these new fluctuations of his spirit to being with Myra again—the holidays with her he meant to enjoy.

Coming back to breakfast, he found his sister in one of her prettiest moods. Picking her up, chair and all, he carried her to the table, and she held his head down and wouldn't let him go till he had kissed her three times in front of her husband. Then she poured the coffee for "her two men," as she called them, and John Hamilton, out of the joy of his heart, toasted her with a Western toast. "And why didn't you tell me before?" he said, when they mentioned the famous forest of redwoods close at hand. "I'm going right out there and lie around the whole day."

He did—glancing lingeringly and with an air of comradeship toward the Allan place as he went; but no one

there was yet stirring. In spite of his high feelings he was haunted by a half-poignant regret that he had been so rude—for that was the way he now thought about it—to Margaret pleading for Myra the evening before. What he said was true, of course, but he need not have said it. So he thought of these things under the redwoods, and under a redwood a man cannot help but dream, too—even though he may not know it.

When John Hamilton reached town again, people were on their way to evening service in the different churches; as he swung with long stride up to the Allan residence, Margaret was just coming out of the gate, attended by a strange gentleman in high hat and frock coat. She paused long enough to smile sweetly and introduce her companion, and John Hamilton went on his way feeling a sudden silence within himself, and carrying his impression of Mr. Clarence Burton—a man of polish, coldness and business sagacity. Myra, on her own account, had told him of him casually a little later. He lived in S—, a large town twenty miles distant, was a prominent merchant there, and for three years deeply in love with Margaret Allan. Myra—without being asked about it—did not know whether Margaret would marry him or not. She certainly wouldn't if she didn't like him well enough, and she didn't see how she could do that. John Hamilton asked why, but in such a manner that the question seemed simply to drift—and fell into a smoking silence while his sister regarded him keenly out of the corner of her eye. Whatever the inward workings, however, there was nothing in the nonchalant, dreaming exterior of the man upon which to fasten feeling or analysis. After a while he went out and continued his smoke under the quiet of the stars—and for an hour perhaps stood, his arms crossed on the front gatepost and looking out towards the west. Then the shimmer of a white dress came down the walk—and Margaret Allan paused and said good-night.

John Hamilton stirred—as the sea stirs suddenly—with a sort of half sigh. “Oh,” he said, “you are back so soon?” The words seemed to linger significantly in the air.

“From church?—why a long time! I have just been up to Mrs. O’Keefe’s, and thought I would drop in and see Myra on my way back.”

He opened the gate for her, then resumed his former posture, clicking the pipe between his teeth. Inside, the girl made a movement as if to go on, then glanced at him—paused again. Her breath came with a slight suffrance, and she appeared to be weighing an impulse—yet there was nothing to that effect in her words.

“Myra’s light is out,” she said, “and she must have gone to bed. But I’ll go home this way.”

John Hamilton made no response, but turned and went with her. They passed through the little gate and down the avenue of palms in silence. Once she glanced at him, as though to read his thoughts, but after all, he was a man of quietness, and there might be nothing unusual in his manner. At the steps of the house she stopped apparently to say good-night, then stood battling, it seemed, the same impulse as before. This time, however, it mastered her, and she put out a hand that touched with the shy point of a finger John Hamilton’s coat sleeve—then fell to her side.

“Mr. Hamilton,” she asserted, “I know I can trust you. I know you have a quick knowledge of men—and I want to ask you something. What do you think—of Mr. Clarence Burton?”

Her companion looked up, but with no stare of surprise to wound her struggling sensitiveness. Perhaps, indeed, he didn’t feel it himself.

“Why, Miss Allan,” he returned, “I think he’s alright—in his own way. Why did you want to know?”

She paused, looking at a leaf she plucked from a hanging rose tree, and tore it in bits between her fingers.

“Because to-day he asked me to marry him,” she said at length, “and I am to let him know in two weeks—

when he comes back a week from Sunday.”

The silence that ensued twitched like a newly-lit street lamp. John Hamilton, as it were, burst into it, yet he spoke quietly enough, too.

“Are you going to?” he articulated.

The girl suddenly crumpled the bits of leaf between her palms. “I don’t know,” she said. “Good-night.”

* * * *

The week which followed seemed to gently sigh past—a sigh unconscious, however, behind expressed endeavor and comradeship. It was the time of year when Margaret Allen always turned her attention to the grounds—a work of which she was so zealous—and made any new arrangements she had in mind. On this occasion, besides other lesser changes, she had decided that sylvia would be a much prettier border than the dogwood already lining the oval of palms; so the dogwood was rooted out, the ground cultivated, and the planting of the sylvia begun. As the girl remarked to John Hamilton: “Those red blossoms have always haunted me ever since I visited Stanford and saw them growing in such profusion there—and I simply had to have them. The dear old dogwood, I am sorry for it, of course, but one can’t help everything always, can they?”

Naturally, too, she must do the planting in her own careful way; not scatter the seeds willy-nilly, but place them in one by one, and at equal distance apart—and the ground, as well, must be all gently shaken up again before planting with a kind of trowel, and patted afterwards for good behavior.

“They say sylvia does not grow well in this section,” she explained, “and that is the reason I am so particular.”

“But it will take you a long time to plant all the ground you have ready at this rate,” suggested John Hamilton in rejoinder. “Have you so much patience?”

“Indeed I have,” she replied. “All the patience in the world—with flowers, or shrubs, or men,” and she

glanced playfully up at him. "And you see I have lots of time. If you get tired, though, you needn't work for me, mind."

John Hamilton wasn't tired, however—not even if his efforts had been accepted only after apprenticeship. He wasn't even thinking of being tired. Neither was he the sort of man to stand on the other side of the fence and smoke his pipe while he watched a woman do her own planting—though he might have had lots to reflect upon had he done so. It was much more pleasant, after all, on Margaret's side—and not to reflect at all. So every afternoon found them planting sylvia together, in a talkative or industrious fashion, as the notion took them. As Margaret had said, there was lots of time. And Myra, whenever her chair was moved to a certain window and she could glimpse them through the foliage, smiled and hoped to herself a little, but said nothing that could be in any way suspicious to a man of the trail—unaccustomed and uncaring for women. Their intimate relations, indeed, she accepted on both sides in the most matter-of-fact way. "One cannot help but be friends with Margaret," she remarked at the tea-table one night. "She is such a perfect woman. When she marries Mr. Burton I am going to miss her a great deal." And to Margaret she said: "I am glad to see that you and John are such good friends." This evidently was all of her observation, and she had even quit having her chair wheeled outside as had been occasionally her pleasure.

There were times, however—in spite of his apparent enjoyment, perhaps because of it, in fact—when John Hamilton was seriously troubled about himself. Times when he stood with that uneasy expression on his face and wondered at the tentacles of another personality, stretching up from nowhere, as it seemed, and crowding the things of custom in his soul. It was only a mood, of course, he understood, and there was no reason that his friendship with Margaret Allan—the only friendship with a woman his life

had ever developed—should show itself in connection. It was just a morbid feeling, that was all, and yet a feeling that grew on him with the days and which he couldn't bear—of being shut out when the sun beckoned on the bend of the horizon in the West.

He was standing one night looking in that direction, his arms on the gatepost, as usual, when the servant came to the door and called to him. And when he entered Myra's room she handed him a letter which she said the postman had brought that afternoon, but which she had forgotten to give him. He opened and read it, his face and whole bearing lighting suddenly.

"It's from Robertson," he said, "the owner of 'The Jackpot'—which I am going to work for him. He's arrived in San Francisco, and tells me to be there on business a day before we sail—a week from yesterday. That means I leave on Friday, or Saturday morning, sis. This is Monday, isn't it?"

But a look of blight had come into Myra's face. "Have I used you so badly," she said, "when you're so glad to get away? I would not try to prevent your going, of course, when you say you have to—but it hurts to see you so very glad about it."

He went to her, bending over her and caressing the rumpling, wayward hair. "Forgive me, girlie," he pleaded. "It was only the part of me that won't be still that spoke. Though I cannot stay myself, you know my heart is with you."

So by and bye he soothed her back to her dimpled, smiling little self—and spoke to her of the letter no more.

Mentioning it to Margaret Allan the next afternoon, however, it was with the same zest he had betrayed to Myra—the ecstasy of the camp struck and new ground. With the letter in his hand the whole habit of his life seemed to rouse itself, in a throb of relief like wine, and swing back to him—utterly dominant and forgetful.

The girl glanced up at him in her quiet way, then down again. As us-

ual, he had found her planting sylvia seeds—and planting them carefully. Her hands paused for just an instant as she listened to him, then her face, turned away, bent lower over her task—as she gouged out a refractory root. When she looked up at him again, the next minute, it was with an expression almost as zestful as his own.

"It's nice to be going so soon, isn't it," she said. "I do hope you'll have a pleasant voyage and like Australia well enough to settle there."

There was at once a carelessness and sincerity about the words—a sort of metallic ring—that somewhere touched a shadow in the man, a disappointment he couldn't name. She had said the proper thing, of course, yet somehow it sobered him strangely. Was it the woman herself, who seemed different to-day, now that he had time to realize it—different with a woman's unexpectedness? John Hamilton was not much on analysis.

"Oh, I don't think I will settle there," he almost corrected. "I shall come back to America in the end."

"But I have heard that Australia is such a fine country." It was the same tone—and her companion paused crushing a twig in his hand.

"They have different stories about it," he said gravely.

To this the girl made no rejoinder, but went on planting sylvia seeds. As for John Hamilton, in the moments of silence which followed, he sat there realizing his strangerhood to himself—worried at his sudden change of tone without reason, and at the morbidness that had again come over him. Even his manner of announcing his news was not his usual self. A new trail was nothing uncustomary, nothing about which to boast—to be boyish over. A habit, that was all, for which he put out his hand as he put it out for his pipe and tobacco—to enjoy with quiet and relish.

Yet it was with a part of that same manner—with an inward spirit of combativeness almost—that he again took up the conversation. He spoke not of Australia, a land to settle in,

but other lands beyond. Some of them were old lands, perhaps, but he had never seen them yet—and a man must keep moving. China and Japan had old mines worth investigating. Siberia was practically unexplored yet and India—he must see India and the countries around.

The girl listened for a while, smiling brightly—then stirred to her feet with a restless movement.

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton," she interrupted, "I received a present Saturday which I intended showing you, but forgot. Would you care to walk to the house with me now? I would like to know what you think of it."

Her companion was on his feet immediately, and followed her down the walk in silence. His senses were again groping in shadow—at the certain bright aloofness in her, a newness that worried him because of its seeming power of impressing itself and swinging his own moods. In the habit of selecting his impressions and holding them calmly without analysis, sensitiveness bothered him, because he couldn't reason it. And now—even the bunch of dull red roses in the parlor, where she had ushered him and he sat waiting her return, seemed to flare up at him, to smother his senses. Even while he thought of them calmly they flared—new roses inspired foolishly somewhere in a wilting, and unexplainable.

When the girl returned to the room she carried a large framed picture, and, turning it about, held it on the corner of the table for his inspection. There was a half gay challenge in her manner that seemed to tremble tensely with the moment—but John Hamilton's gaze was glued on the picture. It was that of the girl before him and Clarence Burton. The man was standing smiling down at her, and she was looking up in his face. The attitude bespoke all her gentle sweetness. There was a gladness in the man's bearing, as though the blossom of her womanhood were his to pluck. His hand, indeed, seemed to go out to her. The framing was a peculiarly beauti-

ful arrangement of pieces of shell on an oak base that waved out at the sides and corners in imitation of clinging seaweed.

"He got it enlarged in San Francisco from a small snapshot we had taken," the girl explained, "and sent it to me by yesterday's express. Don't you think it's beautiful?"

John Hamilton paused before he answered. He cleared his throat slightly and rose to his feet.

"It is," he said, "very beautiful." He wasn't looking at the picture, however, but at the roses. He was wondering why their colors had taken to leaping about his brain—roses that bloomed, that wilted and flared up again.

"Yes," he repeated, getting a hold on himself before his manner might become strange. "It is a very beautiful picture. It is a wonder he did not keep it for himself—though it is likely he has another copy."

"I suppose so," rejoined the girl. "I shall ask him when he comes down. I told you, I think, that he was coming next Sunday."

There was a significance in the words that John Hamilton did not miss. He had a vision of his burros running away from him in the desert

once with the water-bags strapped to the saddles. There was a crush of loneliness and unalterable fatality about his heart.

"Sunday," he announced; "that is the day I am to sail. Yes, you did tell me he was coming Sunday."

The girl had set the picture down and was looking at him out of bright, combative eyes; spear points they were, distancing her aloofness, and smiling at former associations.

John Hamilton smiled back at her bravely, and then stepped toward the door.

"I will not be going out again this afternoon, Mr. Hamilton," she made known. "And if you will just set the box of seeds, or any of the other little things, off the drive for me, if they happen to be on!"

John Hamilton did so—then went for a long walk to the redwood forest.

When he came back that night, Myra told him that she had never seen him looking so worried. He made reply he had no reason, then. And neither was he yet sure in his heart that he had. Why, after all, should a woman's lightness of manner worry him just because he had been used to her tenderness and depth. Yet it did worry him—and all the next day.

(To be Continued)

MY NEIGHBOR

She lives next door—my neighbor poor
And old and palsy-weak,
While I have wealth and youth; and health
Glows crimson in my cheek.

And yet, whene'er I see her pass—
Devout parishioner—
Each Sunday on her way to mass—
Ah, God! I envy her.

For she has kept what years have swept
From me, like phantom-wraith,
That refuge warm, that staff, that charm—
A glad, unquestioning faith.

DOROTHY DE JAGERS.

Overland Stampede of 1849

By Frank M. Vancil

THE year of 1849 marks an important epoch in the history of the United States. The industrial world was wrought up in feverish excitement over the discovery of gold in our then newly-acquired territory of California. The western Eldorado was the Mecca to which hundreds of thousands of people turned their weary footsteps in the mad pursuit of wealth. It has been estimated that fully one hundred thousand pilgrims crossed the plains, and perhaps half as many more reached the sunset lands by ocean passage, via Panama and Cape Horn. The ocean route occupied the major part of a month in completion, while that overland consumed the spring and summer, from April to September.

Among the vast multitude of overland emigrants in 1849, that sought the golden shores of the Pacific, was a well equipped party from Springfield, Ill., known as the Captain Webster Company. Two of the party, who figure conspicuously in the long march, were Colonel James Parkinson and John Walters of Sangamon County.

The company left Springfield about the first of May, and reached Council Bluffs, the border outfitting point, some weeks later. This, then, straggling village, presented a very animated appearance, as it was the chief depot of supplies, preparatory to entering the Great Plains, a vast treeless expanse, inhabited by thousands of buffalo and wandering bands of Indians.

The trail lay up the treacherous Platte River, the valley of which afforded ample pasturage for the stock. It was sometimes necessary, however, to go back a number of rods from the

beaten road to secure sufficient grass, in which case one or more men were selected to stand guard to prevent a stampede by lurking savages, who were ever on the alert to capture stock.

The first rendezvous reached after leaving Council Bluffs was at Fort Kearney, situated on the south side of the Platte River, nearly opposite the present city of Kearney, Nebraska. Here a motley crowd of adventurers was constantly coming and departing, and our little band halted for rest and repairs, and to receive tidings from loved ones at home, and to report progress back after a month's pilgrimage. What an anxious, restless throng besieged the little pioneer postoffice, and with what zest was each white-winged messenger scanned. It may be stated that this historic spot, once the scene of so much activity and interest, is now marked only by a few mounds of earth and patriarchal cottonwood trees.

A day or two of recuperation here and the party joined the endless train up the valley, past Chimney Rock, to Fort Laramie, the next island port in the great ocean wilderness. At this point the details of the former stoppage were repeated, and the same conglomerate mass of struggling humanity was witnessed. The country began to assume a more diversified and rugged aspect, and the foothills of the mighty Rockies were plainly in evidence. Far away to the north, the dark outlines of the Black Hills were observed, while eastward as far as the eye could reach, could be seen a limitless string of white-topped wagons, winding in and out like a mighty serpent on a waterless sea. Interspersed and commingling with the prairie schooners could be discerned almost

every conceivable contrivance of conveyance, from a rustic wheelbarrow to a one-horse shay.

In this locality, extending out upon the level plain at frequent intervals for miles in extent, were seen the wonderful prairie dog towns. The burrows or abodes of the little animals are laid out with apparent street like regularity, and the opening is surrounded by a cone of earth some eighteen inches high, which the occupant uses as a watch tower.

The prairie dog resembles a squirrel in appearance more than any other animal, but it has a sharp yelp like that of a dog—hence the name. The little rodent is fond of sitting erect near the entrance of its burrow and barking; and when frightened, retreats into its hole in a tumbling, comical manner. Rattlesnakes and a small species of owl occupy the burrow with the dogs.

It will be remembered that the year 1849 is memorable as the period of the dreadful cholera epidemic in the United States, and the overland emigrants were not exempt from many fatalities. Scores of freshly made graves lined the great thoroughfare—a little mound of earth, a rough pine board, with initials rudely carved, and the mortal remains of the departed were left to mingle with mother earth, to become wholly obliterated in a few short years—the silent stars their vigils, and the whistling winds their requiems.

In this connection there might be mentioned an incident of travel which befell the little company of more than passing interest. Captain Webber, who was in command of the company, was vigorously opposed to the use of intoxicating liquors, and exacted from each member of the party before starting a solemn, written pledge to not only abstain wholly from its use, but not to include it among the necessary articles of the expedition. However, where there is a will there is generally a way, and a number of the less pronounced prohibitionists managed to obtain a demijohn of brandy and to se-

crete it in the rear of one of the wagons. Before reaching the mountains, Webber was taken seriously ill, and all remedial agencies offered proved unavailing. Stretched out upon an oscillating cot in one of the wagons, amidst dust and heat, the sufferer was fast descending into a feverish unconsciousness when aroused by the cheery tones of Colonel Parkinson.

"Well, Captain, how are you making it?"

"Badly! Very badly, indeed, Colonel," came in sober tones from the invalid. "This everlasting jostle and stifling heat is wearing me out. I can get nothing I want—nothing to do me any good."

"You mustn't give up," said the Colonel. "If there's anything possible to do for you, depend upon it, there are plenty of willing hands to assist you. What is it that you most desire?"

"Oh, something to stimulate my flagging spirits—to alleviate this consuming thirst. If I only had a little good brandy I believe I could pull through."

Quietly and secretly, Colonel Parkinson slipped around to where the demijohn was hidden, and drew forth a half pint of the contraband liquor and hurriedly returned to the prostrate form.

"Here, Captain," he exclaimed, "is a little of the desired elixir of life. Now drink, and let's see you out of this at once."

"My God, Colonel, where did you get that?" amazingly retorted the sick man, as he nervously clutched the proffered bottle.

"Oh," continued Parkinson, "we expected just such a demand as this, and smuggled it in before leaving Springfield."

"Well," said Webber, "it was a wise thought after all; and now, Colonel don't let any of the boys know of this, and keep the location of the liquor a secret."

It is needless to say that the Captain rapidly recovered, and that one solemn vow at least was sadly ig-

nored the remainder of the journey.

South Pass and Hell Gate, a natural avenue through the great backbone of the continent, was occupied for a 4th of July celebration, where the starry banner was unfurled and snowballs were served instead of lemonade. Upon the smooth, eroded walls of this natural passageway were carved thousands of names of the spirited throng, en route to the land of gold.

A little further on, where the waters ripple towards the Pacific, Fort Hall was reached, the radiating point to the Pacific Coast. This fort was built in 1834 as a trading post, and was well situated for defense on a beautiful mountain stream of water, some fifteen miles north of the present city of Pocatello, Idaho. The greater part of the buildings were of adobe brick, and to-day little remains of the original structures, except an adobe chimney, to which a log cabin has been built.

Proceeding south, the wild and impetuous Bear River was crossed, and the valley of the Saints was entered. The isolated Mormon colony was but a village then, but a neighborhood of busy and industrious workers. Completing preparations here for the most trying ordeal, that of crossing the great American desert and the alkaline desert beyond, the Webber company moved on and into the vast Sahara. The trackless desert region, formerly included in the lake, lies just west of Great Salt Lake, and was a level, shifting bed of sand, varying in width from twenty to one hundred miles. At this season of the year the heat of the noonday sun was intense, and the wagon wheels in places cut down half way to the hubs, rendering travel exceedingly tedious and difficult. To avoid the tropical heat of midday, the dreary waste was crossed in the night.

For some unaccountable reason, the Webber party and a few others wandered from the trail, and the blazing light of the morning found them a famishing, wandering band, groping here and there for an exit. Realizing that

they were lost and would probably perish, the greatest consternation prevailed. Their supply of water was nearly gone, and their thirsty teams were nigh exhausted from fatigue. Resting a portion of the day amid the blistering, scorching days of a midsummer sun, the disconsolate travelers plodded on and on, stimulated by the deceptive visions of the ever-present mirage. Several miles were made the second night, but the dazzling splendor of aurora revealed no promising hopes of deliverance. Frequent islets of vernal beauty, apparently reflecting mountain lakes of crystal waters, would arise from the shoreless ocean of sand, only to disappear upon a near approach.

The situation was indeed appalling. Already one of the party—Jim Walters—was prostrated, and lay unconscious in one of the slowly moving wagons. Teams had fallen and were unable to rise, and the progress was interrupted and snail-like. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, another oasis appeared a few miles to the westward, which seemed more distinct and real than the elusive ones heretofore observed. The disheartened wanderers pulled for a nearer observation, and joy unspeakable—it proved to be real. The haven was reached a little before sunset—a slightly elevated mound of solid earth, some ten acres in extent, covered with scrubby trees and dense bushes. This betokened water. Never was a spot more rapturously welcomed—a fruitful island to the storm-tossed, famished mariner on a wide waste of waters. Search disclosed a sparkling spring of pure cooling water, bubbling forth, only to disappear a few rods below in the sun parched earth. All haste was made for the invalid, Walters, who was borne, limp and insensible, and rolled into the channel and thoroughly saturated. Soon the spark of life revived, and but a short time elapsed ere the sufferer was restored to vitality.

The company remained here a number of days, and upon proceeding,

found the lost trail but a short distance beyond, which was pursued with renewed hopefulness and energy. The route extended down the famous Humboldt River, appropriately termed "The River of Bones," as such was the loss of stock from alkali water that the margin of the river's course was whitened by animal skeletons.

The Sierras were crossed without incident worthy of note, and the Sacra-

mento Valley reached in due time. The more than three score of years that have elapsed since the stirring scenes of the great overland exodus were enacted, have left but very few venerable pioneers who were eye witnesses of the events narrated. The old California and Oregon trail is yet visible in isolated places, but like its aged originators, must soon be known only in history.

THE SEA-CALL

Let me away from this close, pent town—
 Let me away and away!
 What is there good in streets of brown?
 What is there fair in skies of gray?

Only one tie to bind me here,
 Away from my mistress' charm—
 My wife—aye, truly I hold her dear,
 And that wee thing on her arm.

But what is a wife, or what is a child,
 When the Sea winds call to me?
 For She has a power to drive men wild,
 If they Her lovers be.

I've pillowed my head on Her breast,
 I've kissed Her lips in the spray,
 She's treated me as She treats the rest,
 But—I long for Her arms to-day.

Cold is Her breast and Her bed of blue,
 (Eyes of my child!)—and yet
 I must away—though I would be true—
 I must away, and forget.

SARAH HAMMOND KELLY.



By Ox-Team to California

Personal Narrative of Nancy A. Hunt

Prepared from original manuscript by Professor Rockwell D. Hunt, Professor in the University of Southern California, and President of the Historical Society of Southern California. The original manuscript was prepared more than twenty years ago, with great care and considerable research, but of course chiefly from memory.



Mrs. Nancy Hunt.

must have some reason for it: perhaps it is this—just to know something of our family history. I myself have often wished I knew more of the history of my parents and ancestors; so I will do what I can to grant my son's request for this reason, if for no other.

I must begin back with my ancestors. From a rare old book, "The Pioneer Families of Missouri," I have learned that Jacob Zumwalt emigrated from Germany to America during colonial times and settled first in Pennsylvania, at the present site of Little York. Mr. Zumwalt was married twice. By his first wife he had two sons and two daughters, and by his second five sons and one daughter. It is said that his son Jacob built the first hewed log house that was ever erected on the north side of the Missouri River in 1798, about one and a half miles northwest of O'Fallen Station, on the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern Railway. I have not been able to trace the connection between the Missouri Zumwalts and my own parents, though all were no doubt related.

The name of my great-great-grandfather was Adam Zumwalt. His son, George Zumwalt, emigrated from Germany to America, and lived in Virginia, where my grandfather, Jacob Zumwalt, was born. The names of great-grandfather's children were Jacob, Elizabeth, Henry, Mary, Magdalene, Christina, Philip, Christian, and John. My grandfather (Jacob

ONE of my sons has requested me to write the story of my early life. Whether he is in jest or in earnest I do not know: if in earnest, I know not why he thinks I could do such a thing. It must be either because I have given birth and raised to stalwart manhood seven sons, or because I was a pioneer in the great State of Illinois, and also in our sunny State, California. He

Zumwalt), also had nine children, whose names were Sarah, Mary, Joseph, Daniel, Jacob, Elizabeth, Eleanor, George and John. The fifth of these, Jacob Zumwalt, was my father.

Grandmother Zumwalt's maiden name was Nancy Ann Spurgeon. She was born in Pennsylvania, of parents who had come from England, and so was related to the Spurgeons of that country.

My mother's maiden name was Susanna Smith. She was the daughter of Reuben Smith, whose children were Sally, John, Joel, Anna, Joseph, Phoebe, Reuben, Stephen, Mary Ann, Clarendia, Elizabeth, Susanna and Cynthia. My great grandparents, Oliver Smith and Sarah Herrick, who were born and married in England, came to America about 1770. Sarah Herrick was a very large woman, taller than Reuben Smith, who was six feet six inches tall. Oliver Smith was a physician and surgeon, and was quite wealthy until the Indians took and destroyed his property. Grandmother Smith died January 17, 1834; and grandfather Reuben Smith died September 25, 1840.

My own parents were both born and raised in Ohio, as farmers. They received only a moderate education, as colleges and seminaries were then unknown in that part of the country. They had no carriages to go riding in when they were young. A walk of five or six miles was not considered much; but horseback riding was very fashionable among old and young alike. To go to church on Sunday, or to market or to mill with bag of corn, wheat or buckwheat swung across the horse's back, or even to weddings, ten, twenty or more miles away—all these were the most common, every-day affairs.

When my parents were married father was twenty-two and mother nineteen. Father came twenty miles on horseback with his company of family relatives and friends. On arriving at mother's home, they all rode around the house three times for good cheer, according to the style of the

day. On these long rides it was customary for the young men to carry the girls' collarettes in their high silk hats, so they would not get mussed up.

The day after the wedding they, with their company, went to my father's home for the Infair. According to previous arrangement, they started after just one week to emigrate to Indiana. This was a wedding trip that some of our young folks wouldn't like very well nowadays—especially to go as my parents went, with their own team, taking in the wagon all they possessed, except their five horses and the cow named "Pink." I can remember hearing mother calling, "Suke—Pink;" and the cow would come home from as far as she could hear the call, out of the thick woods.

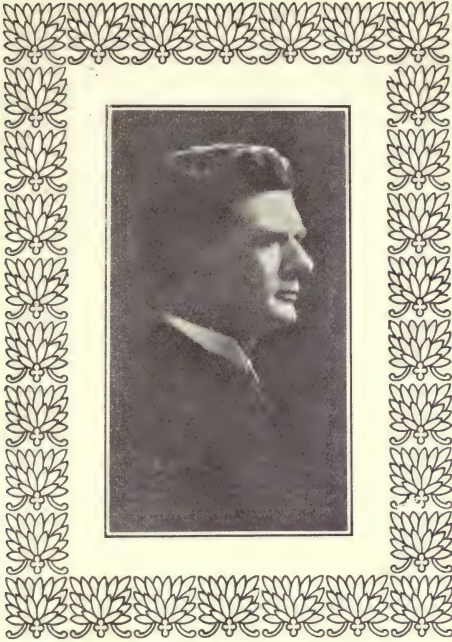
When they reached their journey's end, they settled in the beech and maple timber that was so thick they had to cut down trees and clear out a spot big enough on which to build their little log house of one room. But since they were married in June and had started at once, the house was built before winter set in.

Yet when they moved in, the only door was a quilt hung up, and the only curtain was another quilt at the little square window without glass. Later the fireplace chimney was completed with split sticks chinked up with mud plaster. Father split some puncheons from the big hard-wood trees and put down a floor big enough for the bed.

By keeping diligently at work, they had soon made a door, bed-stead, etc. A few hens were brought from a distant neighbor: mother borrowed a rooster and made a little chicken-house from small trees she had cut down; so in a short time they had plenty of chickens.

Father was a skilful hunter, so they fared well for meat, deer and other wild game being plentiful. They lived in happiness.

In the spring they made enough maple sugar, syrup (or molasses, as we always called it) and vinegar to do for the year. And they also had a splendid garden, having been provided



Professor Rockwell D. Hunt, University of Southern California, Los Angeles.

with seeds before leaving home. They had everything necessary that was good to eat, and live well.

But on account of exposure and hard work, mother was troubled with rheumatism and both had chills and fever; so they concluded to go on to Illinois and try it there.

The five horse team was hitched on to the great covered wagon, and old "Pink," with her tinkling bell and playful progeny was made ready for another journey. Father and mother had found two little girls in the timber of Indiana: my sister, Sarah, and I were born there, Hoosiers: and sometimes I feel glad, even proud, that I was born a sturdy, hardy Hoosier. I was then three years old; and Sarah was six weeks old—pretty young to be an emigrant to a new country, to be one of the pioneers!

My parents and my uncle, Joseph Zumwalt, and his family, arrived in Will County, Illinois, at Troutman's Grove, near Joliet, in the spring of 1834, there to begin a pioneer life over

again by starting a new home: and it had to be done very much as the first one had been.

Here my school days began. One of our neighbors who had come there about 1831, and was educated, was hired to teach the first school ever kept in that place. Scholars being scarce, the teacher got my parents to let me go, although a baby not four years old yet: but even now I can remember some things I did then. The teacher's name was Henry Watkins: he used to carry me home for dinner, for we lived near the little log school house. A row of wooden pins driven into the logs served for hooks for the boys' coats and hats and the girls' sunbonnets, hoods and kiss-me-quicks. Our seats were slabs from the saw-mill, with limbs of trees driven in for legs. Our writing desks were rough boards about a foot and a half wide, made fast and sloping a little along the sides of the school room.

Our teacher, who was a Baptist, read a chapter from the Bible every morning, and prayed, with every scholar—big or little—kneeling down. Oh, that our public schools could follow that good old-fashioned way now! The teacher set our copies for writing and made our pens of goose quills. We made our own ink out of oak bark. I never saw red ink in those days.

We did not stay there long. Father thought best to move about five miles to the edge of Jackson's Grove, to be sheltered from the cold, bleak winds and storms. Then I had to walk more than a mile to school. I remember getting badly scared twice when alone—once when I saw a big snake lying across the path, and once when a mother pheasant came running after me to protect her brood of young.

About this time, stoves were coming into use, and father bought one for our home: it was an odd-looking concern. One day the teacher brought home from Chicago a few matches. We thought it very strange that fire should come out of a little stick when he struck a match on the stove pipe.

The girls never studied arithmetic in the school there, but did study grammar: the boys studied arithmetic, but no grammar. I was considered very good in Kirkham's Grammar. At times Mr. Watkins would let the entire school study out loud for five minutes; and then what a clattering and chattering we would have!

During the winter time we often had spelling schools in the evening: sometimes they would choose up and spell down several times the same evening. We also had singing school, which I attended after I became old enough; father usually went with us, which made it very pleasant.

My father was uncommonly ingenious: he was able to make almost everything that we needed to use in the pioneer days of Indiana and Illinois. He would go down by the Oplane River, cut down a cedar tree and rive out the staves. The wood next to the bark was white and the inside was red: he made his staves each half red and half white, so that it worked up very prettily into washtubs, kegs, buckets, keelers, and whatever we needed, taking young hickory trees and splitting them into strips for hoops to use on the utensils. Of larger hickories he made scrubbing brooms, by sawing a ring round the stick, then working the upper part down for the handle and splitting the other end into fine splints. He also used hickory splints for chair bottoms. He tanned the deer skin and made mittens, whip lashes and some gloves. He made and mended our shoes and boots, and did much of that for the neighbors. He did his own blacksmithing, and was a pretty good carpenter, too, making all his own axe-handles, etc. He made very good, coarse combs and back-combs from cow's horn.

After I was about ten years old, my mother was an invalid most of the time till we came to California: so Sarah and I had most of the housework to do. We were very early taught to work, not only in the house, but out of doors, too. When I was sixteen years old, mother sent to In-

diana for feathers to make me a bed.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Cotton, my first husband, at school, and at temperance meetings. He and his sister used to sing temperance songs, sometimes comic ones, which I thought were nice and appropriate. But when they lent me their book my father said no they were not religious songs; so I had to return the book right away.

I do not know how old I was when I began the Christian warfare: I was too young to remember anything about it. My parents always went and took all of us children to the social and revival meetings—class, camp, quarterly, protracted, etc. I was a bashful, timid Christian, when I was young—so bashful that father threatened sending me away from home to live with a talkative milliner in Joliet. This very lady afterwards made my wedding dress and presented me with a beautiful head-dress for my marriage.

At seventeen and a half years I was married: no one seemed to think I was too young, nor my husband, Alexander Cotton, who was just past nineteen. My parents made a large wedding for us. I was dressed in white nainsook, trimmed with lace. I wore pink and white ribbons and a long bow to my waist, the ribbon reaching almost to the bottom of the dress, with bows at my wrists and neck. My back hair was braided and put up around a horse-shoe back comb, and in front I had three long curls hung from behind each ear.

The wedding was at two o'clock: then came the dinner, such a repast as the fertile State of Illinois could afford, for the whole company of about seventy-five persons. We did not go off for a wedding trip in those days; but stayed at home, letting our parents and friends share in the festivities.

We spent the evening sociably until near midnight: but about eleven, two of the girls went upstairs with me to my room, and then I went to bed. After the girls had gone down, in came my husband: he drew me up

from the back part of the bed, onto his arm, and just then the company came thronging at the door to catch a glimpse of us in bed. Then they left us, and soon were on the way to their homes.

The next day, with some of our brothers and sisters, we went to Wilmington by invitation, to have our in-fair at the home of a sister of my husband.

Father had recently bought a farm of eighty acres, with ten acres of woodland and a sugar camp. He now said: "Children, go onto the place and see how much you can make; and have all you make." We went, and we worked, too! Father gave me a good young horse and two cows, besides hogs, sheep, chickens, and everything we had in the house. I fully believe there never was a happier couple; and oh, how we did work! We made maple sugar in the spring, picked wild strawberries in abundance, and in winter trapped all the prairie chickens and quail we wanted. We always found time to drive over to our old home about once a week, and to raise a few beautiful flowers in summer.

We lived on this place only three years before we had enough saved up, with another "lift" from my father, to buy thirty acres of our own, in the edge of what was called Little Grove, then, but afterwards called Starr's Grove. There we had a beautiful place, with new house and fine creek of running water—everything, it seemed, to make us happy.

But this was not to last long. My husband began coughing, and rapidly grew worse and worse, until he went into the dread disease, consumption. Then our troubles began: and if we had not both learned to leave them with the great Burden Bearer, we would have been much worse off than we were.

We had two darling little sons, Albert and Joel; but our dear little daughter, Irene, inherited her father's weakness, and died when but four months old.

After strong and unmistakable

symptoms, my father was taken with the California fever in the year 1849, when his brother (my uncle Zumwalt) crossed the Great Plains and came to California, bringing his wife and eleven children with him.

Well, after that spring it seemed that all my father could do was to read every item of California news he could get and talk about the new wonderland—for mother would not be persuaded to undertake such a journey.

But father kept reading and talking. One day he read that wheat and peaches were a sure crop every year: that greatly increased his desire to come. That desire, which was shared by all six of his sons and daughters, never waned nor grew cold.

At last, early in 1854, the doctors told us the only chance there was for my husband to live was to come to California that year. Of course, I at once told my parents I was going to venture all and make the start with him for California: we began at once to make arrangements to come.

Then my sister Sarah and her husband, James Shoemaker, decided they would come with us. And next, father's fever never having abated, mother consented to come, providing the old homestead could be kept unencumbered to return to in case we should not like California.

All went to work with a will to get ready for the great journey. Father began buying oxen and having new wagons made, good and strong. Times were very lively with us all that winter, selling home effects and buying our outfit. We had to part with all of our old and dear keepsakes, mementoes of our childhood, for we could take only just what we would need on the way.

My uncle Joseph and family, who had gone to California in '49, and returned to Illinois, were now ready for their second journey. Father's sister, Mrs. Nellie Troxel, and her family, with neighbors and friends, made up a party that started on with teams and live stock about the middle of March,

even before the snow and ice had gone. But never mind that—they were on their way to the great new country!

About the middle of April, the remainder of our party, having remained behind to finish the business affairs, started from Joliet by rail, and went to the terminus at Peoria. Then we took the steamboat down the Illinois River to the Mississippi, and down the great river as far as St. Louis. From St. Louis we proceeded up the Missouri to Kainsville. The Missouri River was then very low, and was full of mud, sandbars, snags, etc.; so we had a hard time at the very outset of our journey. The steamboat was badly snagged, and it leaked so fast that it was necessary to unload everything and put it onto another boat. I had the quinsy and was seriously sick with it; and my husband, by taking cold, was very low and indeed near to death with his disease.

But as soon as we were again on land, all began to feel better. The old boat never made another trip down the river; they left it at Kainsville to be used as a ferry boat. Here we met my father and the members of the advance guard. After a few days' preparation, we crossed the Missouri and our long, hard camping trip across the Great Plains was begun.

We found all the ox drivers we needed, simply for their board along the way. There were in our train besides our immediate family, which included by brothers John, Joseph and Daniel, and my sisters, Sarah and Lizzie, and those of uncle Joseph Zumwalt and aunt Nellie Troxel, neighbors and friends occupying in all twenty-five wagons and teams, nearly all of them ox teams of five yoke for each wagon.

When we camped at night we would drive our wagons so they would form a circle, and by putting the pole, or tongue, of each wagon upon the back axle-tree of the next, all around the circle, we had a pretty good corral.

But our large company could not remain together long; so much stock required more grass than could be

found in one place near the road, for each family had besides the teams more or less loose stock, cows, calves, etc.

Some members of the company would become impatient and wish to hurry along as fast as their teams could go: after a few days we would usually overtake them and crawl along past them, as they would be stopped by the roadside to rest their cattle. We always went along slowly but steadily, stopping half a day each week, whenever we possibly could, to do our washing.

We always laid by over Sunday, I believe. Once we made a mistake: thinking it was Saturday, we were washing when some traders came along, from whom we learned it was Sunday. We quickly put away the washing for that day. That was the only time we completely lost track of the day of the week.

Our wagons were big and strong, and had good, stout bows, covered with thick, white drilling: so there was a nice room in each wagon, as everything was clean and fresh and new. Two strong iron hooks were fastened on the top of each side of our wagon-box, and a pole (called a spring-pole) laid in these hooks. Boards were laid across from pole to pole, thus making a spring bed that was very comfortable for my sick husband, after a good feather bed and plenty of covering were put in place. We had but one wagon of our own, with five yoke of oxen and two cows.

Most of the emigrant wagons had the names of the owners, place where they were from and where they were bound, marked in large letters on the outside of the cover.

There were stations along the way at great intervals: these were called trading posts, and they kept supplies of provision, ammunition, etc.; but the emigrants had to pay dearly for everything at these stations. The traders were glad to buy such dried fruits, jellies, jams, pickles, preserves, etc., as the emigrants had to spare.

We called it a good day's drive if



Motor car tourists going over one of the desert trails to California.

we went twenty miles, and a big drive if we went twenty-five miles; but in the mountains, and where we had streams to cross, we worked hard many times and went only five miles. I think I must have walked half of the way to California. Many times I did not get into the wagon to ride all day. Oh, the roads we passed over were terrible!

In some places in the mountains the men had to let the wagons down the deep pitches with chains: in other places it would take ten yoke of oxen, or more, to pull a wagon up the steep, slippery grades. But parts of our road were just beautiful, being level as a floor and bordered with carpets of green grass intermingled with flowers of every color.

We often saw herds of buffalo at a distance, but they were wild enough to keep out of the way of emigrants. At their watering places we saw dead ones partly eaten by wolves or other wild beasts. We frequently had buffalo meat, as well as bear, elk, deer, antelope, and fish, ducks and other wild game.

We always treated the Indians well and with respect, and they never mo-

lest us at any time. Day after day we heard stories of how the Indians had been treated badly by the emigrants, and how they were threatening to take the next train that came along to get revenge. Some emigrants did have trouble that year. We always gave them something to eat when they asked for it. I believe the Golden Rule helped us to get through safely.

As soon as we went into camp, if any Indians were in hearing distance, they would come to see us. They climbed up and looked into our wagons with great curiosity; yes, and astonishment, too, when they saw the display of guns and ammunition we had. We always had these hanging rather artistically on the inside of the wagon cover, so they would be the first thing to attract the visitors' attention, and they always looked sober at sight of them.

At night we placed our weapons of defense by the sides of our beds in our tents. I claimed the ax for mine, and always saw that it was close to me; but I never had occasion to use it on an Indian.

Sometimes it was trying to notice

how the Indians would act with things we gave them. For instance, on one occasion a big Indian and a pitiful little fellow begged food, and we gave each a plateful. The big fellow soon cleaned his plate and then took the little one's plate away from him, bringing a sorrowful look to the little face. When we showed our astonishment, he said by way of explanation, placing his hand upon his stomach, then pointing to his companion: "Me heap big: him little belly!" The little boy looked sorry, but did not cry—I surmise he was used to such treatment.

One night in particular, more than any other, we expected to be killed or taken as captives. (Imagine for one moment what a feeling that is!) The Indians formed in line on both sides of our camp. It was very dark; but when they built fires on both sides, we knew they were in line. Then they set up their terrible war-whoop, and kept it up until late into the night. Greatly frightened, we made ready for an attack. But fortunately they did not molest us at all, except as we suffered in our minds from our fright. That night we kept ample guard, and what little sleep we did get we took with our hands on our weapons. Early the next morning we moved on quietly as if nothing had happened.

We had music in camp many an evening. Some of the company having brought their musical instruments, such as violins or guitars; and when not too tired we would sing hymns of praise. The young people had a good time and a great deal of fun. They were free from care, and could ride on horseback or in the wagons all they pleased, or could walk along the road together.

We managed to sew enough to keep our clothes in order while the oxen were poking along where the road was level. Some worked at crocheting or knitting a little occasionally, just for pastime. We had nothing to read but our Bibles and a few hymn books.

I did not notice the cold or heat very much on our trip. We had many hard, cold rain and hail storms. I

think the most severe were encountered while we were in the Rocky Mountains. Sometimes they would sluice us out of our tents; so we were compelled to hurry our beds and everything up into the wagons. I remember one night especially when I worked in the rain till I was drenched through and through: my feet *squished* in my shoes. In that condition I did not dare to get into bed with my poor, sick husband and my little children for fear of giving them cold: so I drew myself up into the front end of the wagon as far as I could, with my feet extending outside, and very soon I dropped off to sleep and slept soundly, being so tired out. Such exposure never hurt me in the least—we could live in almost any way out of doors, so hardened were we by that manner of life. And right here I want to recommend living out of doors for the invalid when the weather will at all permit; I believe it to be better than medicine.

For about three weeks I was sick with what was called mountain fever. We were then traveling along the Humboldt River, where we could get no good water, although constantly in sight of plenty of snow. Oh, how good that snow looked to me! Surely, I thought, if any one of the rest of our company were burning up with fever, as I was, and I was well, I would go and get some snow—it looked so near! And yet they said it must be a hundred miles from us. Distance was very deceiving.

After the fever had had its run, I recovered, with God's care—for little care did I have but his, before we came to the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

While the young folk were having their good times, some of the mothers were giving birth to their babes: three babies were born in our company that summer. My cousin Emily Ibe (later Emily West of Dixon) gave birth to a son in Utah, forty miles north of Great Salt Lake, one evening; and the next morning she traveled on until noon, when a stop was made, and another child was born—this time Susan



Fort Laramie at the time of the Pony Express across the plains to California

Longmire was the mother made happy by the advent of little Ellen. The third birth occurred after we had separated from Uncle Joseph's family: the wife of my cousin Jacob Zumwalt gave birth to a daughter while traveling in the Sierra Nevada. To this baby they gave the name Alice Nevada. In every instance, after the birth, we traveled right along the next day, mothers and babes with the rest of us.

We had an unusual commotion one afternoon and night, near the fork of the Sweetwater River. My youngest sister, Lizzie, then twelve years old, was lost. She had started off in search of firewood and completely lost her bearings. Finally she found the road and walked back on it five miles, when she came to a camp of emigrants. Two of them brought her into our excited camp about eleven o'clock at night. My mother was nearly beside herself when they brought her in all safe and sound but very tired.

Our train went north of Salt Lake and passed what was known as Sublet's Cutoff, where Ogden now is. As most of our company wished to go through by Salt Lake, we were again divided, our own party having but one other family besides my father's—Mrs. Neff, a widow, with her three sons, Jim, Dan and John, and a daughter named Sarah. Jim was married, having with him his wife and son.

He was very sick through Nevada. At Carson we thought he would die,

but he refused to take our medicine (calomel and quinine), saying he would die first. Coming so near to death's door, he finally concluded to take the medicine, so he got well in due time. He was a soft kind of man, with little *grit* or *vim* in him.

Day after day we traveled along, slowly, very slowly. The roads were almost impassable: the days were hot and the nights freezing cold. Near the summit of the Sierras we came to the snow: it was the month of August.

It was here, in the midst of the great mountains, that I met with the greatest trial and loss of my life, up to this time. It was the loss of my dear husband, the father of my two little boys. He died August 21st, 1854. He was a noble, good Christian man. Oh, the patience he showed all along the road! Never recovering sufficient strength to get out, he sat there in the wagon alone through those long months, except for a few weeks along the Sweetwater River. How proud he was then: and I, too! We thought he would get well. But when we came into the Sierras, he took fresh cold, from which he never recovered. The long, lingering disease had run its course and ended his short life: his brave spirit departed at Twin Lakes, a beautiful little valley on this side of the summit—so he died in California.

We laid the body away in the best manner we possibly could, specially

marking the grave so that emigrants passing that way for years afterwards would take particular notice of it: in this way we could hear from it sometimes. We could not linger there between the two majestic pines where my husband's body was tenderly laid to rest; there was no grass for the cattle. We must push on.

That night we found grass, so decided to remain for a day or two for washing and other needful preparations; for we were now almost at our journey's end.

Only two or three days more and we sighted the beautiful valley of the Cosumnes. We went on through to Sacramento, which had grown up around Sutter's Fort into a thriving city. Then we remained out on the American River (a branch of the Sacramento) for two weeks, while my father was looking about for a place to live. After looking over several different places, including the vicinity of Dixon—which he pronounced worthless for farming—he bought his farm on Deer Creek, near Daylor's Ranch, on the Cosumnes. It had a good, comfortable house, considering the early date.

I remained with my parents, with my two little boys: but after a while, so many came to ask me to work for them, I concluded to hire out to work, although I had never worked away from home. For my work I never received less than \$50 a month, and for a part of the time I received \$75. Women were scarce in California in comparison to men, and it was hard to secure woman's help. I would leave the children with mother, as she didn't have much work to do in those days. My wagon I had sold, a part of the money received for it being two fifty-dollar California slugs, one of them round and the other eight-sided. They were no rarity in those days, being quite plentiful as currency.

My first acquaintance with Mr. D. R. Hunt was made by riding with him for thirty miles on his grain wagon to the place where I went to work, a large country hotel called the Somers-

et House. He was then hauling barley to Coloma, and the landlord arranged with him to take me up.

As a matter of course, Mr. Hunt, being an old bachelor who had come to California four years earlier, would come into the parlor a little while on his arrival with every load to inquire how the young widow was getting along, bring some message from home, or take some word back to my folks. Each time I went to visit at home, I went with him on his grain or hay wagon.

I did not remain long at the Somerset House. One of the owners, whose wife was with him, sold out to the other, whose wife was still in Boston; so if I were to remain I would be the only woman there and must take the place of landlady. Mr. Lindsey offered me \$75 a month for all winter, and said I might keep little Albert and Joel with me, as well as do sewing and washing besides my wages. But no; I would not consent to stay.

In a little while I began working for the Eldorado House on the Placerville road, being engaged as cook for the house. Of course, teaming from the Hunt ranch paid better on the Placerville road now; so I still had good opportunity of hearing from home often!

I remained at the Eldorado House until May; then Mr. Hunt thought I had better not work out any more. So I did up a good lot of sewing for myself and children, feeling quite independent about my clothes, as I had earned the money to buy them myself. Mr. Hunt had a squatter's right to some land on a Spanish grant, only half a mile from my father's house. He had built a small house of four rooms, but these were not finished then.

So we were married in my father's house, August 5th, 1855. I was dressed in white, with embroidered pink flowers. Thus I began my married life in California. It has brought many joys and many sorrows. And now my five stalwart sons, all native sons of California, the fruit of my second marriage, have grown to manhood's estate.



A Klamath Bridge, California. The old form of crossing the river.

A Rediscovered River

By Edward C. Crossman

TIMES were when it flowed along in undisturbed serenity. The Klamaths and the Modocs met at the dividing line of the Shasta River and along the rocky bluffs of its junction with the mighty Klamath, fought peacefully over the fishing privileges. The ways of white men had not arrived to persuade them that the country belonged to neither tribe, but to the usurper.

Save for the golden grains, the river might have continued to flow along through its timbered solitudes, undisturbed save by the few ranchers along its banks, but its sands were mixed with the disturbing metal.

In the early '50's came the argonauts from the Oregon trail, and from

the diggings along the upper Sacramento, and the country of the Trinity. They found gold in the sands of the Klamath. That spelled the finish of the Indians, and times of peace along the great brown stream.

At every gravel bar sprang up the little settlements of the '49ers. Always they were called "Bars," and the old nomenclature clings to the present day. There was Hamburg Bar, and Oak Bar, and Gottville Bar—all bars because only at bars was there an excuse for a settlement. Only at bars did the precious yellow grains lie in quantity sufficient to make digging attractive to the hurrying argonauts, and only in the bars was the yellow dust accessible.



Gottville, Cala., an old roaring mining camp, of the Bret Harte type, now dead and buried. The bears come down from the hillside and steal little pigs from the streets.

Wing dams crept out into the brown hurrying current, shouldering the waters away from the work of the miners. Painstakingly the rocks were hoisted out of the bed of the stream, and then the precious gravel down to the storehouse of the red rock.

The upper Sierra camps of Bret Harte lived along the Klamath. Civilization lay far away. San Francisco lay four hundred miles to the south—either by the long, dangerous trail down river to the sea, and then south on ship, or else up river to the Oregon trail, and then down to Red Bluff, and the head of the navigation on the Sacramento.

When the Indians got to troubling—the symptom was the mutilated body of some miner turning up in some lonely canyon along the river—then, as was the custom of the West in the '50's, the miners laid aside their picks and pans and Long Toms, and devoted a week or so making good Indians out

of bad ones. The missionary appliances were simple, a muzzle-loader rifle, and shoot on sight. Two or three times soldiers came in via the sea, and helped to make the climate of the river more healthful for solitary miners in the lonely gulches.

Presently the impatient gold seekers deemed the bars petered out, and moved on. Swiftly the little settlements fell into decay. Goldsmith's Deserted Village was not more pathetic. Then came the Chinese, sympathetic, painstaking, knowing the value of co-operative labor—and driven out of Trinity County to the south by the intolerant and envious white men.

They gleaned the leavings of the hurrying argonauts, and they took out more gold than did the discoverers. The abandoned Roaring Camps became once more peopled, this time with pig-tailed heathen instead of the red-shirted argonauts. The nasal sing-



A hydraulic mine. The huge basin back to the bluffs was torn out and washed away by the white plume of water.

song of the Chinese language profaned the silence of the hills, undisturbed save for the hearty oaths of the Anglo-Saxon miners. Fan-tan took the place of faro and monte and poker. Men were not killed in the open in fair fight—they disappeared overnight, if their disappearance became advisable to the powers that were, according to the Chinese method of thinking.

Then even the Chinese moved on, the river and its bars were no longer workable with their crude methods. The rough houses fell in or were hauled away by the few ranchers who seeped into the remote valley. The bears came down and snuffed through the few streets.

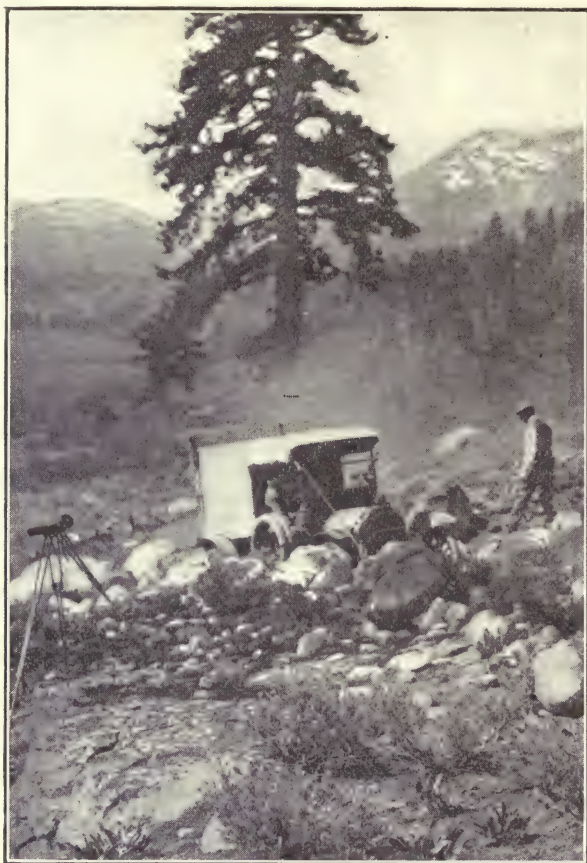
Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands drifted into the narrow gorge of the river, and settled down, and raised families and enough for them to live upon. Only here and there does the turbulent river allow room enough for a plot of ground that will do for a

home, and acreage enough to support the little family.

Fifty years have shown little change in the Klamath Gorge. Still the road winds up at Happy Camp. Crude ferries, current propelled and cable-held against the swift push of the stream, supplement the few bridges. Rumors there are that the strange, spontaneous combustion of one or two that have gone up in smoke were the result of the peeve of some ferryman or other who found his living gone with the coming of the bridge.

In the canyons—never canyons but always “creeks,” in the vernacular of the Klamath, which is the vernacular of gold seekers still—the black and brown bears roam the summer long. Deer tracks across the road provoke no notice. One is shown the spot where a pair of mountain lions killed the small son of a rancher on the river as he trudged along the road in the twilight, very close to home.

Here and there modern methods,



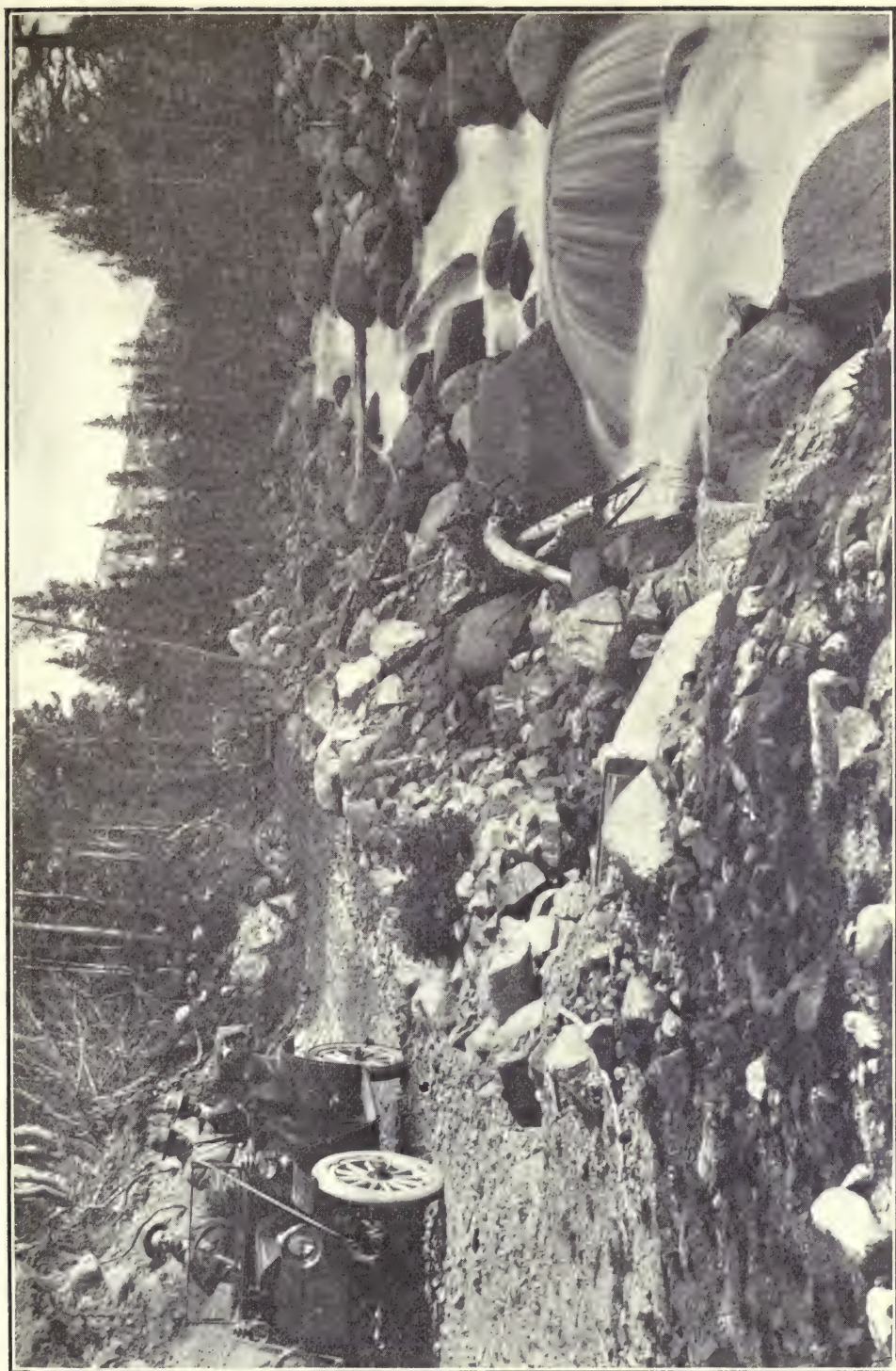
In the Bret Harte Country.

sadly handicapped by the rough mountain road and the distance from the rail, attack the problem of making the river and the bars give up the gold that was forbidden to the crude instruments of the argonaut of the '50's.

At Hamburg bar is a dredge held out in the swift current off the bar, a current which laughed at the efforts of the early gold seekers to block it off with crude wing dams. Divers, protected by steel caissons, go down to the bottom in the fierce, swift, cold current, and move the rocks. A suction pipe picks up the gravel that lies on the bed rock and runs it over the

screens on the dredge. Every plate in the boilers, every timber in the hull, was hauled down the long 60 miles of rough, rocky mountain road that lies 'twixt Hamburg and the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Farther up river, working remorselessly through a long bar nearly a mile long, and thirty feet deep, another dredge on rollers is solving the problem that baffled the angry argonauts who knew the richness of the gravel that lay down on bed rock, and who also knew the hundreds of thousands of tons of gravel that lay on that same strata of richness.



Scene in the high Sierras.



An abandoned sluicing claim on the river.



Abandoned cabin of an old gold seeker.

Now, a swift, roaring jet of water, with the energy of a fall from the heights of the surrounding hills, tears down the bank of the gravel ahead of the dredge, and the chain of buckets picks it up and runs it and much water over the gold saving screens behind. Then when the treasure house of the bed rock is reached, the modern gold seekers get down on their knees and go into every cranny and crevice of the living rock and sweep out the golden grains with whisk brooms and loving care that housewife ne'er exhibited in her own sweeping in the corners.

In the spring of the year, when the snows on the heights commence to melt, and the mountain streams thunder down the canyons, white plumes of water from huge nozzles of Little Giants commence to gnaw at the banks of red gravel at the mouths of the gulches.

As they begin to crumble beneath the tearing of the water, the earth is washed down into the long lines of the flumes and sluice boxes, and the golden grains drop down into the pitfalls of the blocks that line the bottoms of the boxes. From the heights

run the long flumes, and then the huge steel pipes, in which the water surges with all the force of its thousand-foot fall.

Then as it roars from the six-inch nozzle of the little giant comes the lesson of the power of falling water. Sweep a sword down through the stream with all the swiftness in your power—and it will be instantly wrenched from your grasp and your arm broken. Let a man stand within the zone of that roaring white plume—and he is killed as promptly as if it had been a cannon. The paltry stream of a fire engine will knock men off their feet; the drive of the nozzles of a fire boat will tear down walls, but none of them are in the class of the full blown stream from the little giant, six inches at the start, and with the fall of probably a thousand feet back of it.

Probably no river in these United States is so large, so long, and yet so little known to the average American as this huge Klamath, brown-hued, Missouri-sized and conducting itself with the rollicksome abandon of a mountain brook.

COMMANDEERED

Last year he drew the harvest home,
 Along the winding upland lane;
 The children twisted marigolds
 And clover flowers to deck his mane.
 Last year—he drew the harvest home.

To-day—with puzzled, patient face,
 With ears adroop and weary feet,
 He marches to the sound of drums,
 And draws the gun along the street.
 To-day he draws the guns of war!

CHARLOTTE MOBERLY.



Upper—Newport Bay, Balboa, Southern California, before the storm. Middle—The rising waters of the approaching storm. Lower—Geysers of spray shot high in the air in efforts to pass the barrier.

Storm Bound in Balboa

By Della Phillips

(Balboa is a Small Town on Newport Bay, About Thirty Miles

Southeast of Los Angeles, Cal.)

THE wind had blown all night from the southeast—the “rain quarter,” as we say on this part of the Pacific Coast. When I awoke, the canvas walls of my little tent house were still flapping in the gale; and the sullen, continuous roar of the ocean warned me there was something doing outside.

I hurried into my clothes, a woman's shrill scream from somewhere in the vicinity of the pier increasing my nervous haste. I was wild to find out what the old ocean had been up to while I slept, and the cause of that scream.

I was not long in doubt, for as I opened the tent door, a great wave lifted itself to the top of the seawall and broke in a thunderous crash, showering a cascade of spray higher than the two story bungalow before it. Already the water had broken through the seawall and was plowing its way in rivulets across the sands only a few feet from our own back yard.

The woman who had screamed was running back from the pier sobbing, hysterically:

“Our town will be ruined!” she cried as she passed me.

I hurried out on the pier, but retreated in greater haste as a big wave broke evenly on either side of me with a mighty splash that shook the whole structure. As far as I could see, the waves had eaten away the sand clear of the seawall, and had broken through in numberless places.

Standing at the head of the pier where the waves were not so threatening, I could command a good view of the little peninsula on which our town is situated, and was amazed at what I saw—at the spectacle of the ocean when really peeved, and at the work it had, in its rage, already accomplished.

There was a seven foot tide that morning—not an unusually high one, but formidable when backed by a gale. There were waves that took a running broad jump, and some that pole vaulted, but all broke over the sea-wall, spurting up such geysers of spray as few of the spectators had ever witnessed. The waves themselves were splashing over the verandas of the houses, and a few leaped to the second story balconies. Foaming streams of water were cutting out channels across the sands, already far on their way to meet the rapidly rising bay.

Heavy timbers were every moment being ripped from the sea-wall, and carried half way across the narrow peninsula before the waves that tore them from the pilings had spent their force.

Every house on the ocean front was endangered and one practically in ruins.

It was now half-past seven, and the tide would not reach its crest until eight-thirty. Every man and boy that could wield a shovel was on the scene filling sand bags for the protection

of the houses against the still rising floods.

Leaving the pier, I made my way, somewhat perilously, along Central avenue, the one street the peninsula has space for. By this time, the adventurous streams of water, spurting through the sea-wall, had found their way across the sands to the bay. In numerous places the cement pavements were crumbling and up-ending in irregular blocks as the sands washed out from under them.

As one of the women watchers remarked: "When the water's after you from both sides, it's no joke."

Two houses were plainly doomed, and from these the furniture was removed; and attention centered on saving the others. Mattresses, sand bags, old clothes, anything that might prevent those swirling tongues of water from licking the sands from under the houses were thrown down.

Few people were in their homes—it being the winter season, and Balboa mostly a summer resort—so the owners were spared much needless worry and alarm. The few of us who live here the year around, and who have learned to love the beautiful little coast resort, felt an uncontrollable sinking of the heart as we saw the handsome structures ruined, and realized that many more were in peril.

A new bungalow, costing thousands of dollars, was one of the first to be undermined, the water gaining entrance through the sea-wall directly in front of the place.

Here, the sand was eaten out in great mouthfuls until the big structure went down by the head in the hole made by the sea. A china cabinet, not yet removed to a place of safety, skidded merrily down the sharply inclined floor, and put to sea through the opening in the wall.

In spite of the destruction, one was compelled to take notice of a sort of grim humor that characterized this display of the elements. I could not help feeling that the ocean was, after all, merely at play. The waves, pouring eagerly through the breaches in

the wall, ripped boards from the houses and carried them outside, only to bring them gleefully back for use in battering off more boards. Thick timbers from the sea-wall were tossed high in the air by the waves and later thrown across the breaches in the sidewalks, as if to repair the damage done by the streams of water.

The sea appeared to be bent on changing the topography of the whole place. It pushed a small bungalow to one side, and ate out the lot on which it stood.

A little cottage was lifted by the waves and deposited on the farther side of the bungalow. Some small buildings were merely moved across the street, and the tiny houses of the Japanese servant, in the rear of one of the handsome bay houses, was left leaning its head against one corner of the large structure, looking "as if it was trying to butt it over," as one man remarked.

Two tent houses, standing side by side in the rear of a large house on the bay front, separated as if by common consent, and slipped gently into the bay, one on each side of the house. They rejoined one another at a pier farther down the peninsula.

A garage, on which the only pair of bantam chicks in Balboa was perched for safety, was lifted by the waves, turned around, and deposited in the same place; but the entrance is now on the side instead of the street, as before.

The human element of humor was also present. In a portable house, surrounded by water, and with two feet of it inside, a graphophone played "Home, Sweet Home," while the house's owner exulted over the fact that the sand of his dearest enemy was washing over his own lot. "If I only had a surf board," he remarked as he watched the leaping, big waves, "I could ride the waves clear across the bay to the bluffs beyond."

Our town marshal, a big, soft-hearted fellow, always busy doing nothing much in particular, and who takes himself and his duties more seri-

ously than any one else has ever done, was on hand. The look of "You can depend on me" that he carried down the line was worth going far to see. On every man, woman and child he passed was bestowed a look of, "I'll save you, never fear," whether they were in danger or not.

Therefore, when our windy and benevolent marshal suddenly went down to his waistline in a patch of quicksand, freshly deposited by the waves, all Balboa gasped in dismay. For, how could we withstand the encroachments of an angry ocean if our doughty marshal was not on hand to drag it back by the tail? However, the brave man scrambled out onto firm ground, and will no doubt live to tell his grandchildren of his narrow escape from death on this memorable occasion.

By this time, Balboa Island, a small oval in the midst of Newport Bay, was under water, and people were going about all over it in boats. There was now sufficient water on the lower half of the peninsula to permit a freight boat to work its way to the endangered houses and remove the furniture.

Up to this time, we spectators had been so engrossed by the scenes before us that we had failed to notice how wide the stream of water, cutting off our retreat, had become. The water had been flowing across in the low places only, as we passed down; but now, rivulet had joined rivulet, until a broad, shallow river obstructed our return.

"I must save those women," our faithful marshal called, heroically abandoning the prosaic work of filling the sand bags to run to our rescue.

The water was neither deep nor dangerous, but the good marshal sounded the order for retreat. "We

must take no risks," he declared, rolling up his trousers and wading out before us.

With much splattering and laughter, and some real danger where the heavy timbers were piling up—we made our way to higher ground.

Here shivering in our wet shoes and damp clothing, yet unwilling to lose anything of the wonderful spectacle, we waited until the turning of the tide.

By and by, the waves began to fall back, little by little, as the tide receded. They towered and crashed till near noon; but their terrible impact gradually abated—to our infinite relief—without wrecking other than the two houses.

When it was all over every one visited the lower peninsula to see how much of it remained after the waters receded. It appeared to be all there, but as our witty friend remarked: "Real estate has been moving lively," and he was on the lookout for one of his own lots which he believed had sat down on the front lawn of a neighbor.

The sand dunes had been leveled until the peninsula was one smooth hard floor, and the playful ocean had built up an entire new lot in front of one of the handsome bay houses.

"I wanted to be on the bay front," remarked the owner, in disgust, "and now I have an inside lot."

But the most impressive work of the storm was to uncover an old, old hulk of a boat which, according to tradition, had sunk many years before. The heavy ribs stuck gauntly up from the sands so close in to the beach that it offered positive proof of the fact that it had not been a century ago since our little peninsula either existed not at all, or was much farther under water than at present.



A Woman the West Has Given

By M. N. Bunker

"You never can tell what your thoughts
will do,

In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their
airy wings

Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring
you back

Whatever went out from your
mind."

MIGHTY pines—thousands and thousands of them stretching for mile upon mile away from the banks of the Willamette, filling the air with their fragrance and the song of their waving branches on a clear, spring day, or surging and tearing in a wintry storm—these, and a busy, bustling, hustling saw mill where men fed huge logs into the great iron jaws to be turned out as lumber for the whole world—that's a unique place for a girl to spend her babyhood, and grow into young womanhood, maybe, but whether it is or not, that is just the kind of a place that Elizabeth Towne, one of the West's greatest offerings to Twentieth Century advancement, spent the majority of the years which Time has tolled for her. Her name wasn't Towne then; instead, it was just plain Jones, and her father's father was a pioneer who settled in the Oregon country in 1852, after a long, tedious prairie schooner journey from New York: The new land must have pleased the foot-sore pilgrims, too, for eleven years later, in 1863, when young Jim Halsey Jones yearned for a companion, he made the long journey back to New York State, where, join-

ing fates with a daughter of the East, he again turned his face westward, and by way of Panama answered the call of the land of the setting sun. Two years later, a baby girl came into the new home. They called her Elizabeth. Later three other children came into that same home—two more girls and a boy; then the mother died, leaving nine-year old Elizabeth and the other three to a life that Mrs. Towne, looking back at, tells most graphically to those who question her. This is the story as she tells it, frankly, interestingly and with a distinct flavor of her own wonderful personality:

"From thence we 'growed,' like Topsy, with a succession of more or less (mostly less) capable housekeepers to look after our material needs. Many times there were interims when the house was not kept at all. We went to school, 'bummed around,' and ate crackers, cheese, baker's bread and pickles at the kitchen table, with 'Pa.' We liked that way of keeping house best. When we wanted anything to eat, we skipped over to the grocery and had it 'charged to Pa.' And Pa always came home from his lumber yard or mill with a load of fruit or cookies bought on the way. When we wanted something new to wear we went to the store and had it 'charged.'"

That is the kind of a "bringing up" Elizabeth Towne had in among the trees of the lumber country. It may look like a bad condition, but it was not—at least, not all bad. Elizabeth will tell you that to-day, and she is lots wiser than in those days, and knows enough to see faulty places as well as perfect ones; but she will tell you that those "hit-and-miss"

housekeeping days had their good as well as their bad, and more than that—she will tell you that there is good in everything if you will only find it, and that if you will not find it, that the good is still there. This isn't any senseless assertion—it isn't a "fool's philosophy, either, and more than all, it is not a scheme for fame of financial advancement. Mrs. Towne isn't worrying about such things—it is even impossible to imagine such things of her when you know her well, for her every effort is so wholesomely free from fakism and her greeting is so genial that you must actually absorb some of her wholesomeness. The Good Gray Poet—Walt Whitman—must have had some such great soul in mind when he wrote:

"I celebrate myself and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as
good belongs to you."

But this is Elizabeth as she is now—not as she was when she was fifteen. It was when she had reached that age that she married, as she expresses it, "another kid," but the other "kid" was a little older—eighteen or nineteen; however, that doesn't matter, for neither of them knew anything about making a home, or for that matter living and getting along comfortably together. And the more they tried to do these things, the worse off they became, until—but that is getting ahead of the story.

Fortunately after they were married these two youngsters did not have to commence housekeeping at once; instead, his parent's—Elizabeth's father-in-law and mother-in-law took them in and kept them for two years and until little Catherine was born. Then Elizabeth and her husband, Holt Struble, went to live in a house that her father gave to them. And they tried the game of keeping house, but always it was a losing game—a game they did not understand; a game they each tried to master, but one that made them farther and farther apart

because they failed to try together. After awhile there was a baby boy, and then the young mother had a worse time of it than ever. They were in debt; and if they were helped out of debt one day they were just as bad off the next, as they would have been if there had been no help.

Then one day Elizabeth woke up to the fact that she was mentally in a rut; she was having difficulties because she was thinking difficulties instead of thinking and expecting and believing in good things to come. This awakening was the start; it was the beginning of the career that has made that same Elizabeth, but still a different Elizabeth, too, one of America's greatest of great women—one that a great Eastern magazine has said has almost, if not the greatest, influence through her written messages of any woman of this age. Those messages! They are the vibrating power, the purity, the wonderfulness of the West, and because they are, they prove Elizabeth's philosophy, that there is good in everything—even our worst years of struggling doubt.

Elizabeth and her boy husband parted good friends; they had come to the parting of the ways in very truth, and so each took their own course, but the separation was without a trace of bitterness. They, in their inmost souls felt that the new way was the better way, and so they accepted it fully, freely.

And the new way has been the better way, for since that day out on the Pacific Slope among the pines, Elizabeth has given new hope, new courage and new faith to thousands. And more than all she has helped them to realize that to help themselves is better than to be helped—that they *can* if they *will*.

She has demonstrated her philosophy, too. She began in a new enterprise—one in which she had neither training nor knowledge—the publication of a magazine, and she has succeeded. She has succeeded, not because of financial influence back of the printed page, but because she be-

lieved that her work was good and that she would succeed. And she has. In 1900 she moved East and joined hands with William E. Towne, who is also a publisher. But they do business on an individual basis—Elizabeth runs her own business and William runs his, and they are good comrades, good partners, if you will, and so prove the justice and right of equality of mankind—and of womankind, too.

To-day Mrs. Towne's magazine, "The Nautilus," has a circulation covering the entire North American continent, and extending into every land where English is written and read; she goes here and there on lecture tours; she was sent as a delegate to the first Progressive Convention—and she does everything that she does do at all in a big way; in a way that despises the mean or narrow, and holds to the pure and strong and broad—the Western way.

On the title page of "The Nautilus" Elizabeth runs a verse of Holmes', "The Chambered Nautilus":

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh,
my soul;

As the swift seasons roll!
Let each new temple nobler than the
last,

Shut thee from heaven with a dome
more vast,

Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's
unresting sea."

Which is prophetic of the future, for day by day this great woman from the Oregon country, who breathes, and writes and believes the Spirit of Progress does indeed gain greater breadth of thought and action. But "The Chambered Nautilus" is only prophetic; it is Walt Whitman's:

"I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am encloser of things to be."

This is really a true picture of energetic, capable, Elizabeth Towne of Holyoke, Massachusetts—the greatest woman "New Thought" editor of the century, and one of the West's greatest offerings to mankind.

RESURGAM

(A Shakespearean Sonnet in Commemoration of the three
hundredth anniversary of the great Poet's death.)

I will arise. My face I will uplift
Even as the gold-hued shining April flowers
Uplift edenic faces to the rift
Of clouds that pour down gentle freshening showers!
I will to-day exult in soul even as a bird
That threnodies in wonder over its nest;
I will exalt me in the mystic Word
Spoken by stream and tree; and I will rest
In the white sunshine of this rapturous day.
No more shall I be overlade with sorrow;
No more be weighted as with heavy clay:
For now I know there is a happy morrow;
Yea, now the Light shall lift me from this gloom,
And Joy shall blow—a lily in full bloom!

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

General Average

By M. C. Harrison

ONE of the most ancient laws in existence with us is that known as General Average. The custom known under this title is one which had for its primary purpose the distribution of some loss to a maritime venture suffered by a sacrifice of a part made deliberately in order to save the remainder. It would be manifestly unfair that either the shipowner or any owner of cargo should suffer individually by the sacrifice of his property in order that the property of others might be saved. Hence the custom of ascertaining the amount of the sacrifice and charging each party who is interested in the maritime venture with a percentage of the loss, so that no one would suffer a greater percentage of damage than any of the others.

The law comes to us from the Romans, the most direct authority being the "Digest of Justinian," issued somewhere about 530 years B. C., in which he quotes Paulus. Other writers of the day also refer to the custom, and, from the best evidence obtainable, it appears that the custom probably commenced somewhere between 700 and 1,000 years before the Christian era, being contemporaneous with the rise in maritime commerce of the Rhodians. However, it is not altogether improbable that its beginning was even further back when Sidon and Tyre were at the zenith of their maritime prosperity.

Nowadays, the custom is associated directly with marine insurance, but as a matter of fact, it has nothing to do with marine insurance, except that a loss or a charge to an assured of this nature is nearly always paid by the marine underwriter. Marine insurance, according to the most careful re-

search, cannot be traced back beyond the laws of Oleron, 1194, or the laws of Wisby, compiled about the close of the 13th century, or the much more recent Hanseatic laws, published at Lubeck about the end of the 16th century, although from other slight references, there might have been insurance about 1000 A. D., but it is perfectly safe to say that General Average was fully developed and in constant use by the greatest maritime powers nearly 2,000 years before we find the slightest trace of marine insurance.

Marine insurance has been developed since its beginning eight or nine hundred years ago, until now the shipowner or the merchant has an opportunity of protecting himself against almost every known loss or peril to which his property may be subjected. Even climatic effects upon various kinds of cargoes are often covered. Political consequences, like seizure or detention by foreign powers at war with each other are fully covered. The length of a ship's passage, that is to say, a loss caused by an extraordinarily long passage, is often insured by the underwriters. Imposition of tariffs by various governments, and sometimes the fall of the market, are insured. Almost every known peril of the sea or land can be provided against by the payment of an adequate premium. There are so many contingencies which may or may not threaten a shipment by sea, that an assured is often perfectly willing to run his own risk with respect to some of them, and this of itself produces a great divergence in the kinds of policies commonly issued.

In fire insurance, or perhaps in life insurance, as well as in many other kinds, there exist what are known as

standard form policies, but we can hardly say that this is true with regard to marine insurance. Every underwriter doing a general business, not only has occasion to issue dozens of kinds of policies, but he has occasion to consider daily new features or limits of risks which are being put before him, and a successful marine underwriter must be equipped with knowledge on a great variety of subjects, and is called upon to exercise and pass judgment upon new hazards constantly, and upon the correctness of the judgment depends the result at the end of the year for his insurance company.

The subject of General Average to which attention was first called, is one that has attracted the attention of a great many people who are not affected by it, because of its curious features and the great obscurity in its beginning.

It is particularly intricate, and even to the average owner of cargo whose interest is affected by it, and further the average underwriter who protects the assured against losses by general average, does not begin to understand fully the various intricacies, nor the correctness of the result obtained by professionals known as average adjusters.

It may be worth while to note that only a few countries have statutes bearing on the subject. Most countries depend upon the precedent and custom. The customs followed by the average adjusters are very different as between one nation and another, and as the great volume of business done at sea is on voyages that begin in one country and end in a foreign country, one can readily see how constant bickerings continue with regard to the propriety of certain decisions of the adjusters. It is a general rule, however, that the laws in use at the port of destination of a maritime venture, control, although in certain cases, when the voyage is interrupted, or where a vessel goes to two foreign ports, thereby possibly involving the laws of three countries, each foreign

to the other, great complications arise. Another custom is that the owner of the ship has the sole and undisputed right to appoint the adjuster. This right has grown out of the original custom where it was the shipowner's duty to adjust the loss and apportion the same himself without any fee or charges. It would seem as though now when cargoes usually run much more in value and oftentimes several times the value of the ship, that cargo owners should have something to say with respect to the party who is to adjust the loss, but not so. Neither the cargo owner nor the insurance companies carrying the hull risk, as a rule, have a word to say with respect to naming the adjuster, except what moral pressure they can put on the shipowner when he is about to make his appointment. This situation in America has brought about the practice of large shipowners giving their insurance business in place to certain brokers, which brokers also, when occasion requires, adjust the losses, the agreement being, when the insurance order is given to the broker, that this broker is also to have the adjustment of any losses which may occur on the ships during the twelve months which they are insured. It is generally recognized by our laws that the insurance broker placing insurance for an owner of the ship is the agent for the shipowner, although his pay, in the way of commissions, comes from the insurance company. It is fully agreed by all that the policies and clauses which he constructs for the protection of the shipowner are all drawn with a view of getting everything that he possibly can for the benefit of his employer. If then, later, a loss occurs, and the adjustment, according to the above agreement with the shipowner falls into his hands, is it not very plainly to be seen that his neutrality as between shipowner and cargo owner can be easily questioned? The broker knows very well that unless in the settlement of a General Average, he puts in all expenses, claims, etc., that his employer wants put in, or for which there is

the slightest color of right on behalf of the shipowner, that he is not likely to receive a renewal of his orders for the placing of the insurance for the next year. It may be admitted at once that the majority of adjusters who are doing both an insurance, brokerage and an adjustment business as above, are men of great ability, and generally men of integrity, but it would not be human to suppose that they would err *against the ship-owner*, whereas with the cargo owner, they care but little for his criticism. He has nothing to say with regard to their appointment, and he has no influence with regard to giving him the business for another year, so that it is quite possible for an adjuster to do what he thinks to be the correct thing, and yet to be, in a measure, an advocate for the shipowner.

It is largely because of this situation that a great many people who pay general average losses and sacrifices, *and the very large amount of expenses incident to it*, have for many years sought a way to do away with the custom. A recent writer of considerable authority has made the statement: "General Average is a time honored principle, and as has been well said, is based upon natural justice. If, as it is claimed, abuses have crept in its application, let us correct these abuses, but to abolish the principal that is based upon natural law and justice, the answer must be no." Needless to say, this authority was an average adjuster, and there are some average adjusting firms in the United States that get a larger return annually than the President of the United States, and when such inducements are held out to people, and when the evil cannot be abolished without abolishing a large part of the inducement, one does not have to think long to reach the conclusion that you must abolish both to remedy the evils.

One of the most important subjects before the United States to-day is the desired increase of our maritime affairs. How can the maritime affairs of the country be increased when they

are hampered by a great number of drawbacks like these. Our material makers and our ship builders operate under a protective tariff that is too high. Our shipowners are not allowed to buy ships abroad. Our labor unions do not permit competition in labor. Our oversea laws do not permit us to hire our seamen where we can get the best service for the least money, and again, I say in customs like General Average, too much opportunity is allowed for outrageous charges. As a matter of fact, after a General Average loss occurs, the adjuster, the shipowner, the printer, the surveyor and some others who fatten because of these disasters, usually get from twenty to twenty-five per cent of the total amount before it is finally settled. The cargo owner, the ship owner, or the underwriters usually have a lot of their money tied up, sometimes in the hands of the shipowner, but more often in the hands of an adjuster for a great number of years, thereby taking large amounts of capital out of current circulation, and curtailing the business of the merchant or the underwriter who would profit were his capital available for constant use.

There has recently been published a pamphlet with a plan to abolish General Average altogether. The plan is a very simple one, which need not necessarily be repeated here, any more than to say that the necessity of an adjustment along the lines of General Average is done away with entirely through the simple arrangement of having the ship, her freight, disbursements, cargo, advances, duties, etc., all insured under a single policy, each underwriter accepting the same percentage of each particular interest, thereby making it immaterial to him on which particular part a loss shall have occurred, thus offering a way to facilitate commerce, to settle losses within a few weeks instead of years, relieve all parties of the necessity of tying up money, or fretting over intricate problems, based on the laws of antiquity and doing away with the adjusters altogether.

Conditions of Acceptable, Effective Prayer

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the
Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John 15:7.

A VERY remarkable promise is this text. It is limited to certain people under certain conditions. It does not say that anybody may ask what he will. The class that may so ask are those who abide in Christ. Before any one can abide in Christ, he must come into Christ. No one can be said to abide in Him who has not come into Him as a member of His body, the Church. More and more the Lord's people are learning that a solemn transaction takes place when one becomes a member of Christ. To say, "I have accompanied with Christian people for several years, and I go to church every Sunday," would not constitute one's being in Christ, nor would simply saying, "I joined this or that denomination when a child," or at any later age. None of these steps would necessarily bring one into Christ.

When we look over into Europe and see present conditions there, we have an illustration of what it is to be merely a church member. We see that in centuries past people got a wrong idea into their minds—that the Church was to convert the world, so as to keep all mankind from going to eternal torment. This error was first held by the Roman Catholic Church, and was largely retained by the Protestants, who later came out from the Catholic

Church, and to whom much of her error adhered. It is very difficult to get entirely out of error all at once.

Let us consider the facts. St. Augustine, one of the Church Fathers, was the one who especially advanced the theory that whoever died without having been baptized in water would go to eternal torment. His ideas were generally accepted, and as a result infant baptism was practised. The Bishops had gotten the thought that they had the right to make doctrines and creeds for the Church. Another wrong idea that had crept into the Church was the doctrine that whoever died outside of membership in the church organization would go to endless torture; but that church members would at death go to Purgatory for a longer or shorter time for purgation—a condition far better than that of a Hell of endless woe. As surely as any one was baptized into the Church and buried in consecrated ground, so surely would he escape Hell and be safe in Purgatory.

Wrong Conceptions are Injurious.

This being the general thought, strenuous efforts were made by all church members to get all of their families and friends into the Church; for they did not care to have their loved ones go to eternal torment. Under the influence of this great error nearly everybody was drawn into the church organization, just as we see it over in Europe to-day.

All wish to be right. Nobody desires to be wrong. But in the increasing light of our day we perceive that our forefathers had become sadly confused respecting the true teachings of the Bible. However, we do not blame them; for the Scriptures place the responsibility for the confusion upon the Devil, who introduced "doctrines of demons" during the Dark Ages.—2 Corinthians 4:4; 1 Timothy 4:1; Matthew 13:37-41.

We all see what these warring nations that are supposed to be 95 per cent Christian are doing. Each side is jealous of the other. And yet both sides claim to be almost all Christian. The Italians, however, claim to be 100 per cent Christian. Everybody in Italy is a Christian. But judging from the conduct of some of the Italians whom we see here in America, who would know that they are all Christians!

This wrong conception, this telling people that they are Christians when they are not Christians, this telling them that they are in the Church of Christ, when they are not, surely leads to hypocrisy. The churches that have promulgated these wrong theories do not like to tell the people the truth, that they are not in the Church of Christ, that no one can get into the true Church except in the way that our Lord Jesus Himself directed. Indeed, they are all confused. We remember that the Apostle Paul says, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." (Romans 8:9.) Our Lord Jesus declares, "By their fruits ye shall know them." (Matthew 7:20.) Look at the fruits in Great Britain, in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Austria! Do we see the fruits of the Spirit of Christ there?

Christ's Spirit Versus Satan's Spirit.

What are the fruits of the Spirit of Christ? Hear St. Paul: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control." (Galatians 5:22, 23.) Hear also St. Peter: "Giving all diligence,

add to your faith fortitude, and to fortitude knowledge, and to knowledge self-control, and to self-control patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly-kindness, and to brotherly kindness love." (2 Peter 1:5-8.) We see very little of these fruits in Europe to-day—only in a few of God's true saints.

The Apostle Paul also tells us the characteristics of the opposite spirit. He says, "The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: . . . hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, envy, murder," etc. He did not add bomb-throwing, asphyxiation by poisonous gases and other modern devices for killing and mangling our fellow-men; but all this is included with murder and other devilishness. (Galatians 5:19-21.) No savages ever fought more viciously than do these people who are deceived into thinking that they are Christians. They are not Christians at all. If ever we have had that idea, the sooner we get it out of our heads the better.

The Body of Christ a Company.

Our text presupposes that those addressed have come into Christ. The appropriate question is, How may we be sure that we have come into Christ? One might have much knowledge of Present Truth and yet not be a member of the Body of Christ. This Body of Christ is composed of saints, those who are really following Jesus in the narrow way. It is a company, a body, in the same sense that Congress is a body. There are many members in the Body of Congress, all of whom are under a head. So with the Church. The Body of Christ, the Church, is composed of many members, over whom God has appointed a Head.

The head of the Church is our Lord Jesus Christ. (Ephesians 1:22, 23.) He came first; and since then His members have been gradually united to Him throughout this Age. The Body of Christ is now almost completed. The Heavenly Father has done the calling and the electing

of this class. But each individual who is called must make his own calling and election sure. The word Christ means Anointed. Long before the foundation of the world God had purposed The Christ—Jesus the Head and the Church the Body. The Apostle tells us that even our Lord Jesus took not this honor unto himself, but that He was called of God.—Hebrews 5:4-6.

King David was called of God to an earthly kingship. He was a type of Christ. There was also an earthly priest, Aaron, anointed of God. He was a type of Christ as a sacrificing priest. God has anointed Christ to a still higher Kingship and a still higher priesthood. In His glorified and exalted condition He is "a Priest after the Order of Melchizedek." This Melchizedek was a grand character who lived in Abraham's day. He was king and priest at the same time. Long, long ago, God appointed Jesus to be the Head of the Priesthood that was typified by Melchizedek—a priest upon His Throne.—Psalm 110:4; Hebrews 7:11-17.

When Jesus presented Himself in consecration to God at Jordan, and was there begotten of the Holy Spirit, it was for Him to make His calling and election sure to the Headship of that Priesthood. He said, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God!" He gave His life to the doing of the Father's will. He finished his course grandly, faithfully. The Apostle, after telling us of our Lord's faithfulness even unto the death of the cross, says, "Wherefore, God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name that is above every name." (Philippians 2:8-11.) Our Lord is now the great Prophet, Priest and King after the Order of Melchizedek.

Rigid Conditions of Membership.

According to the Master's own statement, it is necessary that He be found faithful; otherwise He would have forfeited His life. Moreover, He was to be the Head of the Church, which is the Body of Christ. Of the Christ

Body, the Apostle says that God, who foreknew Jesus, foreknew the Church also. He who foreknew Jesus as His Anointed, foreknew that there would be a body of a limited number of members anointed in Him. That number is given in Revelation as 144,000. This we believe to be a literal number

Each one of this class has been drawn of the Father through the Truth. God has called them in the sense that He has sent forth His message speaking peace through Jesus Christ. If we have heard this message and have responded to it, this constitutes our call. Nobody has been forced. As that message of Truth has come, some have been greatly attracted, others have been slightly attracted, and others have not been attracted at all. For 1900 years God has been passing the Magnet of Truth up and down the earth, to find that particular class which has been drawn and held by the Truth. Just as soon as that work is completed, another work will be inaugurated.

The Lord permits the storms of life to blow upon this class which now responds to God's message. If these experiences blow any individual of this class off from the magnet, he is not of the kind for whom God is looking. He is looking for those who will stick to the truth Despite any pressure that may be brought against them. He permits trials and difficulties for the developing and proving of those who have responded to the call. These testings will blow off all who do not love the Lord and His service above all things else. He purposes to separate those who are of this true character from all others. He seeks those who are loyal of heart, and only those.

God Himself is the one who has the attraction. It is not that we first loved Him, but that He first loved us. (1 John 4:19.) It is the love of God, the love of Christ, that binds us to this magnet. God's wonderful wisdom, love, mercy and power have indeed been a magnet to our souls. The more we know Him, the more we are attracted to Him. There is something

about the divine character that is so wonderful that nothing else can compare with it. We are glad to leave all things else for His sake.

New Creatures in Christ.

We hear God's message, speaking peace through Christ, telling us that we may have forgiveness of sins, telling us that God is now selecting a special class of people from the world for the purpose of blessing all the families of the earth. This is the message that reaches our hearts. Then we take the Apostle's advice, and present our body a living sacrifice, our reasonable service. (Romans 12:1.) No one has come into the family of God who has not done this. No one has become a member of the Church of Christ until he has taken this step.

Our Lord Jesus thus presented Himself to God. He said, "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." In one respect, however, there was a difference in His case. He was holy, perfect; therefore He needed no advocate with the Father. But the members of His body need the imputation of His merit to cover the blemishes which they have by nature. His merit is like a covering robe. So we have an advocate with the Father, and it is His advocacy which makes us acceptable to God. Thus we become united to Christ as joint sacrificers with Himself.

As we are received, God gives us the begetting of the Holy Spirit. This constitutes us New Creatures. Just as an earthly begetting starts an earthly being, so this spirit begetting starts us as spirit beings. Thenceforth, although the flesh is of the human nature—a child of Adam—the new creature is the germ of a spirit being, begotten in the fleshly body. This new nature is to grow and develop until finally it is brought to the birth, in the First Resurrection.

God's Will Their Delight.

It is not that our flesh is different or that our brains are different from what they were before; but that with this

new mind and this new will our purposes and our aspirations are entirely different. We are to be members of the body of Christ, and are to follow the will of our Head in every particular. And so during all the days of our life thenceforth, we should be thinking, "What is the Lord's will concerning me?"

Those who become New Creatures in Christ are no longer to follow their own wills. Whether they eat or drink, or whatsoever they do, they are to do all to the glory of God. The New Creature is to be guided by the will of the Lord and not by his own inclinations. But he is not to remain a babe. A babe cannot understand at first what its parents are saying to it; but a healthy babe will grow and learn very quickly. If you watch a babe, you will observe that it looks at its parents to see whether it may or may not do a certain thing. So the child of God should always be looking to see what our Father wishes him to do. Thus we become dear children, as the Apostle says; children whom God especially loves.

Now, then, we have before our minds the class of whom our Lord speaks in our text. Those who abide in Him are those who have been begotten of the Spirit, and who are walking in the narrow way. These constitute the Church of the living God, Jesus being their Head, their Forerunner and their redeemer.

Conditions of Abiding in Christ.

"If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you," is the Master's promise to His faithful followers. We abide in Him by continuing as we began. The Apostle says, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." This applies to us not only when we began our Christian course, but every day until the end. We have suggested that every morning we make a fresh presentation of ourselves to the Lord, not as making a new sacrifice, but as confirming

the one already made, saying in effect, "My little offering is still here; and I am hoping that it may be used of Thee to-day in some manner, that I may have some opportunity of laying down my life for the brethren and for the truth, that I may glorify Thee."

This is the way to abide in Him—by keeping our contract. Daily we are to grow in knowledge, that we may continually have better opportunity to make something out of the day. Each day, perhaps, there are fresh privileges of sacrifice.

If we would have the master's words abiding in us, we must study the Bible. This is the only way to know what God has said to us. The Lord calls the Bible a Storehouse. The Master represents Himself as the great chef and servant of God's household, who "brings forth things new and old." God provides for His own more and more information on what relates to His purposes, the fulfillment of prophecies, etc. As time goes by, we are

getting a better understanding of the Bible, since the day when we said from the heart, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Dear reader, let us first make sure that we are in Christ. Then let us abide in Him; let us never even think of getting out of relationship to Him. Study the Word, to know what He has promised and what He has not promised. Use all the privileges which God has granted to His saints. Whoever faithfully does this may ask what he will, and rest assured that he will receive it. But those who are thus abiding in Him will ask chiefly for spiritual blessings. They will ask continually for the Holy Spirit; for the Word declares that the Father is pleased to have His children ask for this gift. (Luke 11:13.) This holy influence will enable us to develop the fruits of the Holy Spirit—meekness, gentleness, patience, brotherly kindness, love. Thus let us daily grow in His love and grace.

AT THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL TEMPLE

(Hodgenville, Kentucky.)

We raise this marble temple here
 To shelter logs that saw his birth,
 And build with lasting stone for fear
 This hut sink back to common earth.
 In words that tremble with our love
 We speak what praise our hearts have power,
 And pray that He who rules above
 May bless the motive of this hour.

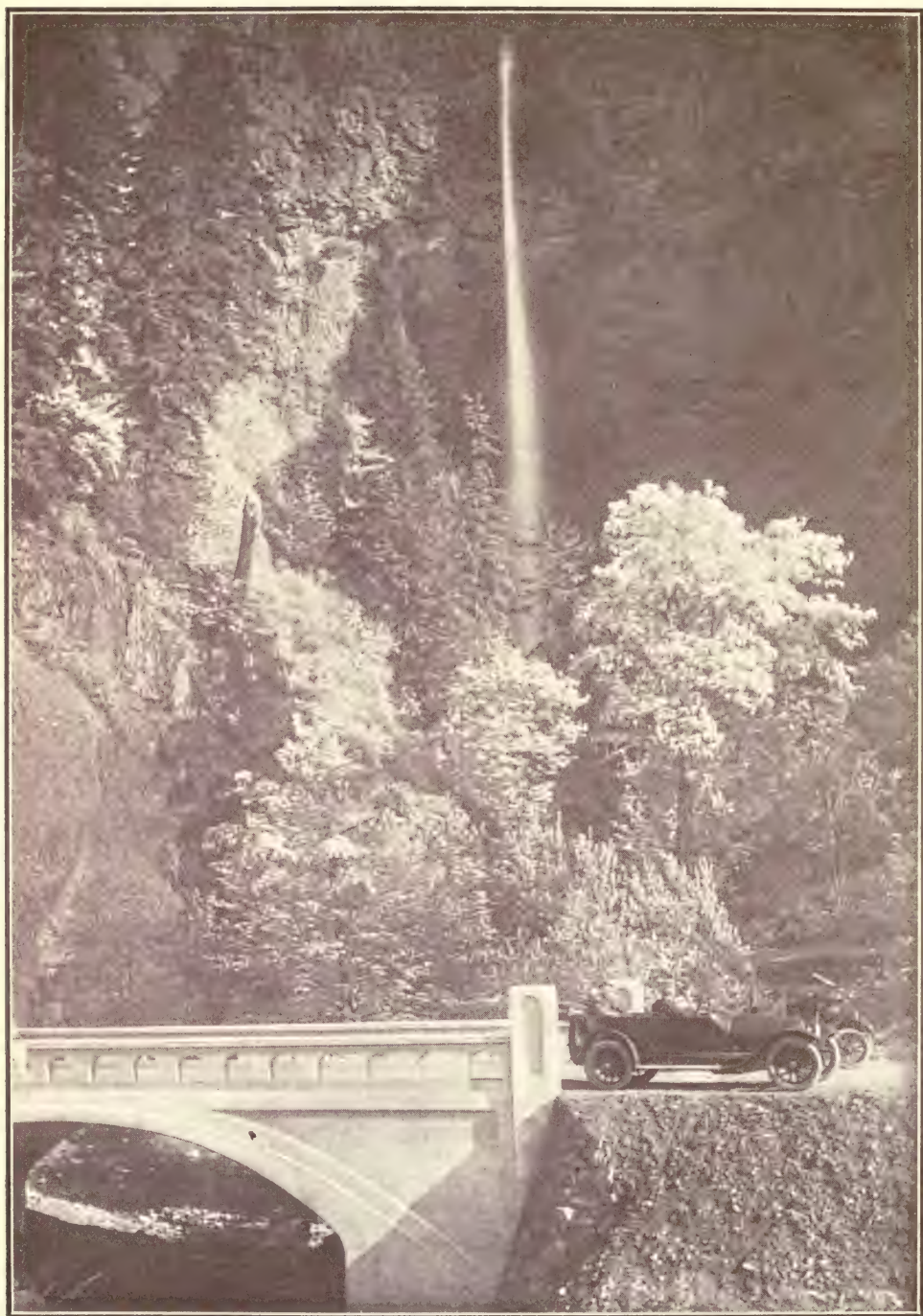
But yet we know that God on High
 Has reared a temple nobler far
 Than this we offer to the sky
 In puny rock and beam and spar.
 Our structure is but crumbling stone;
 But God's is built of Deathless Fame;
 And long when Time has ruined our own,
 Fame's Temple will enshrine this name.

CARL HOLLIDAY.



*L. A. Friedman, President and General Manager Rochester Mines Company
and Seven Troughs Coalition Mining Company.*

—See 407



A charming bit of water pictured on the route.

MAY 5 - 1916
DECATUR, ILL.

OVERLAND

Founded 1868



MONTHLY

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXVII

San Francisco, May, 1916

No. 5

Motoring
Above
the
Clouds
on the
Summit
of
Pike's Peak

By
N. L. Drew



A GAIN have the eyes of motor-
dom turned westward to the
Nation's Playground to witness
the virtual completion of the
Pike's Peak Auto Highway, highest
and most wonderful of the earth's mo-
tor roads. The road is wonderful in
its marvelous engineering triumphs;
wonderful in that it reaches into the

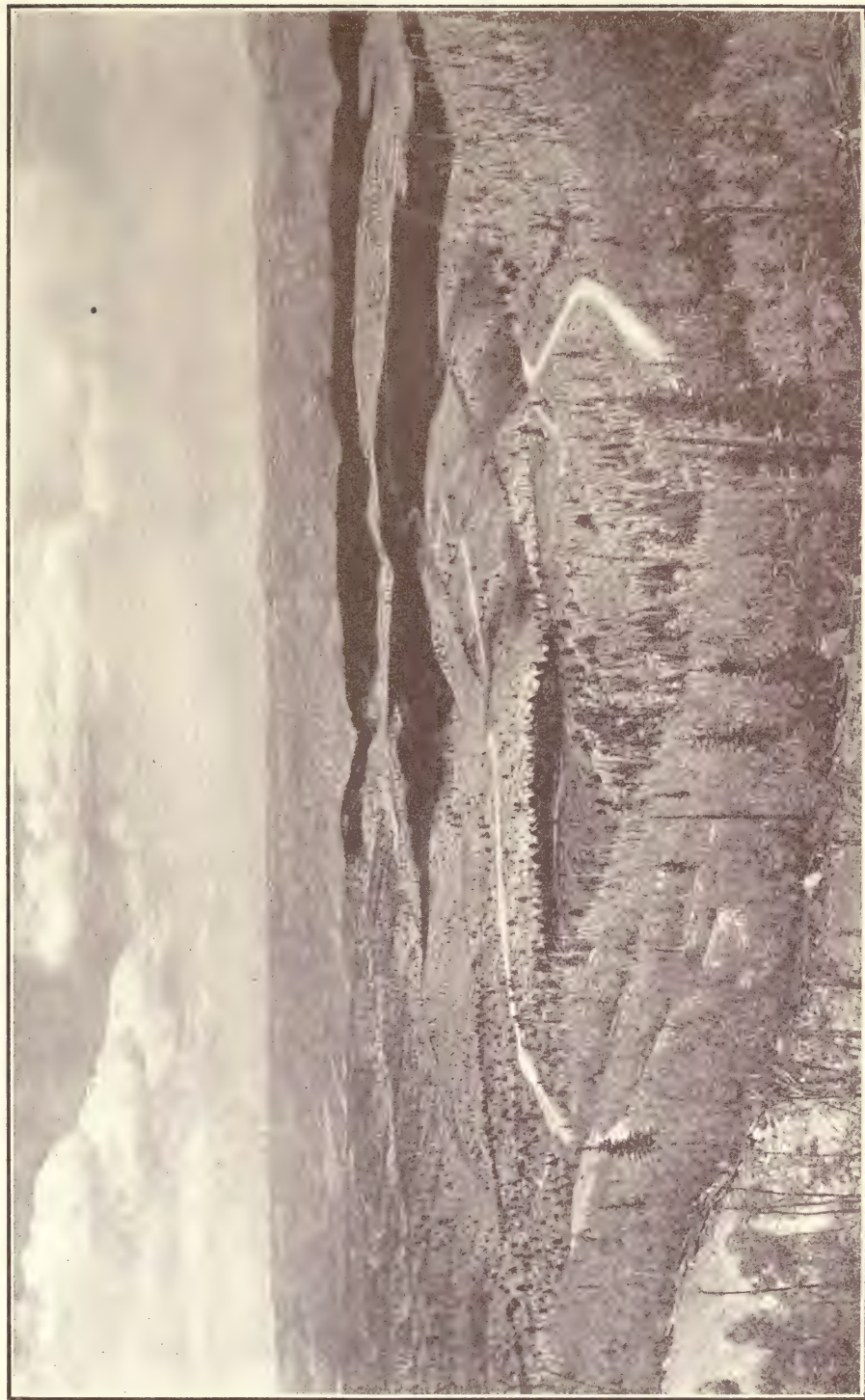
clouds 14,109 feet above the sea, and
still more wonderful in the magnifi-
cence of its scenery. Climbing as it
does the north or precipitous side of
the mountain, every mile is crowded
with scenic interest, and from its ter-
minus more miles of mountain and
plain are visible than from any other
point on the globe reached by automo-



On the highest motor road in America, 13,000 feet elevation.

bile. Sixty thousand square miles in one vast limitless view, with a downward sweep to a greater depth than the Grand Canyon of Arizona; 8,109 feet from the snow clad summit to the rolling plain below; while indented on the western sky are a thousand pallid monsters of the Rockies, sublime in their massive grandeur. Long has Colorado Springs dreamed of such a road. Many efforts were made to have it built, but owing to the tremendous obstacles its construction presented, all were failures. At last, realizing the great importance that such a road would be to Colorado, Eugene A. Sunderlin, of Colorado Springs, a prominent railway executive, who at one time had the distinction of being the youngest railway president in the United States, set about over a year ago to overcome these obstacles. Consultations were had with City, County and State authorities, which resulted in a petition

being made to the United States Forest Service for a permit for a toll road through the Pike National Forest reserve. The Department, finding public sentiment unanimously in its favor, granted the permit without delay. Pledges of financial support were secured from Spencer Penrose, prominent in financial affairs of Colorado, Charles M. MacNeill, copper magnate of New York and Colorado Springs, William A. Otis, investment banker of the city, Albert E. Carleton, Cripple Creek mining man, and other public spirited citizens who were willing to give of their gold to promote the welfare of the community in which they lived; thus in May of the present year the titanic undertaking was begun under the personal direction of Mr. Sunderlin, its builder. His specifications were not merely for an ordinary road, but a double track mountain boulevard wide enough that two machines



Remarkable picture of the Rocky Mountains, showing ten distinct elevations of the Pike's Peak Highway.



A touch of snow early in the fall.



Nearing civilization.



Following a river course for a change.

might go abreast or pass at any point from its beginning to end. "Safety First" was the keynote of construction—and lastly, but of prime importance—the grade was not to exceed 10 per cent. Construction camps were established every mile or so. Experienced rock workers and tons and tons of powder were brought in to force the way through fields of massive boulders and up the sheer granite walls of the Peak. Nearly a carload of high explosives were required for each mile of road. Finishing gangs with wide-tired Good Roads trucks followed in their wake to pack and smooth the surface. What sort of a road has this builder built? Not only has it been made double track all the way, but three and four machines may go abreast at many points. Wide pull-outs are provided at the more interesting points for rest and an uninterrupted

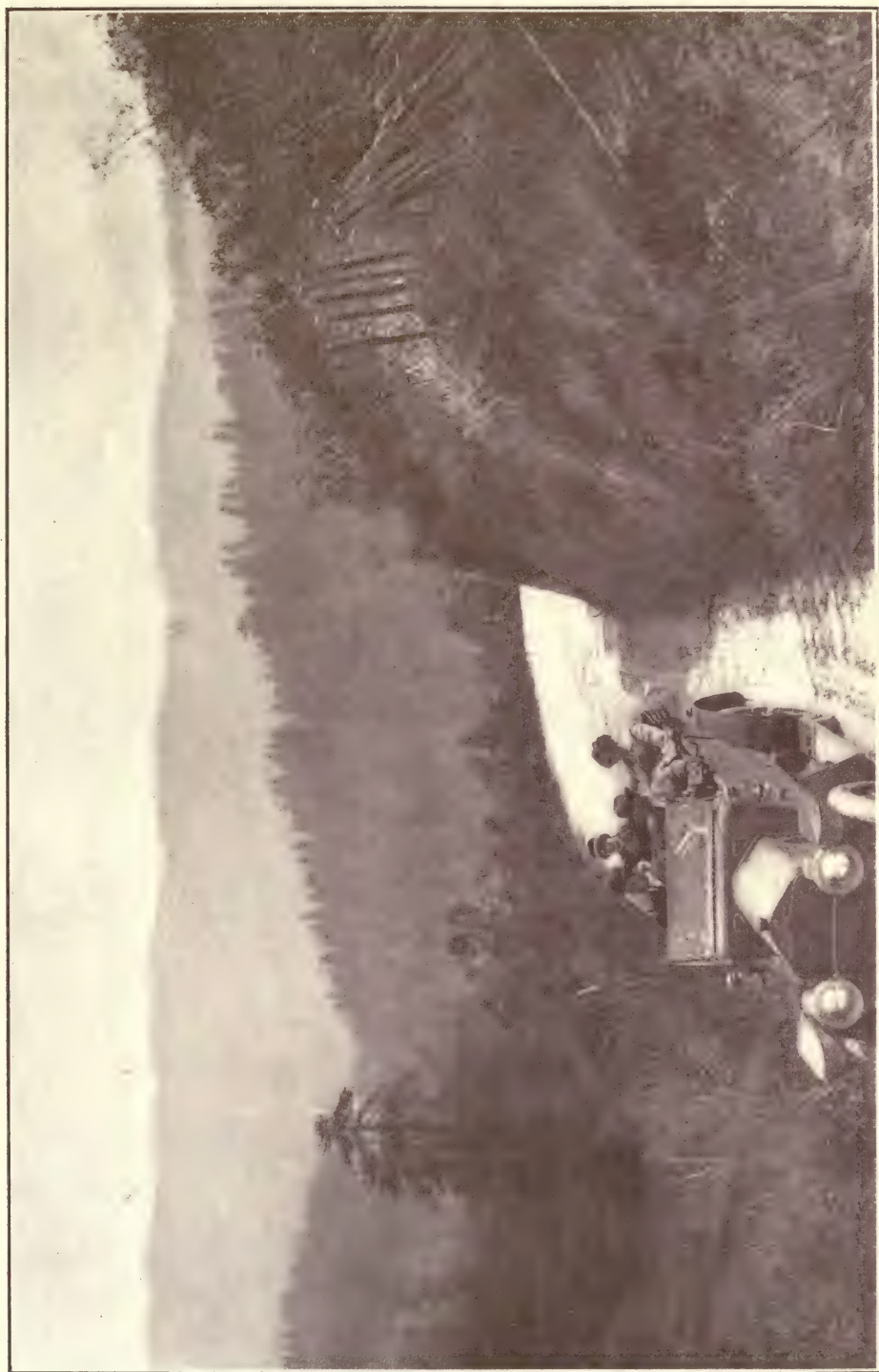
view of the magnificent scenery. The grade has been held to an average of 6 per cent with a maximum of 10 per cent, so that any machine may climb to the summit with comparative ease. All the sharpest curves are 26 to 50 feet wide and super-elevated. Masonry parapet and curve guard rail walls are provided where needed. Staunch bridges of reinforced concrete of the ballasted deck type are located on tangents only, and may be seen 300 feet away. The minimum sight distance is 200 feet, except in two places where but 125 feet could be obtained. The average is 400 feet. Surface ditches are dug continuously on the upper edge, with Armco pipe culverts set in concrete headings to carry the water away. Up to date gravity or wind mill tank and hose water stations are spaced every third mile with automobile supply stations at convenient



Getting a distant prospect in the high altitudes.



Along a picturesque side road.



Taking a cut-off through an unbroken sweep of forest.

points. Local and long distance telephone stations afford communication with the outside world. The cross section of the road is a parabolic curve, and surface material is nearly all of a disintegrated granite formation, which packs down to a hard, smooth surface exceptionally easy on tires. Each mile with its elevation is announced by metal sign posts. Each curve has its signal. It is also the intention to build a beautiful Swiss chalet at Glen Cove, a natural amphitheatre near timberline in mile 11, where the traveler may enjoy the solitude of the mountains and drink of the cold, pure water that gushes out of the rock walled side of the mountain. Any one may drive his own machine to the summit, and in addition, a large fleet of automobiles have been provided to carry tourists from Colorado Springs and Manitou. The round trip can be made in five hours. The new highway offers ideal conditions for a "Supreme Hill Climbing" test, and plans are already under way for such a contest to be held next year. Substantial prizes have been pledged, one being a \$1,000 cup donated by Mr. Spencer Penrose. The route from Colorado Springs is by way of the far famed Garden of the Gods to Manitou; thence up historic Ute Pass to Cascade, 12 miles west of Colorado Springs, starting point of the Pike's Peak Highway. From here the 18 mile motor trip to the summit has a perpendicular rise of 6,694 feet. Miles 1 and 2 wind up the forested side of Cascade Mountain to Observation Point, then along Cascade Creek

through picturesque scenes to Crystal Creek summit, and on to its headwaters in miles 7 and 8. Glen Cove is reached by skirting the front range, where contact is made with the granite walls of the Peak. Timberline is reached just beyond Glen Cove, where the ascent of the mountain's rocky cliff begins. Up and up in ten swings, reaching the crest of the Rampart range in mile 14, at an elevation of 13,000 feet, but so easy has been the rise that one scarcely realizes he has motored to the top of the world. What a magnificent vision greets the eye! South, west and north are 300 miles of giant peaks mantled with eternal snows. Eastward the billowy plain rolls far out into Kansas, while below, mile upon mile of the Highway winds gracefully up through the National Forest, whose towering pines, from this altitude, seem but blades of grass. Down below on the eastward side, Colorado Springs is seen as a checkerboard on the edge of the plain and directly beneath on the west, the great Cripple Creek mining district appears no larger than your car. A tiny lake; a speck of a farm or a mountain town are scattered here and there like dots, in the blackness of the forest. The course now follows the backbone of the continent on nearly level grades to mile 17, the last pull to the rock-strewn summit, three miles high. Such is the Pike's Peak Auto Highway, highest and most wonderful of the earth's motor roads. Long will it stand as a monument to the genius and pluck of its builder.





Maud Meagher, author of 1916 Partheneia "Aranyani of the Jasmine Vine."

The Partheneia of the University of California

By Jean Q. Watson and Frances L. Brown

THERE are many who yearly journey far to see the Partheneia, the masque of womanhood, under the live oaks in Faculty Glade on the University of California campus, and who find in it something of rare beauty, a genuine expression of the ideals of the college woman, an expression unmarred by adherence to precedent and untouched by influences without its own circle. The Partheneia is as the college wo-

man makes it, and to it she gives her best. In an institution in which the activities are largely conducted by men the dominating interest being athletics, women have little opportunity for the portrayal of ideals. The Partheneia is the one event of the year wholly devoted to women in which their ideas find untrammelled vent in the writing, managing, costuming and producing of the masque—the concrete presentation of their ideals. As the



"Every Maid," Partheneia by Evelyn Steel, 1913.

Athletic Rally is the spontaneous outburst of virile college manhood, so the Partheneia is the naive revelation of the spirit of womanhood.

The theme of the Partheneia is the transition of girlhood to womanhood, the first realization of the maiden that she has passed from the carefree realm of childhood and must now assume the responsibilities of womanhood and the consequent joys and sorrows. Character development of the maiden who takes the leading part is one of the essential phases of this spring measure. It is this development, and by what means accomplished, which forms the plot of the Partheneia. An important characteristic is the close connection between the human and the natural worlds with the addition of the imaginative, the diminutive fairies and fays. The allegory always draws largely from nature and her storehouse. The sylvan setting of Faculty Glade bounded by the sparkling brook invites elfin folk—Pan, wood nymphs, water lily sprites, dryads and fairies. In every Partheneia nature plays an important part not only as the setting—for the masque is always given out-of-doors and the audience is seated on the greensward of the natural amphitheatre—but in the interpretative dancing groups. The weather moods are interpreted by dancing choruses dressed in colors suited to the season represented, flitting over the grass in movement with the music of many musicians.

"Aranyani of the Jasmine Vine," written by Maude Meagher, a San Francisco girl registered as a Junior, has been the scenario chosen for presentation by the college woman in April on the campus fresh with spring growth. The setting, character and atmosphere are Hindu and differ decidedly from all former productions except in the general theme. Miss Catherine Urner, a student in the music department, has composed several musical episodes and song accompaniments for the Partheneia. Her compositions are of great creative value



Dorothy Epping, who took a leading part in the 1915 Partheneia, and is in charge of designing the costumes for the 1916 Partheneia.

and marked originality, according to musical critics.

The leading role of "Aranyani of the Jasmine Vine" is the character, Aranyani, who lives with her hermit father deep in the dense forest. Her only friend is Girija, whom she has known from boyhood. Into this woodland seclusion rides Wasuki, the prince, who has lost his way while hunting in the forest. He persuades Aranyani to go to the Oriental court with him and his gay, luxuriously dressed followers. In the second episode the forest is desolate and the vine covered home sadly lacking the care of Aranyani. The father and Girija are saddened and unhappy, and even the forest and birds seem to yearn for Aranyani. In the midst of this loneliness comes Aranyani laden with the jewels and dress of court, but sick at heart with the artificial life she has been living. The courtiers pursue her mockingly. The Prince's jailer, Ghaiwi, the hideous dwarf personifying fear, attempts to seize her and drag her back to court when their persuasions fail. Girija, not recognizing his former playmate, springs to her aid and drives away her tormentors. But as he turns again to Aranyani he recognizes her despite the transformation wrought by her stay in court. Then in the words of the Partheneia, "Girija puts out his arms pitifully and wearily, and she moves into them with a little weary gesture."

The pageant is in two episodes separated by an intermission filled with dances symbolic of the passing of the year, and affords excellent opportunity for unusual and striking costume effects. The principal dances for the interlude are: Sprites of Spring; Summer and Autumn; and the group portraying Winter are: Gray Clouds; Lightning Flashes and Rain Spirits.

Miss Meagher will graduate from the University in May, 1917, taking her bachelor degree in the College of Letters and Sciences. She is a member of the Prytapean, the upper class women's honor society, and of the English club. Miss Meagher took the part

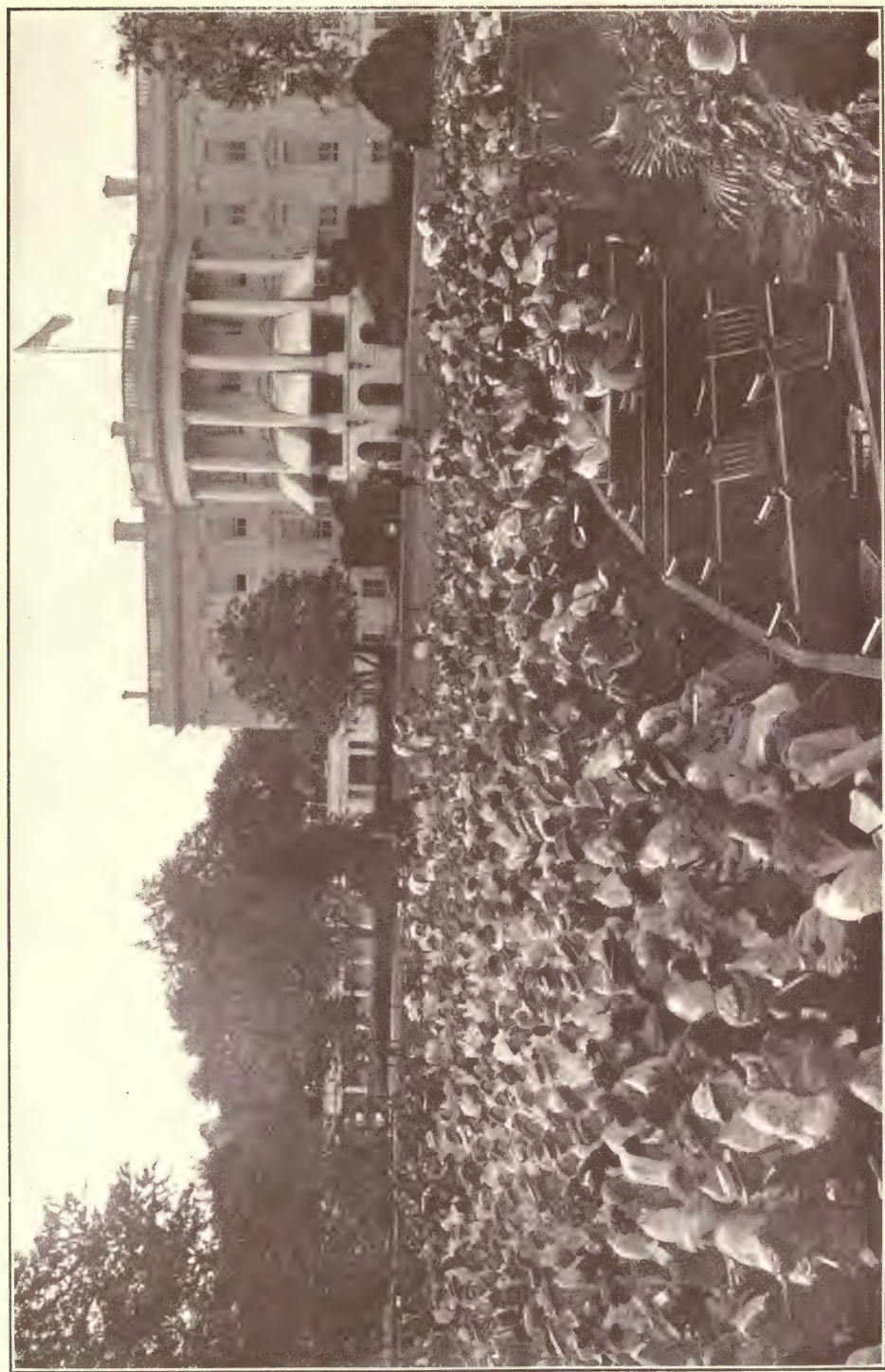
of Margot, the leading role in the 1915 Partheneia, "The Queen's Masque," which required a delicacy of interpretation and a portrayal of emotion in the character that well fitted her for writing a Partheneia.

As the name suggests, Partheneia means the Spirit of Young Womanhood, and is of Greek derivation. The Partheneia was begun in 1912 in the form of a masque with interpretative music and dancing. The whole presentation was to be the sole work of women. Professor Lucy Sprague, formerly Dean of Women, was desirous that the women of California should give an annual pageant that should represent their highest ideals. From this conception there originated in 1912 the institution of the Partheneia. The scenario of Miss Anna Reardon, senior in the College of Letters, was chosen for the first Partheneia. It was called a "Masque of Maidenhood."

The second Partheneia given in 1913 was written by Miss Evelyn Steel, also a senior in the College of Letters. Her production, "The Awakening of Every Maid," was staged by Miss Mayde Hatch of Wellesley College. Miss Helen Cornelius wrote the 1914 Partheneia called "The Dream of Deidre." This Celtic masque was staged by Dr. H. E. Corey. For the past two years Dean Lucy Ward Stebbins and Dr. Corey have been active advisors in the production of the Partheneias.

"The Queen's Masque," written by Miss Mary Van Orden, '06, was presented last April and repeated in August under the direction of Porter Garnet. Vinnie Robinson, '15, was the student manager.

This year's masque will be one of the largest dramatic presentations ever undertaken by any university. The dramatic side alone will call for five hundred women, and the executive side will demand the services of the entire feminine part of the university. Many nimble fingers and clever brains are needed to design, cut and create appropriate costumes for the five hundred participants, so that the dancing



Audience watching a performance of the Coburn players on the grounds of the White House, Washington, D. C.

groups will be banked against the background of greenery in masses of delicate color. Financially, the Partheneias have always been successful, though the total expenditure reaches approximately \$2,000. The Associated Women Students advance the money necessary for the fall semester. In this way the Partheneia becomes not the vehicle for the expression of a few talented actresses, but the pageant of all the women in which all have a share.

Costume designing is one of the most artistic features of this year's pageant, and is being directed by Miss Dorothy Epping, also a Junior, and registered in the College of Architecture. The "Butterfly Dance" is one of the principal dancing choruses, and in order to get the proper realistic touch, Miss Epping is studying the butterflies on exhibit in the cases of the Agricultural Department. From their anatomy will come the lines, coloring and general plan of the costumes to be worn by the thirty or forty dancers in "The Butterfly" episode. Miss Epping will sketch the costume which will be turned over to the costume executive committee, who will cut and sew and fit and match materials until all the butterfly wings and drapery are ready for human wear.

The costumes of those in the masque will be Oriental, and in order to create costumes as nearly those actually worn in India, Miss Epping and her committee are searching the library for books and illustrations regarding Oriental costume. The costumes will vary from those of an ornate, extravagant court to those of the hermit and of Girija, the humble forest dwellers. It is truly marvelous how the women of the University can contrive robes of royalty from cheese cloth and silk-olene. If the right color for a costume

cannot be secured at the shops, one corner of Hearst Hall, the women's gymnasium, is turned into a dyeing establishment and experiments are tried until the desired color is at last produced.

Nor does the creative work stop merely with the characters. There still remains the setting. A hut and fountain, vine covered, must be built in Faculty Glade, and long, interwoven strands of vines must run in thick ropes from tree to tree. Flowers of India must be made by the girls in sororities and clubs as they sit around the fire after dinner, and must be placed in the Glade along the creek bank. Trappings must be made for the horses and ornaments for the bridle. Properties, scenery and costumes are all produced by the women.

The Partheneia is important in that it is one of the few real folk performances of the country. It is a pageant in which all the three thousand women have an opportunity to share, and which, though produced entirely by women, has always been successful in an artistic and financial way. It is rich in youth and happiness, replete with blending colors and harmonious with music of voice and instrument. To the poetry of setting and of word is added the rhythm of movement. The dancing groups flitting across the sward joying in the very movement of the dance, are pleasing sights in a commercial world.

The undergraduate college man scorns the Partheneia and would attend only under compulsion. Yet he manifests enough interest to climb in the oaks and sit there during one long afternoon of the final dress rehearsal. The idealism and the allegory seem to frighten man away, his idea of a worth while presentation being a well-matched football game.





Takeshi Kanno as Sagano, Gertrude Boyle Kanno as Saarashi, in the former's play, "Creation Dawn," performed at Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, California, in the summer of 1913. Mrs. Kanno represents an astral shape, hence the veil she wears.

A California Sculptress

By Marian Taylor

THE Panama-Pacific International Exposition gave great impetus to the art of California, not so much through the presentation of work from other lands, as by the rousing of appreciation for that which we already have in the work of our own artists—work that we believe will not suffer by comparison.

It is a trite saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," but, nevertheless, it is la-

mentably true. We find it verified in the domain of literature as well as in that of art. For instance, the editor of the London "Outlook" sent posters all over England calling attention to Ina Coolbrith and stating that her volume, "Songs of the Golden Gate," placed her in the front rank of poets; yet California does not pay her the deference due her genius. Again, Joaquin Miller fairly electrified other lands by the riches of his poetic imagery, and



Medallion of John Muir

Cast of Mrs. Susan Mills

yet, Oakland—where he lived for over a quarter of a century—is as slow to take him at his true valuation as is San Francisco to honor the woman who helped to lay the foundation of Western literature.

And, in the realm of art, we have Gertrude Boyle Kanno, who, though lauded by critics from abroad, seems to be very largely overlooked because—as one writer aptly puts it, “she does not come to us with the Paris stamp upon her.” She herself, however, has great faith in the Golden State, would it only rise to its great opportunity. To quote her:

“California is prolific in its birth of art, but a poor place for it to thrive in. It is slow to recognize originality, and must ever wait for the approval of others. I believe it could lead the world in art would it only nourish that which it is capable of giving birth to.”

And surely, originality and unconventionality are her hand-maidens in her own work. A New York artist who has recently settled here, an instructor at Pratt Institute for many years, calls her “the Rodin of the West,” on ac-

count of her creative capacity; and, if she may be said to model after any one it is that great master of sculpture. Her visit to the World’s Fair at St. Louis some years ago, saw, indeed, the birth of a soul, for it was there and then that, gazing at the works of Rodin, she felt the following message communicated to her: “Go home and get it out of yourself. Europe cannot give it to you. Nature and spirit are everywhere. Go home. Go West, for the West is as yet untrammelled in art.”

And so the spirit which pervades life—life with its symbolisms, its mysteries, its yearnings, its struggles and philosophies—became her guide and inspiration. Avoiding the beaten paths, scorning imitation, absolutely above commercialism, she ever abides by her ideals and convictions, whether they be in conformity with those of others or not.

From childhood, Gertrude Boyle gave evidence of unusual talent. It seemed second nature for her to take a shapeless lump of clay and mould it into a thing of beauty. As time passed, she became a diligent student

at the Mark Hopkins' Institute of Art, under Arthur Matthews and Douglas Tilden. A prominent divine of San Francisco wished to raise money to send her abroad for advanced study, but she refused the offer, preferring to be free and inspirational in her art, which she felt she could scarcely be were she the protege of others.

And therein is revealed her genius that, without foreign training, without even the stimulus of a trip to the art centers of the world, her work shows such power and breadth. Those familiar with the treasures of the Louvre

she would have assuredly become a notable writer. Of cultured Anglo-Irish-Canadian parentage, Gertrude Farquharson Boyle was born in San Francisco, where her mother was a teacher in the Girls' High School. Her maternal grandmother also taught—mathematics and literature—in the same school, retaining her position until she reached the advanced age of seventy-five years, previous to which she had been Dean of the Training School for Teachers at Toronto, Canada.

Since launching on her career as a



This poster figure is considered one of the most lyrical drawings of Miss Gertrude Boyle Kanno

and the masterpieces of Italy pay tribute to this gifted Native Daughter. As a Florentine sculptor very naively said: "Her work has the juice in it." The elusive something that vitalizes inanimate clay when handled by one who goes direct to the elemental for inspiration.

Perhaps this is best explained by the fact that her mentality is of a high order. Her pen even shows the lightning stroke of power, and had she not been destined to be a sculptress,

sculptress, the artist has been particularly successful in her delineation of celebrated people; her work in this direction embracing such names of national renown as General Fremont, Joaquin Miller, Luther Burbank, John Muir, William Keith, Professor Le Conte, Mrs. Susan Mills—founder of the only Woman's College in California—David Starr Jordan and others.

The bust of Fremont adorns the High School named after the great soldier who, sighting the narrow strait

connecting the San Francisco Bay with the waters of the Pacific, gave it the inspired name "Golden Gate," that has made us famous throughout the world. The Le Conte bust may be found in the library of the University of California.

The Keith bust will finally find its place beneath the oaks of the Berkeley campus, and is considered a fine interpretation of personality. One of the heads of the American Academy of Design, New York, said he never saw such life in sculptured eyes as in this piece of work, and urged the artist to send it East; she, however, feeling it belonged to the West, refused to do so.

About nine years ago, Joaquin Miller sent for this gifted woman to model a bust of his mother for the University of Oregon. That accomplished, she married the poet-philosopher, Takeshi Kanno, and with him became a permanent part of the small but literary and artistic colony of "The Hights." Hence, she had opportunities for a life study of the Poet of the Sierras not possible to others, and the result may be seen in two very fine reproductions of him. One the artist calls "The Spirit of the West," and—catching his expression at the vital moment when he was fighting a fire in the hills—it breathes of elemental force and power. The later bust presents him in his familiar sombrero, and its fidelity to life is truly remarkable.

Just now most interest attaches to the artist's modeling of the recently deceased great naturalist, which came to pass in the following way:

About ten years ago a member of the staff of the Overland Monthly suggested to her that she model John Muir, and carrying a letter of introduction from that gentleman, she went to the Muir ranch in the Alhambra Valley, near Martinez, where arrangements were made for future sittings. The work was done, however, at the adjoining ranch house of their mutual friend, John Swett, pioneer educator and first Superintendent of Public Schools of California. The Boyles and Swetts were such old time friends,

in fact, that the latter took a personal interest in the young artist.

Gertrude Boyle secured what John Swett called "a happy likeness," and she has the distinction of being the only sculptor to have made a life study of this man, so greatly beloved. Her portrayal reveals all the ruggedness of the mountaineer, and yet a ruggedness spiritualized into something infinitely fine by the vision of the seer.

This noble bronze was in the Academy of Sciences, San Francisco, but was destroyed by the fire of 1906. Fortunately it was a copy only, and the original still remains. While the bust breathes of life in the open, a medalion executed about the same time portrays the naturalist more as the man of letters, a recounter of the wonderful things revealed to him by nature in all its phases. Charming to relate, it was his neighbor and friend, John Swett, who first suggested to him that he put on paper the thrilling stories he told so well; and for that the world owes the California educator a lasting debt of gratitude.

While modeling the man of the mountains, the artist became inspired by him to seek more of the out door life. He saw the risk to health of an undue absorption in art; therefore, he emphasized the necessity of being in the air as much as possible; and with that in view, volunteered to make her a member of the Sierra Club—of which he was the founder.

For over a year the idea has been entertained of placing this bronze bust—or a life size statue of Muir—in the Muir Woods, but since his death that idea may be merged into the larger one of a memorial in the Yosemite Valley.

The artist's smaller pieces include a very unique candlestick which she felicitously calls "The Spirit of the Flame," and which portrays the shadowy forms of two women—the new San Francisco rising from the ashes of the old—the upper figure holding aloft the deathless flame of faith and courage.

She has also a striking model called

"Self-bound." A woman with hands bound behind her striving in vain to advance. A Rodinesque piece is her "Love-Dream," which recalls the much talked of "Love and Psyche" of the great master; but, for a heart appeal we would select "The Broken Wing." This touching model she executed when the Redlight Abatement Bill was being discussed, with the unfortunate woman of the street in mind, and it is truly a sermon in clay.

Mrs. Kanno's drawings, too, are well worthy of comment, for they are as striking in their way as are the pictures of Wiertz in the Museum at Brussels. As a critic has said: "With a few strokes her figures breathe." That they appeal to people—in spite of a certain daring—was evidenced at Carmel-by-the-Sea, a year or two ago, when the posters she drew for her husband's play, "Creation-Dawn," were torn down and carried away as souvenirs.

Her work is replete with originality, and she knows how to give it the right artistic setting, for she makes her studio in the old Safe Deposit Building—situated on the corner of Montgomery and California streets—one of the few remaining land-marks of the San Francisco of former days: a fitting place, surely, wherein to house her life-like portrait busts of our great men, dead and gone. Her desire is to add Tolstoi and Whitman to the list before laying her gift upon the altar of symbolic sculpture—her dream of the future—for which she feels she has special aptitude. Needless to say, those who realize the riches of her imaginative mind can see in that domain opportunities altogether worthy of her.

The celebrated statue of Minerva which stood in the Acropolis at Athens

was renowned for its graceful beauty and its exquisite sculpture, but there was in it another feature which no close observer failed to notice. Deeply engraven in the buckler on the statue was the image of Phidias, the sculptor: it was so deftly impressed that it could be effaced only by destroying the work of art itself.

What was literally true in that instance is figuratively so in every case where work is the product of genius. The artist ever puts himself, the impress of his best and highest into what he does. It is the one indefinable quality differentiating excellence from mediocrity. And it is just this touch to the clay modeling of Gertrude Boyle Kanno that forecasts recognition and appreciation for her at the hands of all true lovers of art.

Adelaide Hanscome, when making illustrations for the Rubaiyat, used the sculptress as a model, her tall, slender figure and vivid, sensitive face easily lending themselves to effective portraiture in colors. But any picture or description of her must necessarily fall short of what might be desired, because the spirit that animates her is the vital spark of her. May we not define it as the Spirit of the West, an analysis of which great force reveals undying courage, sublime faith and absolute fearlessness?

The Spirit of the West is that which has never been conquered, even by earthquake or fire. It is that which hurled itself upon the masses of brick, lying like gruesome monuments on the streets of a stricken city, and built them up again into things of symmetry and beauty. Hence, man or woman dominated by that spirit may rise to undreamed of heights.

All hail, thou Spirit of the West!





Richard Bret Harte

Bret Harte's Grandson

RICHARD Bret Harte, grandson of the Bret Harte whose genius so substantially founded Overland Monthly forty-eight years ago (1868), dropped into the Overland Monthly office last month, as naturally as though he was entering his old-time home. He is a slenderly built young man of light build and coloring, with slight traces of the features of his famous grandfather, as the accompanying photograph indicates. Most members of this Harte family possess artistic expression in some form, and young Harte's bent in that direction is best expressed in drawing and coloring. He covers this field from caricatures to serious subjects.

Ever since his childhood in England young Harte has yearned to see California, because of the wonderful stories he heard around the fireside. He is far from robust, and he felt that the

mild and equable climate here would prove kindly to him. Accordingly, when he finished the backbone on his education in England, at the Lucton, Herefordshire, and topped it with his art studies at the Académie des Beaux Arts, Belgium, and a finish of European travel ending in a return to London, he decided on a leisurely round-about trip to California, a trip that would give him a good bird's-eye view of selected sections of America and its people. He has always regarded himself as an American, and he wanted to get acquainted with his fellow citizens. In this frame of mind he landed in New York five years ago, and, possessing practical ideas of writing and illustrating his impressions, he readily found an opening for his services on the New York Herald. Later, in his zest to see America, he planned an itinerary criss-crossing the interesting

cities that form a chain reaching across the continent to the Pacific shore. This drifting course westward substantially benefited his health and occupied several years, the larger part of the time being spent in Philadelphia, Mobile and Los Angeles. In these and other cities he devoted his working hours to portraying in caricature and letter-press comments his ideas of the life, atmosphere, foibles and eccentricities he encountered, all of which met with unusual success in the leading papers of the respective cities. In several of these cities a number of unusual public festival events occurred, and young Harte made a distinct hit by contributing numbers of artistic posters and designing numbers of strikingly attractive costumes for the leading characters in the pageants, all reflections of his European studies.

The further he drifted westward the more compelling became the call of California, the Golden Gate and San Francisco. And here in a spirit of complete content he has elected to make his home and bide his time.

The Harte family is now plentifully represented both here in California and abroad. His grandmother, Anna Griswold Harte, is now living in Harrow, just outside London. His father and mother are sojourning in Lausanne, Switzerland. On account of Mr. Harte's health, they spend their time in leisurely drifting about the Continent. Young Harte's brother, Geoffry, is living in England, and a half-brother, Bouton Smith, is fighting in the side of England in the present war. Several of young Harte's cousins are helping to defend the French trenches. This family trait in war might indicate that young Bret Harte may very readily develop an inclination to join in the Mexico uprisings, but so far he has developed no such compelling impulse. Oakland and Berkeley, on the opposite shore of San Francisco Bay, contain several branches of the Harte family of three generations. It is interesting to know that a number of these representatives have strong predilections along some artistic line. Mrs. B. H.

Wyman of Piedmont is a sister-in-law of young Harte's grandmother. Coral Eberts, a cousin, attending the University of California, shares this artistic temperament of the family, and expresses it in her endeavors to develop histrionic art in that famous center of pageant plays. Wyman Taylor, another cousin, is an unusually clever artist.

Young Harte remembers his grandfather quite well. At the time of the latter's death at Camberly, Surrey, he was a lad twelve years of age. The family was living at Richmond, Surrey, and Bret Harte was then representing the United States as Consul at London; he had been originally appointed to the consulate at Dusseldorf, Germany, thence to Glasgow, Scotland, and finally to London. Harte was extremely devoted to his two grandchildren and two step-grandchildren, and frequently visited their home at Warren Hight House, Caversham, Reading, near the Thames. On most of these visits he brought them presents, especially mechanical toys. Young Harte remembers him as a kindly, sympathetic, white haired man. He died at Camberly, Surrey, at the home of Mme. Van de Veldte, a prominent woman of letters, and one of Bret Harte's greatest friends. She was devoted to his grandchildren. He was buried in the Frimley churchyard, in 1902.

The first intimation that young Harte had of his grandfather's approaching death was when his father and mother left to go to his grandfather's bedside. Young Harte and his brother Geoffrey, then seven years old, remained at home. A daily London newspaper was delivered as usual, and on opening the paper his eyes caught the headlines announcing the death of his grandfather. He read the glowing tribute paid to the great author, and that was the first intimation to young Harte that his grandfather was so famous a man. The reading public of England was greatly stirred by his demise, and for a time there followed a stream of laudations describing his

genius. London never forgot his simple and appealing verses, "Dickens in Camp," when that great novelist passed away.

In his meandering course across the continent to San Francisco, young Harte met with numerous unusual experiences and visited many interesting places. Overland Monthly has made arrangements to have these kaleidoscopic impressions of life written up and illustrated. Naturally, there will be nothing in these contributions to compare with the argonautic times and life that formed the background of the tales Bret Harte wrote so vividly. There is a span of forty years between them, and young Harte's methods belong to the new period, as exemplified in the leading periodicals. He is quick to deprecate any attempt on the part of kindly acquaintances to suggest that he has inherited any of the talents of his famous grandfather and insists that the best expression of his modest talent lies in his drawings, caricature effects, color designs in posters and original designed costumes. In his writing, he simply tries to express his opinions

in a care-free, natural and semi-satirical manner.

He has already joined John McMullin, a well known San Francisco decorator, in preparing new features in original designs of theatrical, fancy dress and pageant character. At their new shop young Harte already has on exhibit a variety of unique and captivating designs in colors of flower-like effects, harmoniously blended in a way that subtly frames the face and figure, and transforms the wearer into an individual picture. Several of these designs show deft touches of the very latest European ideas in fancy dress and stage effects, some of them exquisitely Parisian and marking the newest note. These illustrations are on translucent paper and mounted before a soft light which brings out the deft modeling lines of the raiment and diffuses the harmonious colors into rarely beautiful stage, pageant and fancy dress effects.

* * *

Mr. Harte's interesting series of articles, illustrated with caricatures, will begin in the next issue, the June number of Overland Monthly.



Seeing Without Eyes

By Alvin E. Dyer

Am enrolled as student in the Department of Journalism, University of Washington, age 23, and for the past year have been preparing to be a writer on political and social conditions. In order to get a practical knowledge of the field, I spend every Saturday mingling with the crowds in the waterfront district, so that I will be able as much as possible to understand and sympathize with this less fortunate class of society. The study of text books is merely a sideline; the real source of information is humanity itself. Most of my writing has been on labor subjects. I spend the summers working on a railroad section crew or some other hard, strenuous labor, just to keep in mind how it seems. As soon as I learned of the three blind boys I made it a point to get in touch with them, to get their viewpoint of life. The lesson they taught me was this: "The salvation of mankind lies not so much in making the pathway easier as in developing man strong enough to overcome, to achieve his own salvation." This principle lay at the foundation of Henry Pauly's Hotel Liberty at Seattle, self-help for the unemployed. Instead of having the men out of work accept charity, he organized them so they could make work for themselves.



Alvin E. Dyer

TO SEE them walk about the University of Washington campus you would not know that they were blind. No one accompanies or leads them about; each one goes unaided from home to school, finds his own seat in the class room, travels where he pleases, and acts in every way just as an ordinary student. At the beginning of the school year, some one helped each one to the extent of taking them over the different routes so that they could know the way. Now they go every place they desire as rapidly and as confidently as any one who has the advantage of sight.

These three blind boys have clever ways of determining where they are going. Two use canes to aid in avoiding ordinary bumps in roads, but these canes are never used to feel the edge of the street curb when walking, as is ordinarily the case with the blind. In fact, a great many of the paths they travel through the campus have no

curbs or even sidewalks to follow. Instinct and hearing are the subtle forces they depend on for guidance. When they hear an auto coming, they listen and determine which direction it is coming from and the rate of speed, and govern their action accordingly. If they are walking on a sidewalk they can tell if there is an object ahead, because there is a slight echo, and the ordinary ring is changed slightly. We, who can see, would never notice it, but the ears of the blind are acute.

The boys say that once they have learned a locality, instinct tells them where they are. They say that any person can blindfold himself and be able to tell when he has passed a telephone pole or building as he walks along the street. This would seem to be a very difficult thing to do, and it may be that when the blind boys have learned their route they unconsciously count their steps and therefore know where they are. Any of these boys can come straight down a sidewalk and without touching either side of the walk, will turn just at the right time and go up a side street on a perfect right angle.

"We learn the practice of physics and mathematics taught us in high school," said one of the three. He was right. With these boys life is just mathematics; they have done it so long that they figure out everything by mathematics without being conscious of the fact. When they cross a street they have to figure out the speed velocity of everything that is moving, and then determine what angle they will cross on. Not having eyes, they are dependent altogether on the accuracy of these calculations. They consider street cars the bane of their lives, because the noise is likely to make them unaware of an approaching auto. Hilly country, when paved, is the easiest to travel, because there is a level spot at the end of each block where the side street joins.

George Baily, the youngest, goes through life with a whistle; whenever there is anything in his way the sound changes, and he can tell that the path

is blocked. He never carries a cane, and depends upon his sense of hearing alone for guidance.

The boys received their common school education in institutions for the blind. As soon as they came to think very much for themselves, they realized that this was not advantageous, because their future life was to be lived among men who could see, and not among the blind; so they entered the general public high school, in which the work was very difficult, because of the abrupt change from dependence on the sight of others to complete self reliance. The handicap of being sightless was too great to be easily overcome, but the manner in which these boys succeeded can be judged from the fact that George Meyers was chosen valedictorian for his class on the day of graduation.

College is not so difficult. They are able to take lecture notes in the writing of the blind, which consists in making raised dots in different positions on a line. Their many friends tactfully invite them to listen while one who has eyes, reads his own lessons aloud; the blind listen to the reading and depend on memory altogether for the examinations. In subjects that require a great deal of original thought, the blind excel, because they are freed from the distraction of surrounding objects, and they have many, many hours in which they have nothing else to do but think; it is their chief occupation.

More wonderful than the fact that they who are sightless excel in intellectual work in competition with the others who are not so handicapped and working under the system made for the majority, is the social development they have obtained, which would be impossible in an institution of the blind. In the first place the three boys are together very little. To club together would be their natural tendency and the course of least resistance, but they realize that few of the people they meet in after life will be blind; they must compete in a heartless world of people having the ad-

vantage of sight, and during the college career, which is the period of preparation, they must get used to association with this severe handicap.

Consequently each one attends the social functions of the school, even the dances. All are excellent dancers, and with the aid of the girl friends they know, and who guide so that they do not get in the way of others on the floor, they act so natural that few would be able to know of their affliction. Canoeing is a favorite outdoor recreation.

Exercise is essential to good health; they realize this, and attend the gymnasium classes. In the marching, the sound of the footsteps keeps them in line, and they have mastered the exercises so that they keep perfect count.

"Of all people, the blind man must be the broadest," says Geo. Meyers. "In after life they are denied the opportunity to read and pick up subjects and information as others. They are forced to utilize every opportunity of association to overcome this disadvantage."

So the boys spend their time cultivating friends, these are their textbooks. These friends they can always tell by the handshake and voice; generally they can tell by the footstep. It is not an uncommon experience to approach one of these boys and have him shout out a greeting to you and call you by name a dozen feet away. Incidentally they do not consider any effort on the part of their friends to make things easier for them true kindness, although they appreciate deeply the motive which impells the act. "I think, fellows, you had better let me figure out the way alone. I won't have you with me always." Two of the three have thought it best not to stay at home, but board out at the houses with the other boys. They consider that it is a sterner but also much better training.

Joe Wood, the oldest, has been self-supporting for a number of years; he is an expert stenographer by the use of the dictaphone. Last month he considered his salary sufficient for the

support of two, and married one of his class mates, one with whom he had become acquainted through her kindness in preparing her lessons with him and reading aloud for his benefit.

George Baily is already a noted musician in the city, and is a teacher of piano. A great source of his income comes from the proceeds of musical recitals he gives each month. He is taking the musical course at the university.

The most versatile of all is George Meyers. Not only is he a talented singer and pianist, but an investigator in political and sociological lines of study. Much of his time is spent in the work of chemistry, which is indeed dangerous to him; what a cruel mistake it would be if the sightless boy would ever get the fluids mixed so as to cause an explosion. Electricity, too, is a hobby; he takes great delight in fooling with wiring arrangements; here, too, he invites disaster in the form of a shock.

You would think that these boys are barred from pleasure. This is not the case. All of them attend operas, plays and lectures. They miss the beautiful scenery, but the beauty of the music strikes their sensitive ears with a deeper beauty. They even attend the motion pictures with friends, who explain the reel scene by scene as it is thrown on the screen. At the school it is considered a compliment to a student's ability of description if one of the blind boys invite him to attend a "movie" with him. When they go to downtown musical shows they go back and forth alone, and depend on the kindness of the conductor to remember their street.

Life would have been much easier for these boys had they attended institutions for the blind, but the life then would have been narrow, and they would have been in a measure a burden on society. Instead, they chose the most difficult, to compete openly and without favor against others who had the advantage of sight, but whom they would have to meet in later life. They have more than made

good, because they have made themselves self-supporting, and have laid the foundations for brilliant careers in lines of mental activity in which the blind are not at so great a handicap as in the physical labor.

"Do you miss the sights and the beauty so common to us and which we tell you of," one of them was asked.

"Not so much as you think," was the

reply. "Had we once seen it all and then been blind, it would have been terrible, but we do not miss very much that which we have never seen or experienced. We have been raised in a different world altogether, one which is as beautiful to us as yours is to you. You live in a world of sights; we live in a world of thought and thought dreams."

THE DEVIL'S DAY

The Devil's kingdom is come,
Ill is the news we tell,
The Devil's will is done
On earth as it is in hell,
He has us in his net,
We cannot break the spell.

The Devil's will is done,
There is none to say him nay,
The Devil's kingdom is come,
His poor thralls can but pray;
We pray in the black midnight
To the saints of the beautiful Day.

The Devil rides us down,
He treads us in the mire,
He is Prince of the power of the air,
He has power over water and fire;
We can but knock at the gate
Of the Inn of our Desire.

The Devil keeps his feast,
His court and kingdom and reign,
Our Joy is hidden and changed
To sick and angry pain;
Mary, Cause of our Joy,
Show us our Joy again.

Trapped

By Arthur Wallace Peach

SHERIFF Tom Heffron sighed with relief as he turned his brown pony into the dry bed of the canyon from the flat. In front of him rode a dejected figure, defiant in attitude, but evidently weary in body. He was a half-breed by the name of Lascar, the murderer, so the rumor had been, of a girl in the saloon at Johnson's Dip. Heffron watched the grim, silent figure, and smiled once as the lined, brutal face turned to glance backward.

Heffron's sigh was not a good omen. They had gone hardly a rod into the space between the rocks and dropped with the fall of the bed when Heffron's horse, a veteran of many campaigns, stopped and breathed loudly.

Sharply, the sheriff called to the half-breed to halt. Though not a believer in signs, he knew that when his old companion of the trails warned, it was time to watch out.

They stood, a silent group, staring ahead.

In front of them, as far as they could see, the rocks were piled in disorder. There was nothing living to be seen, but Heffron knew that the group of infuriated men who had been on Lascar's trail earlier in the day may have outwitted him by taking a long chance that he and his prisoner would head from the settlement over the seldom used Marcy trail.

Deciding that some animal might have aroused his horse, he was in the act of bringing a spur back, when there was a flash from among the rocks. The horse that Lascar was riding staggered back, and sighing, sank to its knees. Instantly all was action around them.

"Back!" Heffron shouted to the half

breed, who whirled and darted back among the rocks. Heffron was with him in a moment. The lines of battle formed.

Beyond them shifting figures dashed from great boulder to boulder, or leaped the smaller rocks, but when Heffron's heavy guns answered defiantly, the figures disappeared. He and Lascar were hidden behind a fair barricade; beyond and back of them in the hollow stood Heffron's horse, ears up and nostrils blowing, but too old a campaigner to be scared into flight. Lascar lay close to his sheltering rock, his swarthy face ashen under its color, for he knew what was in store for him, if the band of men beyond ever took him. He watched Heffron's face with uneasy eyes; he knew it would be an easy way out of the situation for Heffron to give him up.

But that was what Heffron was grimly determining not to do. No prisoner had ever been taken from him; he was proud of the record, and he did not intend to have it broken then.

There was a dangerous silence among the rocks in front of them, and Heffron wondered if they were attempting to creep in back of him, but a hasty glance told him that such an effort would be useless. He understood the meaning of the silence when a sombrero that had once been white was held in the air.

"All right! What is it?" he called down.

A tall figure rose and a harsh voice said:

"Tom, we've nothin' agin ye, but we're going to git that skunk with ye. He killed Martin's gal; we're going to

git him and skin him alive. He shot a gal!"

"No, no!" the half-breed broke in quickly. "I no shoot her; I shoot at Martin; she run in front."

"Shut up!" Heffron said sharply, and turned to the man beyond them.

"Look here, Stacey, the breed is going to jail, according to order, and you won't get him. That's all. Take your choice."

"I take it then!" came back the hoarse answer, and his lifted hand bulged into a blot of flame a moment before Heffron's blue weapon flamed.

The tall figure sank, but Heffron dropped behind his barrier with an elbow loose.

The half-breed looked on with yellow eyes distended, and he drew himself up with a catlike movement.

"I fix it," he offered.

While the half-breed bound the wounded arm, Heffron kept watch, and made his shots with his left hand count with their nearness if not their deadliness.

The line of fire grew closer, and he could not shoot with accuracy. He knew it, and he knew that the drunken, crazy, but determined men out among the rocks knew it, and that they were aiming to get closer for the death rush. His attention was drawn to the half-breed, who beckoned for the extra gun. Heffron looked at him. The man's eyes were dilated, and in them was the lust for blood. If he had that gun it would be a simple matter for him to blow out Heffron's brains, take the waiting horse and speed away.

Heffron hesitated, then a plan formed in his mind.

"Crawl over there," he ordered.

Lascar's eyes lost some of their gleam, and he crawled in the direction that Heffron indicated, placing himself in a position where he could not shoot his captor.

The two guns speaking startled the men below, but only for a short time. Then behind the shelter of the rocks the death net began to draw closer.

As Heffron saw a man with a yell of triumph slide into a position that

almost placed him where he could shoot them down, a grim resolve formed in his mind. He had never had a prisoner taken from him; he would not this time. He would let him go!

"Here, you breed, take the pony, and—hike!"

The half-breed face turned dumbly toward him, and Heffron repeated his order. Under the dusky skin the blood changed. Lascar crept back as a crab goes.

Half-smiling, Heffron thought that there was no danger of the half-breed shooting him, for he was the last barrier between Lascar and the men who would be after him on the ponies hidden, no doubt, somewhere beyond them among the curves of the canyon.

Heffron's ear caught the slight rattle of gravel. Unseen and safely, the half-breed was going down the slope from the ridge—going to freedom.

Grimly Heffron turned to his work, a fierce joy taking possession of him at the thought that still, to the very end, he had the record safe that he cherished.

The net grew closer around him, but a well placed shot that silenced a shifting form forever among the rocks checked for a moment the eagerness of the others. His head was clear, but he was weak from loss of blood and the shock of the blow. The heavy slug of the big six-shooter had torn a ragged hole. He knew it was only a question of time before the last open space would be crossed and the end come, but he held to his post.

Then came what he feared. Across his vision moved bits of what seemed like fog. He was weakening. The men among the rocks seemed to have become bolder, evidently believing from the fact that only one gun was being fired that they had silenced the other. There was a humming sound in his ears; he listened to it with interest; it was the curious sound that precedes the slow drifting of the mind into unconsciousness. A shadow rose in the open place and darted forward; with an effort he cleared his sight and

the shadow that became a rushing man crumpled into the yellow sand.

The mist and the humming closed around him; he strove to rise, to clear his sight, to draw the trigger of his gun; he seemed to be sinking. As he sank, there seemed to be dancing figures about him and sounds like thunder, cut suddenly short.

He opened his eyes, to find himself looking into the grinning face of Lascar.

"What—you—here?" he gasped.

"You won't know what, where or anything else, if you don't let me fix this up," a voice rasped in his ear.

He turned at the sound and full consciousness came. About him stood a little group of the cavalry men from the fort, and a surgeon evidently was bending over him.

"How'd this happen?" Heffron demanded.

"Well, word was sent to the post that a bunch of men were headed this way bent on mischief. We thought we would be too late for you, Tom, we would follow along, and we did, but we would have been too late for you, Tom, if this chap hadn't caught up with us on the other trail, hustled us back and taken a good part in the scrap itself," said the young officer who had approached in time to catch Heffron's question.

Heffron looked across to Lascar, and held out his hand. "I never expected to see you again. You can bank on me, Lascar, if you ever want a friend."

Lascar shook the hand awkwardly. "We good friends, yes," he agreed.

GOOD - MORNING

When twilight shadows falling,
Shut away the light of day—
And flowers kneel in ghostly aisles—
Their evening prayers to say—
When from behind the silent hills,
The moon trails soft her gown,
And one by one the stars come out,
To gem night's sapphire crown;
When murmuring grasses, bending,
Tell their beads of sparkling dew,
Ah, then I bid the world "Good-night"
And dream, sweetheart, of you.

When in the East, the blushing dawn,
Opes morning's lattice wide,
And slips the jeweled key upon
The girdle at her side;
When nature's face is smiling,
'Neath the beams of golden light,
And shadows all have vanished,
In the dreams of yester-night;
When the lark a song is trilling,
To the roses newly born,
I bid the scented, waking day,
Kiss you, my love, "Good-morn."

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

When the Governor Left the State

By Pierre Dorion

G OVERNOR Van Cott stood on the railway platform in Cheyenne a picture of amazement and chagrin. Crushed in his fist he held a telegram, while close about him members of his staff, in their gaudy uniforms, State officials, Judges of the Supreme Court, and other men high in the councils of the party in power, looked on with keen interest. All around this little group there was commotion and hilarity, as the excursionists poured from the special train to be greeted by the hundreds who crowded about the station. On the outskirts the inevitable brass band was doing its level best with "Hail to the Chief."

These excursionists were in Cheyenne to meet the President of the United States, the idol of the West; to escort him in fitting style back to their own proud State; to show him the honors to which he was entitled, and incidentally, to add impetus to his boom for re-election. It was a crowd bubbling over with enthusiasm.

Governor Van Cott had excused himself and turned from the reception committee to read the telegram handed him on his arrival. It was clear that he was upset by what he read. The smile faded from his countenance, a dark scowl took its place and a muttered curse told the watchers that something had gone wrong. But young as he was, years in positions of responsibility had taught the man to act with decision.

"Joe," he called sharply to young Fletcher, his private secretary, who was with some of the youngsters of the party at a little distance; "get hold of Harrison as quick as you can. Tell him I must see him at once."

"Sorry, Governor," the secretary explained, hurrying forward; "but Mr. Harrison dropped off at Marysville to have a look at his sheep ranch. We are to pick him up as we go back."

"Oh, misery!"

This sounded like an oath. Before the Governor could say more, Judge Clawson caught him by the shoulder.

"Horace, what's gone wrong?" he demanded.

For reply, the Governor straightened out the telegram and handed it to him.

"Read that," he said.

Judge Clawson read aloud:

"Randolph acting Governor. Claims absence of you and Harrison creates vacancy. Will appoint Oliver to Senate. Looks bad. What shall I do?—Wesley K. Norton."

These astute politicians about the Governor looked at each other in silence. Like a flash they saw it all. They were caught napping, and the opposition was in the saddle.

Here was the situation in a nutshell: At the previous election the Governor and his party had swept the State, all except the legislature. That had gone overwhelmingly to the opposition. But in the session that followed there was a tangle, a deadlock, bitter fighting within the party, charges of bribery and final adjournment without an election of a United States senator.

Governor Van Cott, young, ambitious and intensely partisan, had made no effort to fill the vacancy, for two reasons—that vacancy stood as a rebuke to the incompetency of the opposition; and, as the Governor was a candidate for the Senate himself, he saw much better chance of reaching his ultimate goal at the coming election with two senators to elect.

But now this brief telegram from Chairman Norton made it clear that the opposition leaders had jumped into the breach, had taken advantage of the State officials, and were determined to recover their lost ground and gain a seat in the Senate. This was of vital importance nationally. The great tariff bill was hanging in the balance. The parties were evenly divided, and this one vote might decide the issue.

"But I don't see yet how Chad Randolph can run things with such a high hand," said one of the Wyoming officials.

"Oh, he's got us all right," Attorney-General Breeden explained. "You see, Randolph was president of the State Senate—is still, for that matter—and the State constitution provides that when the Governor and Secretary of State die, are impeached, are removed, resign, or are *absent from the State*, the President of the Senate shall act as Governor."

"There you have it," was the Governor's comment. "Chad Randolph is President of the Senate. Harrison and I are absent from the State. Therefore, Chad Randolph is Governor, with all a Governor's powers. Here's another thing: Randolph is the leader of his party now, and he has nerve to burn. Just for pure devilment he will send old Oliver to the Senate, and a shrewder, more unscrupulous political schemer never struck the West."

This statement was generally accepted.

"There is just one chance left, but it is such a slim one that it is hardly worth considering," Judge Clawson suggested after the Governor had finished.

"What's that?" came eagerly from a half dozen.

"The courts have held," the judge explained in his deliberate way, "that a State official must be absent from the State a whole day, or 24 hours, to be absent at all. We left home at three o'clock yesterday afternoon. If the Governor or Harrison could get back there at 3 o'clock to-day there

would be no legal absence; Chad Randolph would not be authorized by law to act as Governor, and this little scheme of the opposition would be knocked in the head."

The effect of this was electrical.

"By the eternal!" cried the Governor excitedly; "if that's the case I'll be back in the State House before 3 o'clock or I'll die trying to get there. I'll beat these three-by-six schemers yet! Hustle, now, fellows; get me an engine and I'll make a run for it!"

Horace Van Cott was never in more deadly earnest. He never acted with more vigor. His lieutenants were given minute instructions as to the reception to be given the president on the arrival of his train in Cheyenne later in the day. He rushed off a telegram to Chairman Norton, telling him of his coming. He set in motion the machinery for a special engine and car, and in less than an hour, with Joe Fisher alone as company, he was off over the track in his race against time.

Trainmen on the Union Pacific, all the way from Cheyenne west, still tell of the wild dash of that engine and car. At Rock Springs there was a delay of a half hour to let the Overland go by, and throughout the half hour the Governor fretted and fumed like a tiger in leash. From Rock Springs to Green River, the track was clear and the Governor's spirits rose as he dashed through space. Already he could see his old political foe, Chad Randolph, and that wily old fox, Warwick J. Oliver, whipped and discredited. He could see the reception in the capital city in honor of the President greater than ever because of the defeat of the opposition. He could see himself riding down Main street in the same automobile with the chief executive of the nation, with the cheering thousands banked on each side. He could see the parade—the regulars from the fort, the national guard, the Indians from the reservation, the Rough Riders from the plains. He could see the demonstration in the vast auditorium—the waving flags, the blaring trumpets, the shouting crowds. He

could hear his own voice as he introduced to that audience "The First Citizen of the Civilized World."

It was to be glorious! He was still rounding out some of his finest periods when his car came to a stop with a jolt. Then there was hurrying to and fro until the word was brought back to the Governor that there was a freight wrack ahead. Cars and their contents were scrambled in a heap in a deep cut, while two trainmen were stretched on the bank badly crushed.

Split rail, was the way they explained it.

Pleading, cursing, offers of money—all were in vain now. Governor Van Cott could storm around in his impotent rage as much as he pleased. It would take hours, several of them, to clear that track. It was out of the question for his engine and car to go another mile to the west before night.

Then the Governor saw a different picture. He saw his enemy in triumph at home. He saw the heart taken out of the reception to the President. He saw himself the butt of ridicule. He saw his own political future blasted, and through it all he could see the smile of Chad Randolph.

The remainder of that journey to the capital will ever remain a nightmare to Horace Van Cott. Through the wit and energy of Joe Fisher he was soon on a handcar making the best time possible for Challic Junction, 38 miles away. There an automobile was secured, and a final dash made overland for the capital. But after the last ounce of energy had been expended; after it was admitted, even by the impatient Governor, that everything possible had been done, still it was nearing five o'clock when the State House was reached.

Long before this, Governor Van Cott had forced himself to accept defeat. Then he relapsed into a sad state of depression after the exciting events of the day. But he was resolved to go at once to his office to learn the worst at the earliest possible moment.

The first to greet him as he entered was Eleanor Zane, deputy in the of-

fice of the Secretary of State, and State Chairman Norton. Before a word of explanation could be uttered he was hurried to the office of the Secretary of State, where everything seemed to be in disorder.

Here the Governor found a crowd of angry, excited men, some of them apparently ready for open violence. They charged upon the Governor as he entered, all speaking at once, all gesticulating wildly, all denouncing some "damnable outrage," all demanding that the laws of the State be respected and the rights of the people upheld. Judge Oliver was loudest of all. His rasping voice could be heard far out in the corridors as he inveighed against "high-handed and infamous political trickery."

Governor Van Cott looked from one man to the other in blank amazement. He had not the remotest idea of what it all meant. Finally he held up his hand and demanded silence. Then turning to Miss Zane, who had been left in charge of the office, he demanded an explanation.

"He's in there," the girl said in a subdued voice, pointing to the door of the vault.

"Who's in there?" the Governor demanded.

"Mr. Randolph."

"Yes," broke in Judge Oliver, bitterly, unable longer to restrain himself, "and if somebody don't suffer for this infamy there is no law in this State or nation."

"Just a moment, gentlemen," pleaded the Governor. "Let us get at the situation here. Miss Zane, will you please tell me what has happened?"

Thus appealed to, the young woman told a simple and straightforward story. She said:

"Mr. Randolph came in this afternoon when I was all alone in the office. He said that as you and Mr. Harrison were out of the State it became his sworn duty to act as Governor. He showed me what it says in the constitution. He said he wished to appoint Judge Oliver to the Senate in order that the State might be properly rep-

resented in Washington in these trying times, and then he asked me to attach the State seal to the certificate of appointment.

"I didn't know what to do. I told Mr. Randolph I would like to talk to Chairman Norton or the assistant attorney-general, but he would not wait. He said he must act at once. I was awfully worried. I didn't know which way to turn. I didn't think it right to do such things in the absence of Mr. Harrison. When I finally refused to do anything, Mr. Randolph jumped right over the counter and ran into the vault to get the seal himself. I just slammed the door shut, and he's in there yet, because I'm the only one who knows the combination, except Mr. Harrison and Colonel Squires, and they both went on the special train."

Governor Van Cott tried hard to make his voice seem stern and to suppress the twinkle in his eye as he said:

"This is a very serious matter. I am afraid, Miss Zane, that you have been guilty of a grave offense. Open the vault door at once."

With trembling fingers and a flushed face, Miss Zane twisted the little knob until the right combination was found and the great vault swung back on its hinges, and Chad Randolph, sadly crestfallen, stepped out. But as he looked quickly about he recovered his old bravado and the quality that had made him a successful and popular party leader came at once to the surface.

"Young woman," he said, with a courtly bow, addressing Miss Zane, "my hat is off to you. You win. We had the Governor and his gang whipped to a frazzle but for your wit and your nerve. It will not save them always."

Then he led the disgruntled opposition from the State House.

S U P P L I C A T I O N

To-day, we want your smile,
Not in some cold to-morrow.
"To-morrow" may beguile
A heart unused to sorrow,
But dawn may never come
For souls with sorrow dumb.

To-day, we ask the word
That helps our sordid striving;
To-morrow may be heard
Acclaimed success arriving;
But that will not allay
Pain which endured to-day.

Give us the hope to-day
For which we sadly languish,
A kindly thought may stay
The sweeping flood of anguish
And help some struggling soul
To nobly reach its goal.

A Daughter of the Sun

By Billee Glynn

Chapter III

(Continued From Last Month)

MARGARET ALLAN came early to her planting that Wednesday. It could not have been more than ten o'clock when John, coming out of the house, saw her in the opposite yard. Usually she did not appear till the afternoon. It was a morning of buttery, yellow sunshine that seemed to melt and run all over. The freshness of a new creation breathed in the air, and from a live oak at the wayside a bunch of jolly blackbirds twittered and twittered like the drawing of heart strings. It was a morning to smooth one out, and John Hamilton relaxed to it with a feeling of relief. So he plunged around, almost succeeding in forgetting that he had been imaginative and sensitive the day before. It took him quite half an hour, indeed, to accomplish the other yard, and by that time his first smoke was over.

Margaret Allan met him with a pleasant good-morning, then went on with her work, while he stood there watching her. She was quite happy, too, apparently, for by and by she burst into a fluty trill of a song—something the man had never heard her do before. It beat outward with crisp enjoyment—a splash of silver that seemed to harden as it fell. As has been said, John Hamilton stood and watched her. She was a delicious picture there in the morning sunlight—that meshed her golden-brown hair. The morning, indeed, seemed to gather around her. It brought out the clear tints of her skin, the beautiful, white mobility of her hands, and quivered

the grace and strength of her form, the utter, expressed womanhood of her being to a sort of radiance. Her blue dress, so simply made, clung about her in soft lights and lost itself in the bare delicacy of her throat. John Hamilton realized all this—realized it unconsciously with a half pang. Perhaps it was the hardening of her silvery song as it fell.

Then he stirred himself and bent down beside her to help her with her task as usual. But she moved over suddenly with a little gesture and note of deprecation.

"Oh, don't, Mr. Hamilton!" she exclaimed. "These are pansies! I am planting a few rows between—and you can't do it. There! Oh, you man—you have tramped on my ground."

He had—and rose to his feet, a slight color in his face. She glanced up at him, smiling something of an apology.

"You've been so good helping me, you see, I am not going to impose on you by teaching you to plant pansies, too."

He smiled back. "I see," he said. He wasn't thinking of her words, however, but of her manner when she had put him away from her.

After a while she glanced up at him again. "It's this evening, isn't it, you are going away?" she inquired lightly.

So she had forgotten over night! "Why, no," he said kindly enough. "I stay till Friday night—the nine train; that is, if I don't decide to go before."

She burst into her silvery, splattery song once more. The shadow of a palm leaf lifted, tipping its sunshine

in fuller glory upon her head. John Hamilton paused there, realizing again the picture she made. Then he stirred uneasily.

"I think I'll go over," he said, "and see how Myra is getting along."

"You'll be back, won't you?" she invited, courteously.

"Why, yes," he responded. "I'll be back."

He did go into see Myra, but only to pet her for a moment, to rub the hair down playfully over the eyes that always lit at his coming—then he sat on a bench on the back veranda arguing his own feelings. His mind, however, was in a fog. Somewhat of a sphinx in its settled, far-molded characteristics, it no longer looked serenely out to the horizon of its clear, gaunt ways, but stood enthroned in a new and perplexing atmosphere awakening to new sensations. From where he sat he could see Margaret Allan still at her work. He did not see her as herself, however, but as another personality that flung a barrier to herself—beyond which her real self shone sweeter than ever in its impossibility. It was that withdrawal which hurt him—the chiffon exterior, the flower of womanhood behind. Its perfume and beauty had breathed upon him from the beginning; its perfume and beauty were there to breathe upon him still. He could only know and behold, however—he had been shut out. Into the reasons for that shutting out he did not delve. It, itself, was the poignant thing—a glimpse of its perpetuity startled him.

He took to walking up and down the veranda in a sober way. It had always been his pride that he betrayed little. Perhaps in this case it was his misfortune. Finally he found himself for another time on the other side of the fence. Twice again he visited Margaret Allan at her work that morning and twice came away. She always spoke quite pleasantly to him, and always he spoke pleasantly to her. She invariably invited him back with a tone of her old self that almost made him stay—and invariably burst into

her careless, silvery, splattery song that hardened as it fell, when he had come.

He wondered, indeed, if it wasn't just a matter of his own morbidity. Yet that very afternoon he saw the real Margaret Allen as she revealed herself to Myra—and knew the difference. Never had she failed to pay that little daily visit to her friend. When she entered, John Hamilton was in the inner room. The door was open, but the blinds were drawn, and she did not see him on the couch. She stooped over his sister and kissed her—she held her hands. Myra in her first words had spoken of not feeling so well. She sat down beside her, and reproached her for not taking care of herself. Her womanhood seemed to hover in the delicate quality of its kindness. When she had left a sense of violets remained. Myra sighed audibly. In the other room John Hamilton echoed the sigh. A few minutes, and he was again walking the back veranda soberly. It was two o'clock, and Margaret Allan did not resume her work till three. When she appeared, the sun had fought for her a clear space among the trees. It seemed to nestle her, to point her out, to aureole the supreme qualities the man had seen her betray. The hope was irresistible. He went over to her and spoke casually, gravely, of his going away. She answered him carelessly. He found an excuse, presently, went away, and then came back again. He lingered for moments watching the trowel pile up barriers. Suddenly she glanced up and spoke with anticipation—of Clarence Burton coming Sunday. John Hamilton answered not, however; only watched the trowel. He was glad of one thing—she did not sing. A certain reserve had come into her manner. Instantly he fancied he heard Myra call, and thought he had better go and see if she hadn't. This time he did not mean to return.

He did for all. Half an hour later he came out to see the girl moving a heavy step-ladder in the direction of the walnut tree where the vine with

the blue flowers grew. It was only courtesy, of course, to go and assist her, to offer even to prune the vine when she had made known such was her intention. In placing the ladder their hands met and lingered by accident. The girl smiled at him with sudden graciousness, clipping her pruning shears in her hand.

"Oh, you have been too good to me already, Mr. Hamilton," she said. "Then, I want to try a new idea in pruning."

Her foot was on the lower step of the ladder, and she paused smiling at him again. "I would like you to go and plant sylvia seeds for me now, if you don't mind," she suggested. A slight color was in her cheeks.

John Hamilton understood and walked away to the sylvia planting. He didn't do any of it, however. He was unthinkingly, tremendously glad. The Margaret Allan who had spoken and smiled at him was at last the Margaret Allan who had spoken and smiled at Myra that afternoon. The barriers were down. The thought sang itself over and over in his brain. Suddenly on top of that singing came a cry and the sound of a fall. Springing to his feet, John Hamilton rushed back to see what had happened.

The ladder had overturned; beside it the girl lay unconscious. He bent over her quickly, raising her in his arms. Then even as he did so, even in that moment of fatality, perhaps, he paused, staring. A branch had swept the opening of the dress in front, leaving the white throat and upper bosom bare, a crimson stain threading it. Around the neck by a gold chain a locket hung—had been flung open, a picture in it. And it was his own face that looked back at John Hamilton—a tiny miniature he had given her to assist in her painting of him. But it was the words that held his sentences most—to which his blood ran wildly. For underneath had been written, like a cry: "My Love, my Love!"

Sometimes the whole ocean seems to gather in a single wave. In that in-

stant the being of the man bending over the woman had rushed to such a climax. He bent closer to her—he almost kissed her lips. Then instantly the calm forces that made himself, the forces that had always been, that wondered and seemed unchangeable, spoke from beneath his madness, and he felt ashamed. Swiftly he closed the locket and fastening the dress over it as well as he might, he picked up the limp form in his arms and carried it to the fountain. As he set her down she stirred softly and opened her eyes. He supported her while he held a wet handkerchief to her brow, then helped her to a seat. In a few minutes she had recovered sufficiently to let him escort her to the house.

John Hamilton walked back down the avenue of palms slowly. A great gravity had settled upon him.

PART II.

Two days may be either a short or a long time. The Thursday and Friday that followed were both. Short because of the time itself, they were long because into them a woman put her total sweetness, her power to claim and battle for ownership—and because to a man the hours passed like the dying of pansies.

Margaret Allan in her fall had suffered a heavy shock to her side, and was in a convalescent state. So most of the time she spent sitting out on the wide front portico arbores by its roses, or in the hammock under the trees where the birds twittered domestically from morning till night. And nearly always was John Hamilton to be found with her. He blamed himself for her fall, he had explained, with a cavalier-ness new to him, for it must have been that he had not fixed the ladder right. Now it was his duty to take care of her as well as he could during the two days he had left.

The girl, however, did not speak of his going away. She accepted his attentions, as a woman always accepts the things she desires and that are given to her, with an easy smile, that

was all—then out of the pathos of her somewhat helpless state commanded them. It was thus she fought for him—fought for him with all the power of her woman's soul, but without any apparent art of fighting. For it was only the expression of herself she wielded, the full revelation of her tender, infinite lure and truth. And John Hamilton, with the other revelation that had been made to him, couldn't help know but that she fought for him. Yet it was not her struggle he saw, but the woman herself. So he watched her, the pure thrill of her womanhood storming her being, eating into his pulse, but beneath all the calm, sure, and ever restless forces that had become his fate. Forces that sometimes brought a shame to his cheek because he did watch the woman and knew what she thought he did not know—sometimes were forgotten in the absolute, unqualified joy of her; but were always there as ineradicable and measureless as the sea breaking on the sands. By himself he fell into strange moods of gravity—moods in which little flashes of ecstasy ran; and his hands had learned to clench themselves, something they had never been in the habit of doing.

Shadows of this sort haunted him even with the girl. There were times, too, when he sat in far silences with her—when from utter primitiveness, from somewhere away in the beginning before man knew woman at all sheer antagonisms roused themselves in his nature to wonder at her. On the whole, however, his manner toward her had become characterized by a rough tenderness. At any rate, it always came back to that—in its awkwardness carrying a touch of the profound. This was because perhaps to his other moods the girl never brought anything different. She did not seem to notice them, indeed. She was always simply herself—but it was that which was beyond comprehension. It was the marvel of her naturalness that wrought and blossomed before his eyes.

Then when a man is silent a woman can have always something to do.

Margaret Allan had her crocheting—and crocheting beyond itself is an expression. The girl always smiled a little at her work or mused over it. It might have been destiny with her. She watched it with drifting regrets and tints of expression. A rose would ruffle so in a breeze. Beyond all, there was a hovering joy. Perhaps the milk line of her teeth showed, or the sun stole slantwise through the branches on her hair. Anyway it was hair that was a sun to itself—and against it her ears nestled. Have you noticed some women's ears? They are like shells picked on a shore of dreams. Margaret Allan's were that kind. Her arms were a roundness that blushed, that massaged themselves in movement. Her dress a part of her that stirred in life with her breathing. It was in her delicate bounty her appeal lay—her attributes clustered her about. If they drooped a little in their invitation it was as unconsciously as grapes droop upon their stem. And it was with the same delicious sense of dew, and dawn, and sun.

Any man couldn't help but have seen her thus—and John Hamilton saw her for hours at a time. It was his difference that he could fall into such silences as he watched her. Yet it was something to see her crochet. Her fingers were wonderful, supple things—and perhaps she smiled up at him from her task. Her smile wasn't only a smile—it was the ripple of her whole being. Perhaps she made some casual remark that didn't require an answer. Or it might be a shadow of pain crossed her face as she stirred and felt again the hurt at her side. It was Myra who had told John Hamilton how bad that hurt really was. On account of it there were times, too, when she required little attentions. To these, or that twinge of pain in her face the man even in moments of deepest brooding never failed to arouse himself. It wasn't himself, indeed, but a leaping impulse of tenderness which swept him back to himself—and which swept him back more vividly, maybe, than it left him without rea-

son for being anything else. Was it fair, after all, to remember her secret that had been revealed to him? Was it even fair to believe in it, that it left him a churl or light-headed claspings impossible things. The woman was only herself—could he blame her for being that! Could he blame himself for his appreciation of her as such—even though appreciating were an oddity that ran in the blood. At any rate, response to her present state was the merest sort of courtesy—for she herself was one who had heart even for a worm. And how brief the time that was left!

In thoughts and feelings like these John Hamilton lived those last hours that were to be with the woman. And they were hours that linked themselves in adorable wearing like the pearls of a queen's necklace, or lay all together crushed in a little futile heap of shadow.

Besides her crocheting, Margaret on Thursday afternoon took Tennyson and one or two of the other poets out to the hammock with her. These she read to the man at intervals—because if she used her needle long it caused her side to pain. So it was that John Hamilton, for the first time in his life, came to an appreciation of poetry through the tones of her voice. Moreover, he became interested in the man who had written such things—men who had lived and loved so passionately; and Margaret answered his questions with tales of the beauty or sadness of their lives. She told him of Edgar Allan Poe and his deathless love for his child-bride, Virginia Clemm; of Dante and Beatrice—and Ben Jonson who had never grown older than his "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." She spoke of the beautiful, white passion of the two Brownings; of Bobbie Burns' loveliest dream, his Highland Mary; and the divine friendship Tennyson sang in "In Memoriam."

To these accounts John Hamilton listened like a child, and of the things she read, more than any, was he interested in the "Idylls of the King." It was their simplicity appealed to him,

perhaps—and was it by chance, selecting one to read to him that Thursday afternoon, it happened to be "Lancelot and Elaine?" At any rate, John Hamilton took part in the selection himself—for when the girl had read only a couple of passages from the piece to him, and paused fluttering the leaves, he begged that she read it all. Before she finished, twilight, with its scampering, returning shadows, had crept to them, gray, silent and mouse-like, and in it the tones of the girl's voice became a half hushed sacred thing.

It was that tiny, leaping echo of restraint, perhaps, which made the reading so vivid. Just so Elaine, the lily maid, in shimmering white and drooping twilight, might have recited her own story, and told with tender, trembling reserve of her hopeless love for Lancelot. At any rate, the silent barge bearing its stately burden of death, seemed to drift there in reality before the gaze of the man—and the wonder of the dusk enclosing them became the wonder that even Lancelot could fail to return such a love.

The girl could just see to read the last few lines, and when she finished it was with a pause during which she still held the book before her eyes. But John Hamilton sat looking away—his hands locked together in front of him. The gloom was haunted, as it were, by a sense of fallen, wasted petals—it wasn't evening so much as if the day had wilted about them. Finally the man stirred himself, and the girl stirred too.

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" she asked.

John Hamilton spoke slowly. "Yes, but do you reckon a woman could ever think that much of a man?"

The hands lying across the book on her lap seemed to tense and hold themselves for an instant. "I think she could," she replied; "but most women would be too strong to die of their love—even though it were so great as that."

"Most women, I imagine, would marry some one else and forget about it." The words sounded harsh even in

John Hamilton's own ears, but the girl answered them simply.

"She might marry some one else," she said, "some one who would be kind to her, for a woman needs kindness and companionship—but I don't think she could ever forget. I am sure she wouldn't—no more than Edgar Allan Poe could forget Virginia Clemm. It is always a woman's dearest wish to love and be loved like that—do you think she could possibly forget her dearest wish?"

"Perhaps not," returned John Hamilton, courteously. "I guess I don't know women and shouldn't judge 'em. It's a case, perhaps, of the good of 'em being too good for us and the bad too bad. And man, maybe, is about the worst thing that ever happened to woman."

"And the best," gently announced the girl, rising from the hammock and closing the book in her hand, "and the best! Even Elaine did not regret her love. The regret was that Lancelot could not return it. I think, perhaps, it was the incomprehensible thing, too. It was her difference that most girls would have been too proud for his pity. A woman wants a man's heart only when she can command it. She wants to be above all his other loves, and him to recognize her as such—otherwise I think she might prefer her regret." She put out her hand suddenly. "I am going in now," she concluded. "We will be able to read some more of Tennyson to-morrow."

They stood for a moment looking into each other's eyes. There can be many things in a handclasp—and in his one John Hamilton found himself accepting the ultimatum of the girl's soul, simple and profound as she had expressed it. For somehow the moment was charged with the feeling that she had expressed it—that she had wished to place herself on record. It was as if she divined to rid herself—even beyond his farthest guess—of any part of Elaine's garb of pity, and would stand robed only in her own lure. And placing her beyond his pity it placed her beyond his secret knowl-

edge of her—though that of himself he had always endeavored to put aside as unfair. The difference was that now he seemed to stand vowed to her in the matter. The rare and lovely quality of her response spoke to him in the warm mobility of her hand, and because of it the thrill of her independence came to him a greater thrill. Yet it was challenge—and even in that moment, perhaps because of its very danger, to meet it leapt monstrous the thing of habit that above all others seemed his soul. He didn't try to quell it—it was as something beyond his control. Besides, by her own words, it was for her to quell though he proved unworthy of her in her failure. And answering the smile in her eyes, he could feel her failure.

Then suddenly she had turned and gone—and he watched her white dress moving away from him in the shadows—the light slowly dying from his face. In the quick sense of loneliness she left behind he seemed to feel her indifference of some future day—the indifference that might belong to her pride. A moment ago, and he had been secretly glad of that pride—now it came to him a throbbing, winged thing of strange regret in the night. It was as if the air had instantly become thick with the ghosts of other men's loves—singing, unwonted passions she had told him of. And for moments after she had disappeared he stood in the surge of these things. Then he roused himself to a sickening sense of his own growing sensitiveness. The only motive that stood out clear in all was that monster thing that had sprung even to their handclasp. It came to him now a throb of safety—a safety that lifted itself out bodily from other turmoil. His hands had locked themselves unconsciously in front of him, and he drew them apart, pausing to notice their unwilliness, then the closed fist. The gaze brought purpose to him, as it were, for he set off walking toward the house—he had decided to 'phone an expressman even then to come for his trunk on the morrow. Yet as he went, these

ghosts of the air plucked at him with tingling fingers, and his blood beat at the warmth and perfume of their breath.

* * * *

As she had promised at parting with him, Margaret Allan did read for her companion the day following. It was one of those days of half-rosy, purple distances tilting towards and enclosing one like petals, one of those days when all the world seems to have gathered in a single blossom of space, and life is dim-hued and dewy in its own fragrance. John Hamilton had awakened late from a restless night—that is, it was late for him—but the dew was still on the grass and the birds reveled. From out this liquid, throaty paradise, the man had a sense of his trunk being carried—he had locked and strapped that trunk before he left his room—and the immediate hours he could feel en masse, white-robed, beautiful things that came separately and reverentially to take farewell. Or it was as though they were a bouquet, a vital, fragile gift of beauty crushed in an unintentional hand to a sorely a wounded, odorous memory. Such feelings as these, then, sought out John Hamilton in the clinging freshness of the morning, and as the day waxed to hazy indistinctness, gathering its purply petals in closer centre about them, haunted him, a pulse that wouldn't be still, with Margaret.

There was something peculiarly tender about her to-day. It wasn't a tenderness expressed, but a little reserve that was as the haze on the hills. Perhaps, even when it most reveals itself, a woman's soul is like this—like the crowding, purple distances of a day, not to be analyzed but to satisfy with its loveliness. At any rate, it was as if Margaret Allan had stripped a veil off, being only to reveal it in rarer and more inexplicable manners. Her tenderness was its own guard.

John Hamilton, on his part, took to noticing things in her he had never noticed before. Her expressions had become a lingering of other expressions. Her personality was as the see-

ing of some divine growth and the pausing impulse of its colors with a sigh to being and the joyful infinity of life. All the petals of the day seemed to slope toward her, and she was as the heart of its flower—its natural and utmost evolution. So much was this so, her smiles hovered her about as witnesses to her seriousness. The rippling actions of her hands always pointed back to herself. And the shading of her glance, her lips, was the movement of music while it is still inspiration and before it reaches sound. In his inmost heart John Hamilton was a poet—as men of single passions usually are.

It was thus, at any rate, he saw the woman that day—a day that beneath all was tinkly with silences and slinging, slipping thought—hours that surged to them—and on this day, too, he most of all found her early. He found her early in the afternoon again—and, as had been said, she read to him. It was he who suggested she read "Lancelot and Elaine" once more, and she did so with just a little hesitation. Her voice, too, carried a slightly muffled tone, as though she would hide Elaine's pity. But that John Hamilton had put from him, so far as unconscious and belonging forces may be put, and saw only the white wonder of the maid, or sat staring at the thrill of her unaccepted gift that had turned to stone in her lily hand.

It was in the pause, when she had finished, that a wagon clattered up—and an expressman swung the gate of the opposite yard and walked sturdily in. He came out a minute later with John Hamilton's trunk on his shoulder. It was only a minute, and neither had broken the silence. Even now, if the girl saw—and John Hamilton knew she saw—she did not say anything. When the wagon had driven away she turned to another poem and read it, that was all. Then, as it was near to sunset, she got up and held out her hand to him. Perhaps it was only as usual, like the night before, a present parting—but John Hamilton fancied in it something more. He turned

away a couple of paces—then spoke with a touch of embarrassment:

"I've decided not to go till to-morrow night," he said. "Myra, I think, would like me to stay."

* * * *

It was that following morning he received the telegram. It carried a sort of expostulation:

"What's the matter? Ship sails Sunday morning, 8:30. Be here."—Robertson.

John Hamilton crunched the slip of yellow paper in his pocket and did not say anything even to Myra. He meant to stay away from Margaret Allan that day, however—that had been decided the night before. It was one of those nights of odorous, heavy stillnesses in which one can imagine the drip of dew, one of those nights, warm-breathed and velvet-padded, that seem to close about and hold one, and immensity becomes a prison. It came to John Hamilton with a sense of smothering sweetness in which his weakness stood out like a mildew. For he admitted to himself now that he was weak, that this unwonted thing of woman and place had become a struggle with him—and he was glad that the girl had made it a struggle only on behalf of himself. So he meant to stay from her, to plead having been busy, and go over only to bid her farewell. A pang, and then the swing of the trail under free feet again! And the telegram coming shortly after nine o'clock was further realization of his need. It was as if he had again settled the matter.

So he spent an hour chatting with Myra—an hour in which he knew there was no one in the opposite yard; another hour which he moped miserably in his own room—the last half of which he did know there was some one in the opposite yard, and the glint of a white dress was apparent through a side window. Then—suddenly and impatiently—he took himself out and joined her. So the matter settled itself.

After all, it was his nature to battle, not evade things; and underlying

everything in him was a chivalrous fairness. Nothing was asked of him that he could hold back; he did not even dare to know anything. Only the pang of his unfriendliness stood out clear. And another day with the girl began.

This Saturday Margaret Allan had something blue about her throat. It was one of those high, soft neck-pieces, that like in an old daguerrotype lift a woman's face an adoration of sudden, vivid features. The tints of her skin in contrast had never shown so charmingly, and her hair, massed behind like a painter's dream. Perhaps there was, too, just a hint of further reserve nestling her—a silken, purple robe out of which her graces rustled. And yet, for all, she was the same Margaret. Only the hours carried more of tinkly, dripping silences, of little, drifting conversations, and less reading aloud; the instant's redeem in the flash of camaraderie that can belong to a smile—then other silences in which John Hamilton beat his foot, or the girl hummed in a musing underbreath—each seeming to time the minutes that trickled constantly up and past them. That last hour of the afternoon, indeed, as the sun slid down before their eyes, was one almost of restraint and absolute silence. And yet the girl smiled once at him during it—John Hamilton was sure of that. She smiled an instant even now as he watched the last rays of sunlight dying on her hair. Perhaps it was his gaze that made her restless, for she moved nervously, and John Hamilton got to his feet. She arose beside him, and they stood for a minute looking toward the West—before he broke the silence.

"I will want to leave you—good-by," he said. "Where will I find you?"

He spoke as though, whatever else, their good-bye was necessarily sacred and must be by itself.

The girl answered him quietly. "If you will come to the summer house," she said, "just before you leave, I'll be there."

Neither had looked in the other's

eyes. But John Hamilton for another time watched her go away from him—and turned to gaze back into the sunset, a cloud on his face.

* * * *

It was only after he had done everything else that he came to the summer house that night—after he had left Myra a tender good-bye, and with his grip carried as far as the fence and waiting him. As for Myra's husband he also waited him at the station, for Donald Martin had been called out that evening. Surely he had made it so there could be no turning back. He strode briskly along the path to the summer house and saw her there in white, standing on the low broad step before the massed shadows of the door. She moved as if to go out to meet him, but held instantly back, her hand grasping the framework behind her—the motion of a leaf an autumn wind has stirred. Then he was close to her; their hands met—and the moon-sheen was like running silver in her hair. Just for an instant their glance mingled as warm wines run together, then something seemed to swim between them, a surging dizziness in which an universe throbbed. In the midst of it John Hamilton heard him-

self mumble his good-bye—words that fell like the under dripping of blood, like murder done that palpitating thing of the air. It was in the hushed, dazed sense of fatality which followed that he turned and went—the only thing left him to do. He caught over his shoulder, as if in phantasmagora, the blighted vision of her as she swayed back a step or two into the shadows of the summer house, her hands clutched white on the door; he felt his legs striding under him, and knew that he picked up his grip and carried it to his own gate. Then he set it down there, and leaned on his arms on the gatepost in his characteristic attitude. It was only a moment—his last look toward the trail. Like a tentacle, a cold lash, fear came to tighten about his heart. He turned suddenly and rushed back, peering with blearing eyes for the glimmer of a white dress that might be disappearing—that might be disappearing forever. But she was still in the summer house and he found her there. She was sobbing softly—huddled in a heap on the bench. John Hamilton didn't utter a word, but he took her in his arms.

(The End.)

RECOGNITION

Our poems praise the warrior heart,
 Our marbles mark his deeds.
 No voice proclaims the nobler part
 Of him who inward bleeds.

Seek not the tomb's encastled clay,
 The stanza's throbbing beat—
 We elbow heroes day by day
 On every square and street.

Ye, lauding martyred womanhood,
 May learn—and feel the knife!—
 That unsuspected heroine's blood
 Runs in thy faithful wife.

So let us blend—for in life's hive
 Their courage ours has fed—
 Due recognition of the live
 With reverence for the dead.

ARTHUR POWELL.

The Sandalwood Box

(Dedicated to the Man Who Bought the Box in Delhi)

By Maude Irene Haere

THIS is a strange story, but I have heard stranger that were true. In a latitude of 28 deg. 38 m. N., 77 deg. 13 m. E., when rain falls there is a certain murkiness in the blood. Dennis S. Donnell, four years in the Desert of Thar, felt it. He stood in front of a shop in the Chadni Chauk (The Silver street) and felt it. There is no other street in ancient Delhi, or in all the world for that matter, so famous for its merchandise of finely carved wood and ivory. Dennis S. Donnell marveled at the wonderful wood things in the shop before which he was standing. He was a skilled engineer, and the better part of his four years' service had gone into the construction of the Rajputant Malwa and Bombay-Baroda Railway. There were still years of such work before him. Its iron fingers held him; he liked it; but—every human being knows how it was—love of work and sheer devotion to it cannot do everything. A frightful loneliness seized him at times; it was always worse during vacations; he dreaded them. Whether he found himself under the peopled dome of Vimala's temple, or confronting the spacious wonder of the Taj Mahal, always it came back, that keen sense of isolation and loneliness. He felt sometimes as if—well, he had come to look upon his loneliness with a degree of fear.

He felt the subtle intimations of this fear to-day as he stood under the dreamy, cloud-cloaked sky of Delhi, watching the motley world coiling through the long streets. In Delhi,

as in all great cities, one sees the world in epitome, a microcosm, resounding with all the tongues of Babel and mirroring the faces of Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free. It was awful to think that since the days of Shah Jahan, and before, this tireless multitude had been moving through these same streets. There was the blue lungi of the rich, the student's tarbush, the old auga of the conservative Delhians, and the more up to date adikan—dress, faces and tongues of native and stranger in endless variety. Dennis S. Donnell leaned comfortably against the door post of the shop and watched the human caravan.

Suddenly his eye fell on a band of vagrant gypsies on the opposite side of the street. It was a welcome sight. He smiled to think of the wonder and admiration he had lavished upon these strange people as a boy. He recalled with interest the curiosity and consternation with which he used to regard the tribe that camped annually on the road by his grandfather's estate, and not far enough from the big house to render its occupants wholly at ease as to their barnyard possessions. He recalled the day when he rashly ventured to the tent, and a woman, more powerful looking than the rest, with gauds and trinkets about her arms and hair, pressed open his reluctant palm and told him he would grow to be a tall man and travel in strange countries.

He stood watching the tribe on the opposite side of the street. Their faces seemed like the faces of friend-

ship here in this far away country. A strange fancy seized him. A tall woman, the oldest and most powerful looking of them all, was standing in front of the booth. He rushed over to where she stood and extended his palm; she took it with an astute and furtive glance into his face.

"You are homesick," she said in his native tongue.

Donnell was surprised and pleased at the familiar sound of the words.

She paused, studying his face more than his palm, it seemed to him.

"Go on," he said.

"You came from far away States. When the spring comes, it is very pleasant in the most high State; the grass is green; and you sometimes wish you were back——"

Donnell started.

"Near Poltoon the muscadines and wild grapes grow thick and purple in autumn, and you are hungry for them and for climbing the trees where the yellow vines are matted——"

She broke off sharply at the keen, searching look which he gave her. Then, abruptly raising her arm, she extended a long, shriveled finger in the direction of the shop across the street.

"Bring me the box in the window," she said peremptorily, "and I will read your to-morrow."

"The sandalwood box?"

"The good box with the proud birds—yes. To-morrow we go back to the States and sell them to fine ladies," she said, pointing to the goodly collection of Hindoo curiosities inside the booth. "The ladies are very glad to buy. I put a future inside. Bring me the box; a lovely lady will buy it for much money, and I will tell you the things I see!"

There was a shrewd, businesslike air about this queer old woman; but there was something other also. Dennis S. Donnell looked at her a moment and wondered whether the tribe had not made the stolen daughter of a fairer and finer race its queen and principal stay.

"Bring me the box," she said, with a firm blink of her sharp old eyes.

"That box!" he said, breaking into an amused laugh. "Woman, that box would cost me fifty rupees!"

"Bring it!" she said.

"My name is Tattoo Mara," the old woman continued loftily. "I can work wonders; there is no one born of the tribe to follow me. I am old; I have always kept my promises. Bring me the box; a fair woman across the sea shall buy it, and be a wife to you."

"There, Tattoo Mara," he said, tossing a rupee into the lean and ancient palm, "tell me my fortune, and let me be off. Come, what is it you see in my hand?"

Tattoo Mara lifted the coin proudly and dropped it deftly into his side pocket.

"Good-day, blind Sahib," she said, and was entering the booth with never a backward glance.

Donnell called to her.

"Sahib," she said with dignity and grandeur befitting a princess, "there is only one condition on which I will tell your future; it is the box."

Donnell hesitated a minute, smiling indulgently to himself as men do in a holiday mood. Then he turned blithely and, crossing the street, entered the shop where the wonderful box was displayed.

"A hundred rupees," the keeper, looking more like a confirmed taxidermist than anything else in the world, replied. Donnell gasped, but the holiday mood was on, and the rupees rang sportively in the crusty old hand of the shopkeeper; and Dennis S. Donnell recrossed the street bearing triumphantly the price of his future.

Tattoo Mara looked gloatingly at the precious box, and the strong odor of sandalwood crept up into her distended old nostrils, and she smiled.

"Allah, but it is great!" she cried, touching it reverently with her long, brown hands.

And, indeed, the box was worthy the admiration of a connoisseur. It was of finest sandalwood, and no instrument save the carver's point had ever touched it. In the center of the lid a brace of peacocks was carved.

The intricacy and minutiae of detail displayed in depicting the birds was astonishing to an occidental eye. The riotous luxury of the distended plumes, too delicate for the naked eye to appreciate, was a miracle of workmanship. On the lid around this central design, was a border of precious marquetry, of red and purple porphyry, and beyond this a margin of carved wood in profligate trellises and singing birds. The sides of the box resembled the lid in outline. A carved representation of the four seasons ran riot in the central panels. The skilled and loving fingers of the magician artist had touched it, and lo! it blossomed like Aaron's rod.

Donnell was rapt in contemplation of the luxurious beauty of the box when Tattoo Mara spoke:

"Come, I will read you," she cried, a high note of inspiration in her voice.

Donnell held out his hand with a faint smile of interest. She was looking steadfastly into his face; he raised his eyes, and a fleeting glimpse of something like maternal tenderness surprised him. Abruptly the voice of the old woman rose in rhythmic delivery, and her features assumed almost a prophetic aspect as she swept on through the narrative of length of days and prosperity in store for him. . . . And there would be no more days of desert loneliness, for a rose would blossom, a white rose in a fair garden across the sea; and he would pluck it and bear it away in his bosom, and never sigh again at sunset time, looking westward, any more

"Tattoo Mara," said Dennis S. Donnell, as one in a dream, "let me put this future you would sell into the box."

"Hunter of birds' nests, put it in," the old woman said, solemnly.

Then he sat on a low stool and wrote on a piece of paper and folded it and turned the golden key in the box and handed it to the woman.

"Do not forget to give her the key, the woman who buys," he said, with a smile, as he turned to go.

The strange eyes of the old woman

held him as he turned to go, and again he recognized a sort of kindness, a maternal light in the parting look bent upon him.

"Tattoo Mara," she said, and the name sounded for the moment like something he had heard long ago, "Tattoo Mara never forgets her promises," and she vanished inside the booth.

Then Dennis S. Donnell walked down by the River Jumna, and thought what a fool he had been.

But it was true, nevertheless, that, his vacation ended, he went back to his work with the growing fears of his loneliness conquered. The scrap of paper in the sandalwood box had somehow defeated them.

And then, at last, it was autumn, again, on the hills about Poltoon. The muscadines and wild grapes were ripe, and the woods were yellow. In the old farmhouse, that had sheltered five generations of master ship-builders, the lights burned high and young voices echoed blithely. The old man, who still ably sustained the traditions of honor and hospitality in the house, set in the great chair of his fathers, and smiled with patriarchal benignity on the young faces about him. The smile was a decree of happiness for all; for this was the last night which Dennis, who stood in a son's place to him—the only son of an only brother—would spend with the friends of his boyhood; and the old man would see them all happy.

But the boy was not altogether happy, because pretty Mary Rolfe, who had come from a distant Western State three years before to live with her aunt and uncle-in-law, had won his heart that first day of his arrival the preceding spring; and from that hour had held it to the exclusion of all the tempting belles of the neighborhood. It was quite plain to himself and others that he felt the presence of Mary Rolfe above them all. Unluckily, so did Mark Delaunay also. Donnell was going back to the desert.

The evening wore on, and the guests were gone at last. Then Dennis S.

Donnell rested one heavy arm on the ponderous mantel and looked thoughtfully into the face of Mary Rolfe, who stood before him.

"I am going back to the desert of Thar," he said solemnly.

There was an uncertain pause.

"May I tell you a little story?" he resumed steadily, "before I go."

"Men who live and work alone for a long time in the world of Oriental mysticism grow credulous, I suppose. I did. The years are very long there, and I was lonely. It was almost a year ago to-day on the Chandui Chauk and a facetious holiday mood was upon me. There was a wonderful box in a shop window, and an old gipsy woman would read my fortune for nothing else. I bought it for her. She said a woman across the sea, a white woman, would buy it, and be my wife. I humored the fancy, and put a message in it for the woman. It is a thing to laugh at now, perhaps; but it became more than a fancy to me; it was a dream, a hope. I came to believe in the mission and destiny of the message in the box; and it saved me from—well, loneliness.

"At last I came to find the woman. It is a foolish tale, I know; and yet I think I never can forget the growing faith that came to me through the long months, that I should find her. But I have found instead—you, Mary Rolfe, and you are better than my dreams. I go back to the Desert of Thar in two days; it is very lonely there. Will you go with me?"

He looked up, and in the same moment she was gone.

His eyes rested wistfully upon the floor for a moment, then he glanced thoughtfully up to the face of his old grandfather above the mantel. When he turned again she was in the doorway holding a marvelous sandalwood box wrought with festive birds and the four seasons.

For a moment he stared hard in amazement. Then the girl laughed a little laugh that brought him to his senses.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"Tattoo Mara brought it to me from Delhi. Uncle Ned says the gipsies have camped on the other side of the road for many years. I have been out to see them every year since I came. The second year their little boy died, the young chief, they called him. I carried him milk when he was sick, and went to see him buried. The old woman became a sort of friend, you see. She told me wonderful tales of a strong man over the sea. Then I read your message in the box. That very night Mark Delauney asked me to marry him. I think I had meant to accept him until that day.

She paused. Dennis S. Donnell turned the little gold key in the box as she held it, and lifting the lid took out a paper and read with deeper seriousness than he had written:

"Little white woman across the sea,
Will you wait for me, will you wait for me?

"My hands are brown and my heart is
tired
With weight of the Desert of Thar;
I've toiled in the East, I've toiled in the
West,
I've wandered a-near and afar.

"I am sick for a face of my people
again,
A face with an open look;
For the orhna, the veil, of the women
of Thar,
Is dull as a heathen book.

"At night on the Orient silence far,
The broad-starred welkin burns,
And I dream in my restless bungalow
Till the smell of the East returns.

"The brown land reeks in its heavy
sloth,
And the cities leer in their ease,
And the fear and pain of my loneliness,
Is hard as a slow disease.

"O little white woman across the sea,
Will you wait for me, will you wait
for me?"

There was a moment's silence. Her eyes dropped to the brace of royal birds on the box, and the warm color swept her face.

"I have waited," she said.

Then Dennis S. Donnell set the box on the high-backed cabinet, and what took place is simply out of the question to try to relate here.

Anyway, the Desert of Thar has

been made to blossom as the rose for one man who had found it a wilderness before. And they say that the cosiest house in India has in its great hall a majestic table, in the center of which, on a background of cloth-of-gold, rests a marvelous sandalwood box inlaid with red and purple porphyry and divinely carved on the top and sides.

JOHN MUIR

(1838-1914)

Tenting, journeying by God's clock,
Along the lofty ways;
Reading the cypher of the rock—
The field book of the days;

John Muir resolved what empery
Shall perish, what shall stand—
Himself risen to such sovereignty,
The wild things licked his hand.

Young yet at his three-score and ten,
Love's wonder-world he trod,
Glad, far aloof from sated men
As stars are from the sod.

The trailing mist, the waving boughs,
Beckoned to fresh surprise,
Sweet as the flowers have when they
rouse,
Morning in their eyes.

Patience employed with saving power,
Courage with sturdy art,
Vision foreshadowing the fateful hour,
Love arming for it his heart.

Skyward he climbed, nor dreamed how
high
Over the peaks he rose,
Into the white toward which they try,
The purged, eternal snows.

Rich in the trust, the mother lore,
But Youth, long-lived, may learn,
If much he stored, he gave back more:
It overflows his urn.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A Deal in Cotton Land

By the Rev. Gabriel Biel

I DO NOT know what made me do this, even to the writing of it after all was over. It is really no part of a preacher's normal experience.

But we were flat broke. Just to be broke might be considered normal. With us it was not average. It was the end. The whole situation seemed just plain hopeless from the point of view of dollars and cents.

We had begun wrong. We had dribbled away our other income, expecting that before we reached the end of it the parish would be built up strong enough to do better by us. It was growing splendidly. The city life was becoming far superior as an aid to ambition than those previous eight long years hid amongst the people of the far-off mountain congregation. But the money was not going to hold out till we had made good. That was plain now. Therein lay our tragedy.

Whether it was pique or desperation after the city bank found that it could not loan us a small \$250 on my ministerial face, that the village bank would have done without question, I do not now consider. It may have been only simple providence that led my eye to the short double header at the top of the last column on the stock market page of the Evening Post. It sounds now, however, more like a special variety since this is an unusual page for the ruminations of a man of the cloth.

But read it for yourself. Here it is:

"California to Have Cotton Industry.

It is announced to-day that John Cody, the Chicago wheat king, in concert with several Eastern capitalists, has secured an option on 200,000 acres of land adjoining his 32,000 acre ranch

in Imperial Valley, for the purpose of raising Egyptian cotton.

It is expected that this new impetus may eventually make California one of the great cotton producers of the world. Plants to gin the cotton and factories for the manufacture of the cloth, it is said, will be erected within easy shipping distance, which will, of course, add greatly to the State's commerce.

If the present plans are carried out, the Cody property should be one of the largest cotton holdings in the world."

Perhaps nothing subtle would ever occur to your pure mind after reading this alluring industrial skit. But as I turned the page, it struck me that this had all the perfect ear-marks of a press agent, and such a one as some J. Rufus Wallingford might employ or take advantage of to exploit the traditionally gullible public. So when my friend, Stanley Compton, dropped in at the study that evening for a bit of a chat (we had been college chums in early days, and it was largely through his influence that I became his pastor) an inspiration came to me that did not cease till it had become a shivering-perspiration.

You see, Compton got rich in the quake era, and then blew up in the southern Nevada furore that followed. After that he took to promoting and did fairly well at it. One day he stood to make a pile. The next week it was a question whether he could stand off his ordinary creditors till he had weathered the necessity of compromising on a commission rather than let Jake Rauer, the nemesis of shaky debtors, know where his real assets were invested.

"Alfalfa is the stuff," Compton was saying as he was going out the door. "Alfalfa is king. I've got an option on four thousand acres of the deepest, most fertile soil in Imperial Valley, and if I only had \$10,000 to swing the deal, I could turn it over for a hundred thousand in three months providing the spring is not unusual."

Then between a sigh and a whistle he sauntered out into the night.

A moment later I was at my desk, writing at a little thing not more than three lines long, but which took nearly a dozen tries before it became an advertisement copy directed to the Post, to be inserted on the stock market page, upper right hand corner preferred. Enclosed with it I put a dollar bill, a souvenir from other days when we lived in the paper currency country. It was for as many insertions at the rate would allow. I reached the mail-box just as the carrier on the graveyard shift was making his midnight collection. Then I went home and to bed, with the queer feeling of having committed something between a joke and a crime.

The "ad." came out the next evening as follows:

"Safe Investment.—The Imperial Valley Egyptian Cotton Co., Ltd. Open only to California investors. R'm 723 Onderdonk Bldg."

Well, I must say that it does not appear so very criminal now that I look over my ghoulish work with more deliberation. If it was a la Wallingford, nevertheless I could truly say that the money would be in safe hands. On the whole, I calmed a nameless intermittent qualm with the assurance that it was only the work of a whim.

If there should be any inquiries made at Compton's office, which was the "723" of the ad., there would be sufficient time afterward to make explanations.

Compton had gone south on his promotion schemes. Near noon of that day I found that he had not returned the membership list of the new men's club of the church, to whom a letter

must be sent out at once on important business.

So I 'phoned his office.

"Hello! Is that you, Bryson? Yes, oh, yes, this is Biel. I want a list of names that ought to be right on top of Mr. Compton's desk. Yes, a church memo. What? Imperial—Company, did you say? Say, Bry., you hold all of them. They are for me. I'll be down right away."

And would you believe it? There were fourteen of them that had arrived by the first two mails, and they contained \$216.45 to be invested in the Imperial Valley Egyptian Cotton Co., Ltd. The next day's mail brought \$986.50. On the seventh day I had heard from 219 persons, and checks and money orders were in my hand for \$9,783.31. I cannot tell you where the one cent came from, but I can both swear and affirm, either way first, that I was nearly dead with fright.

It was very evident that continuous Southern California "brag" about deepest soil and most salubrious climate in the world, and all the Garden of Eden fairy tale that goes along with a considerable amount of basic truth, really had a money value. It was also evident that I was an exceedingly clumsy fish out of water trying to mix the ministry in business.

Helpless? Why, I sat there in Compton's inner office with my eyes glued to the door in fear some one of those confiding investors might just happen to drop in to examine "the works." At night I dreamed of postal inspectors and policemen. Holding all that representation of money so got on my nerve that I never once stopped to consider what I might do for anybody's advantage with my windfall.

Just as I had about decided for the fortieth time to send it all back to the various depositors, and then once more had redetermined that I would at least have the pleasure of putting it in the bank over night, and give my fear-some banker a shock for his timidity over lending me that \$250 on my good looks, the week before, in came Stanley Compton, back from Imperial Val-

ley, and its quest, fagged, dejected and ready to take out his defeat and chagrin on the first confidant he might meet. So I became for him a ministerial punching abg.

"It's all up!" he finally finished. "I cannot raise it. I'm letting go one of the best propositions in my life. See that option? It's cast iron. And Jack Cody, on the quiet, wants the land so badly for some big Egyptian cotton raising scheme that he will gladly come through any time with a hundred thousand for it. But I cannot make a stir."

Then I came to life.

"Stanley," I said, "the Imperial Valley Egyptian Cotton Co., Ltd., will advance you the \$10,000, if you can turn this over in a week and will give them a half of your net for their interest."

"What are you talking about?" Compton sharply inquired by way of reply. "That is the Cody crowd itself, isn't it? I was told in the South that they already had opened offices up here."

"Well, now, the Imperial Valley Egyptian Cotton Co., Ltd., isn't Cody at all," I replied, full of fire in the matter. "The company is right here under my hat. If you will be quick I will do business with you."

"But first of all, Bryson," I continued, directing my words to the won-

dering clerk, "get the landlord's letter to come up here at once and put on this door the company's name. Then tell all who inquire that the president will be back for important business with the investors just as soon as he can conclude a hurried trip to the valley."

"Now, Compton, come with me to the bank while I make a little deposit of some ten thousand dollars. Your fortune is already made as far as I can see."

"You have not only got a pile out of the deal for yourself, but you have a clientele that will stay by you forever when I cut this melon for them on the first, and give them, within ten days of investment, five dollars for every one which they put so blindly into the concern."

"But how about you?" Stanley laughingly replied when I had disclosed to him all the details of the enterprise. "Where do you get off in this matter?"

"Oh, that's so," I meditatively answered, awakened from my subconscious relaxation, being just the minister again, and no longer exposed to the risky Wallingford role.

"Well, I'll tell you," I concluded. "Maybe now the bank will take a chance on loaning me the \$250 on my face."

THERMOPYLAE

Yester the day of it,
This was the way of it:
Molly and me
Met where we couldn't pass—
Heigh-ho! alack! alas!
'Cushla macree!

Met hands and hearts and lips,
Where virgin honey sips
Daylong the bee;
Where, tho' the world stretches wide,
Open on every side,
Pass could not we,
Molly and me,
'Cushla macree.

HARRY COWELL.

Madam

By Stella Walthall

Stella Walthall, a Californian by birth. Graduate of Mills. Studied in Europe. Lived in San Francisco and contributed regularly to various periodicals until time of fire. Written under several names: Stella Walthall, Stella Walthall Belcher, Polly Prim, Mrs. James Patterson. Had stories accepted by the Century Company, Cosmopolitan, Outing, Vogue, Youth's Companion, Argonaut and other periodicals. Author of "God's Way," (Colliers.) One of the stories accepted in the Collier short story contest. Author of "Chiquitita," "Taming a Cub," and other stories.

IT IS a matter of tradition in Trinity County, that wild, picturesque, almost roadless country in the North, that Madam was handsome and gay, and a good comrade. That she was given to garishness in dress and had a loud, hearty voice that would have been unseemly in polished society was of no importance in the early fifties, when Madam was having "her day." What was more to the point with the miners was her unfailing generosity and kindness. Men speak of her even to this day with an accent of respect.

Madam certainly understood men and fairly earned her popularity. She made pies for them when they were homesick; nursed them when they were bruised and broken, and helped make their coffins when that was all they needed. And being young and gay, and unfettered by conventions, she shared in their drunken revels. That was when the Bar was a bustling mining community and hundreds of pioneers washed and rocked for gold.

Being a lone woman among many men she was weaker and stronger than other women of her class, and in proportion paid penalty for her shortcomings like a man, and took her praise and adulation like a very feminine woman.

There are some facts in this story, if we are to believe the testimony of the oldest inhabitant. And some fiction. I, also, refer you to the oldest inhabitant. When Scotty of Hoopa gravely assures me that he helped bury "tha puir woman and her saix children side by side with her puir dead husband," and on the other hand "Chicken Masten" asserts with heat that "the Madam never had chick nor child—never had a husband—only a dawg"—I am constrained to admit that history of the early fifties in Trinity County is a composite.

It is not necessary to dip into Madam's story prior to her advent on the Trinity. Her past as it was told to me may be pure fiction. Facts begin to illuminate the trail when Juan Zapisto bore down on the community with his burro and his Mexican hairless dog.

Madam had just stepped out of the house to gather the late Castillian roses that she had coaxed through a hot summer when Juan and his dog came round the corner. Chihuahua flew at the woman's skirts, capering like a mad thing. Instantly she swung him up in her arms, taking the frantic kisses as a matter of course.

"Where did you get him? Such a darling! See how he loves me al-

ready—the poor, shivery, little beast!"

Don Juan (the miners had promptly tacked on the title) made her a grave, respectful salutation with his big sombrero. His well bred air distinguished him as a gentleman—a romantic, ne'er-do-well sort of gentleman who would not be overfond of work, but would glory in an adventure that would wear him to the bone.

Madam instinctively paid tribute. She smoothed some stray locks that hung around her ears, and under cover of the little dog, pulled the neck of her waist together.

"I am pleased that you like my little dog," said Zapisto. "I brought him all the way from San Diego with me. He is a devoted little creature."

"That is often the way," sighed Madam. "These little dogs will do so much for us, and I'll venture that the miners give him many a sly kick just because he is so little and helpless. "Come into the house, won't you," she added. "I want to give him a bit of venison."

Anything small and helpless appealed to Madam's maternal instinct, and it amused the men to see her motherly solicitude while the little dog ate. Don Juan stood near, politely smiling and listening with evident pleasure to the feminine chatter. A few hours later he strolled away with some provisions under his arm. Madam followed him to the door. She was subdued in manner to suit the manner of the man—trust Madam for that. After he was gone, she stood there a long time, but her eyes followed him until he disappeared in the dense woods beyond the clearing.

She was observed, of course. A dozen men were lounging inside the big room, which was saloon, living-room, store and postoffice. Above was an attic where the men slept, and at one side was a lean-to kitchen with a curtained-off recess for Madam. She must have endured many hardships in that kitchen and seen some sights that would have frozen the blood of a less virile woman, but, history mellowed by age, kindly softens

these facts in Madam's life.

After a few weeks Don Juan was coming daily to the log house, ostensibly to get provisions, and Madam no longer was careless about her dress. She spent hours in patching her worn clothing, and in arranging her hair in a fashionable waterfall. Their friendship ripened like the late peaches—all in a day, and its possibilities was the principal theme of conversation in the camp.

Late in the summer, however, more serious business was afoot than watching a rival. The long-suffering Indians had risen against the whites. Far-seeing men had expected this reckoning day. And it came as they prophesied, with burning and killing. The word of it traveled hot-footed down the trail.

Before the whites had time to see their danger they were cut off from the coast. Fort Humboldt was garrisoned with soldiers, but between the bar on the Trinity and the fort spread a chain of high mountains which made an effectual barrier against a rapid retreat. The trail to the southeast was alive with hostile Indians, and the only other outlet was by the way of New River. Some of the miners had already started in that direction. Most of the men as they passed the log house stopped and tried to persuade Madam to go with them. They had a genuine friendship for this comrade, and wanted to help her, but Madam lingered. She pretended not to believe the reports.

One morning during the excitement Don Juan came to the house with his little dog.

"I want to leave Chihuahua here with you," he said. "Some of us are going across the Trinity on a scouting trip. It's a great chance to see what is going on over there. I'll be back to-night for Chihuahua. Adios, amigamia."

Madam followed him outside the house.

"Juan," she whispered, "don't go—for my sake, don't go. Come with me by the way of New River. The In-

dians are friendly that way. I am afraid something will happen to you over there."

"There is no danger. Nothing could happen to me," protested Juan. "Keep out of danger yourself, querida amiga mia."

Suddenly Madam stretched out her arms to the man. Her coarse, handsome face was convulsed and white.

"But Juan," she pleaded, "I can't let you go. I love you—better than my life. I want you to come with me and have a respectable home somewhere. I am dead tired of this."

The Spaniard took her trembling hands and pressed them to his heart.

"Madam, you do me great honor." He addressed her with all the respect that he would have used to a queen. "To be loved by you is supreme happiness. I love you, querida. You are the flower of my heart. But—" he drew himself up proudly, "ten years ago I was married to the Senorita Carmen Vallejo of San Francisco."

For an unforgettable moment they gazed in one another's eyes. Juan made a movement as if to take her in his arms, but Madam covered her face with her hands, and half blindly made her way into the lean-to.

Later in the day some men rushed in with the news that the Indians had burned the ranch a few miles up the river, and had made threats to burn the house at the Bar and murder every white man in the community.

It was strange to see the matter of fact way in which Madam received the news. She stood calmly by while the men got together the packs which they intended to carry on their backs. They one and all took it for granted that she would go with them. But when they were ready to leave she insisted that there was no danger, and that she would wait until evening.

The men were exasperated at what they called "damned contrariness." Two of them half-dragged her out of the house and tried to force her up the trail. She was struggling furiously to get away when a man came running after them.

"Zapisto was killed just now across the river," he panted. "The devils will catch us if we don't hurry. For God's sake, woman, come along! Don't hold us back!"

Madam's taut muscles suddenly relaxed. For a moment they thought she would faint, but it was only a passing weakness. She pulled herself together, and meekly fell into the step of the man who clutched her arm. Her bent shoulders and drooping head conveyed a poignant sense of woe to the soft-hearted miners. When her feet now and then slipped on the sharp rocks in the trail they reached involuntary aid, and talked of her in hushed whispers among themselves.

As evening came on they made camp in a deserted shack. The owner was ahead on the trail. Madam refused to eat the food they offered her, and sat apart, white and silent, while the men made their plans for the night. One of them tossed her a blanket and went to bed in the corner with his arms for a pillow. A night guard was dispensed with, and most of the men made their beds on the ground outside the shack.

Madam crept under the blanket and made a feint of sleeping. After a while, convinced that none of the men were awake, she stole out of the cabin and ran down the trail that led to the Bar. She never looked back to see if she were followed. Her knowledge of men was sure. She reasoned that when they found that she had really slipped away that they would curse a little and give it up as a thankless job.

The bar was ten miles away. It was too dark to see the trail, but the going was easily down hill, and Madam swung along at a running gait. At a little past midnight she came to the foot of the trail. The log house was dark, and apparently deserted, but a small piercing sound answered her straining ears. Madam fully realized her danger as she paused for a moment at the edge of the clearing to satisfy herself that no other sounds were coming from the house. She

knew it was possible that some of the Indians had broken into the big room and gotten the liquors under the saloon bar, but in that event they would be on the floor in a drunken stupor. The greatest danger lurked in the shadow of the dense woods. There was no time to hesitate. Gathering up her full skirts, Madam ran swiftly to the kitchen door, and pushing it open noiselessly, caught the little hairless dog in her arms.

Several times on the trail she had spoken to the men about the dog. They had laughed at her in derision. The Indians would burn the house and the dog in it, they comforted her. The beast would never have a chance to starve to death. Madam was not an imaginative person, but the vision of Chihuahua gnawing out his vitals was unbearable.

Ominous sounds coming across the clearing roused Madam to immediate action. It was a case now of running for her life. Snatching a blanket from the bed, she wrapped the dog in it, and slipped out of the house and into the nearest brush thicket. For a moment she stood quivering with fear. She knew that the quick ear of the Indians would catch the smallest sound of snapping twigs, and that they would follow that sound with unerring instinct.

She began making her way through the brush, cautiously, with the idea of reaching the spring at the foot of the hill. When at last she felt the moist earth give under her feet, she dropped into the tangle of ferns and undergrowth and tore it away with her free hand till she touched water. Then, plunging her face into it again and again, something of its coolness entered her fevered blood.

She had not taken thought of food or drink since she had heard of Juan's death. The terrible void in her did not clamor for food or drink. Holding Chihuahua close she broke into dry, noiseless sobs. How near and sweet and brief happiness had been! Why should she fear death? Had she not reached the zenith of her life when she

loved a man for himself?

But after all, self-preservation is an animal instinct, and though Madam reasoned, she did not reassure herself. The first yell of the Indians sent a thrill of sickening fear over her. Very soon flecks of blood red light came dancing into her retreat, and the sound of crackling flames made the dog squirm on her arm. She hushed him, and wrapped him closer in the blanket. His warm little body gave a sense of comfort to her quivering nerves. In the hours of waiting for the Indians to finish their work of revenge she fell into a stupor, which was broken by the crash of timber and shouts of drunken revelry.

Madam believed that they would soon leave the smouldering ruins and start in pursuit of the miners. It seemed to her wholly improbable that they would pass the spring, hidden as it was in the undergrowth, but she was also aware that Indians act on instincts peculiar to themselves. She did not comfort herself with any sense of false security. Her ears were strained for every tell tale sound, and when she heard voices coming in her direction she huddled closer to the ground in breathless fear. In those tense moments when the Indians were passing, the strong passion-scarred woman sounded the depths of her sordid life. Incidents that had long since passed out of memory, suddenly stood out before her. Two men that had fought bare-handed to their death for her, she had cared for neither of them—had cast off their memory as easily as a falling leaf. Now she shuddered, and long-delayed shame and regret welled up from the depths of her and made her rock to and fro in miserable penitence.

The guttural voices trailed into the distance, and melted into the roar of the river. The stillness was ominous, and Madam was painfully alert again. Half-formed questions raced through her mind. Why had the Indians come that way? What were they looking for? Where had they gone?

Madam drew a painful breath and

cautiously straightened out her cramped arms and legs. Every muscle ached. And little Chihuahua—she had held him so close—he must be half-smothered. She carefully unwrapped the blanket and let it fall away from him.

The little beast covered her hands with kisses as he struggled to get down. All at once he stiffened in her arms. Madam was looking into blackness, but she knew the dog had seen. With a startled gasp she dropped back on the ground. But Chihuahua knew his duty and broke into the sharp yap of his kind.

Instantly a huge body plunged into the thicket. With a guttural yell, the

grapevines were torn apart and the dull light from the smouldering ruins fell on Madame and the barking dog.

* * * *

A few days later some miners who had come out of hiding found the bodies of Madam Weaver and the little dog at the spring. Madam's scalp was dangling at an Indian's belt.

* * * *

When you motor along the new Trinity highway this coming year or the next year, they will show you the spring where Madam gave up her life for the little dog, and will tell you, perhaps, that my story is mostly fiction. I am not so sure. As Don Juan would have said: Quien sabe. Sabe Dios.

THE DREAM GARDEN

I have a garden whose unknown confines
Lie cradled in the still vale of the night,
Where happy skies were tinged with gold,
And draperies of the wet mist, ghostly white,
Enshroud the last faint vestige of the day.

Where through the silent reaches, pale on pale,
My soul takes flight borne on the Dream-God's wings,
Deep through the caverns where the hours that were
Bloom in the darkness, and the shadow rings
With every song my heart knew in the past.

Ah! Love, the life we knew can never be
Forgotten while those flowers wanly gleam
Or while the voices surge, forever sweet,
Through that deep-shaded garden of my dream
Where all our treasures sanctuary find.

R. R. GREENWOOD.





A party of tourists on their way to see the sights in the Rochester Mining Camp. The automobile is now common in the mining sections of Nevada.

The Making of a Man and a Country

By F. E. Becker

THIS is the story of a new mining country and the man who rose with it. The possibilities of one in large measure made possible the other. Together they constitute a chapter in Western mining history which is now being written in large letters; an epic story of the mineral development of the great West of America, the world's storehouse of precious metals. In it are interwoven the lives of the men who made it possible, who stand above the common level as the visionaries of earlier times and the shrewd-minded men of wealth of to-day.

In no other pursuit or industry which has for its purpose the increase of the world's wealth, are the stirring elements of romance and tragedy so frequently commingled with the rise of whole States and sections as in mining. Perhaps nowhere in the world, with the exception of South Africa, has there been more of the glamour of adventure and sudden riches than in the mineral development of the Rocky Mountains and Alaska, while the inter-mountain country and particularly the forbidding deserts of Nevada have been swept by the maddest rushes of greed-crazed men.

The "Romance of the Anaconda" is a tale of fabulous wealth and of strong men. The Dalys, the Clarks and the Ryans are the names written in this history which has yet to reach its climax, seemingly destined to find its greatest glory in the Andean ramparts of South America.

The "Glory of the Comstock" and the "Gold Rush of California" held the stage for their allotted time, casting up from the frenzied whirl the strong swimmers who have been the financial

leaders of the last half century and laying the foundations of the fortunes that made the rich West of to-day.

"The Glitter of Cripple Creek" and the "Rise of the Porphyries," as typified by Bingham, are absorbing stories in themselves, bringing into the limelight the Strattons, the Bradys and the Jacklings; making empires of states and furnishing labor, happiness and wealth to countless masses.

Tonopah and Goldfield, with which the name of George Wingfield will be forever linked, are rather in a class by themselves. They came out of the desert much as though the fabled end of the rainbow had been found. They drew men across miles of waste, they milled in a maelstrom of stolid endeavor, which drew as if by magic the golden millions won in other camps, and even from the hard-fisted sons of the soil way back to the rock-bound coasts of Maine. It has been said at the time that Goldfield dragged many millions of dollars from contributing purses which were swallowed up in the capacious maw of speculation. The fact remains that the treasure ledges of Goldfield have made good in double measure, and are still pouring forth their golden stream, while Tonopah sits like a queen of the hills, dispensing her gold and silver largess into the hands of those who are willing to pay her tribute.

Except in one or two spectacular rushes, modesty has usually marked the progress of northern Nevada. She saw the building of camps over night. She saw the swarming of the horde, composed in great part by the parasites of society, unorganized society in its first analysis, brought to riotous seeming of prosperity by the careless



Prospectors on their way to the mines.

disregard of money of those who never earned but were always able to spend. They breed in the rich spots of the great human body; they swarm again wherever untoward fatness manifests itself. In any event, their presence is indissolubly mixed with the origin of every mining camp, great or bad, and will doubtless be until the end of time.

Following the golden days of the Comstock, of Eureka, Aurora, Tuscarora, there was a long hiatus. The sage brush wastes of Nevada and the purple canyons laid seemingly secure from the onslaughts of human endeavor. The Humboldt range, with its great Queen of Sheba, De Soto and Humboldt Queen mines, had already laid the foundation of the Hearst fortunes.

It is merely a whimsical stretch of the imagination to hear those silver lodes of the long ago talking through the Hearst pages to-day. Little did the old-timers dream, as they prodded their oxen to brackish water holes with creaking loads of ore, that the stuff they carried would some day be shaping national destiny in screaming headline. Yet so surely as the western sun passes on to glory will the sons of men press forward. The day is at hand when these phantom peaks of the desert must unburden themselves in full measure to salve the wounds of Europe's awful tragedy. This is the new country—it must bear the mistakes of the old. From the womb of these mountains will be born new strength to be used for weal or woe.

The Humboldts are of northern Ne-



*A strip of sagebrush plain looking towards the snow-capped
Sierra Nevada Mountains.*

vada and of Humboldt County, with which this story is chiefly concerned. They were touched lightly in the old days through mere love of wealth. The Comstock was called upon in time of national stress to repair the waste of the Civil War. Nevada, as the Battle Born State, responded nobly. It seems as though she must again come forward to minister against the havoc of world hatred. She will respond readily, this time dipping a generous hand into the coffers of her northern provinces, where in the Humboldts and the mountains of the Seven Troughs ranges lies wealth uncounted.

And thus we come to the new country and the men who are making it.

Seven Troughs was born as an aftermath of the Goldfield rush. It came as one of that epidemic of early 1907 which approximates the appear-

ance of Bullfrog, Searchlight, Rawhide and others of those lurid flushes on the face of the Nevada desert which marked the sporadic efforts of the boomers to continue the glory of the Goldfield days. At that time, every one lived on a self-starting basis ready to kick dust for new fields on any pretext. The whispered word in a dance hall became a barking roar of motors at sunrise, the pearly-pink of the malapai dawn being oft obscured by the fog of disappearing cars, streaking across the desert to some new and assured El Dorado.

Seven Troughs was farther north than most of them, and it had an unusual name. Therefore it was most desirable. It came by its name honestly enough, for there were only seven troughs in that particular canyon where the cattle came to drink.



Staking a horse on the plains for a breathing spell.

Being a considerable distance away, it must be good, and the argonauts flocked there by the thousands, bringing with them the emblems of their office, which included a pick, a compass, a blow-pipe, a faro table and a saloon license. With them came L. A. Friedman, who had been flirting with the mining buzz-saw down around Goldfield and Fairview, and whose chief claim to distinction up to that time was the fact that he had been the youngest mayor in captivity. It occurred in Dyersville, Iowa, when he was about 22. He has been trying to live it down ever since.

Something happened just about that time which made a profound effect upon the subsequent development of Humboldt County, insensibly fashioning the career of Mr. Friedman, who, too busy to pose as a captain of industry, has nevertheless been a controlling factor in the destinies of Seven Troughs and Rochester, the latter being thus far his greatest achievement.

The thing to which we refer was the failure of outside support. It hap-

pened when Seven Troughs was at its high tide of imagined prosperity, and just between the time when the victims of the Goldfield "wild-catters" had quit investing with disgust, and before the Goldfield mines began to make good on their own account. Some will say that the financial panic in Wall street that year tightened money everywhere. To a large extent it did, but the loud wail of anguish emitted by the honest sons of toil from Michigan's "coral strand" to Florida's "snowy mountains," gave the mining industry in the west a setback from which it has not completely recovered to this day. The terrible toll of wild-cat stock selling in its demoralization of mining development throughout the west during succeeding years can never be calculated.

It is an outstanding feature of the development of Northern Nevada that most of the mines have paid their own way. They were opened by the labor and money of those actually concerned in their ownership and management. If their discoverers over-played their



A prospector's camp.

judgment, they themselves were the losers. There have been no wild promotions, no "wild-catting," no stock jobbing. The mines have forged steadily forward under the patient, consistent effort of the men directly concerned, their progress unattended by the clamorous publicity enjoyed by the more spectacular camps which "eagerly" allowed the great American public to get in on the good things, and which were far more concerned in organizing corporations with ready-selling stock than in showing up paying properties.

The fever of Goldfield was still on, and the generally accepted theory that anything that looked like a mine could be sold to credulous investors still obtained.

Friedman had made a little money in his peregrinations in Southern Nevada, and with his ear close to the ground had grub-staked certain trusty individuals for the new Camp of Seven Troughs. At that time he was probably inoculated by the same virus which meant that if you struck something that looked good, there was always a large, confiding public to sell it to. We say that he may have had

it at that time, but he got sadly over it later when it came to a question of putting up all his worldly goods to bolster a property he believed in but which brought him no converts.

Those were probably the last days of the real stampeding regime, with the exception of Rochester, that have been experienced in the West.

There was a peripatetic population in Nevada at that time that has never been equaled since. Prospectors were busy in all the hills, lured on by the famous days of Goldfield, where fortunes were made and lost in a day. Prospecting, however, is just the first blush of the mining game as they knew it then. That simply gave the rest of the great floating folk an excuse for being. At the first report of a find they could pull stakes and "beat it" to the new spot.

They flocked into Seven Troughs by the thousands which, by fortunate coincidence, brought forward from the grass roots some of the richest gold ore that has ever been found. The new-comers hailed the camp with delight. It was a canyon in forbidding mountains. It carried rich gold showings. It held all the elements that



Bird's-eye view of Rochester Mining Camp, Rochester, Nevada

would mark another chance to let in the big outside world on a new El Dorado.

At that time the town of Lovelock on the railroad, about thirty miles from Seven Troughs, was an unpretentious farming village set in the heart of the rich Lovelock Valley, which has since become famous for its alfalfa that fattens cattle for San Franciscans. By grace of good fortune, Lovelock happens to sit on a potential point, the center of a great mineral circle which includes the Seven Troughs, the Humboldts, the Trinities, the Muttieberrys, the Silver and the East ranges. In fact, Lovelock seems destined to become the distributing metropolis for a great portion of Northern Nevada through the gateway of the Black Rock desert. That is all virgin country. It will reckon heavily later on.

The advancing stampeders descended upon Lovelock and vitalized it.

Lovelock, however, was only the first stopping place. Seven Troughs

was the goal, Lovelock merely the gateway.

Seven Troughs had its year of feverish activity. Prospectors and leasers broke the surface rock for three and four miles along the ore zone, while the narrow canyon rang and jingled to the noises of mining camp life with tin pianos as the prevailing note. At the same time many claims were grouped in corporations designed to tempt the outside public through stock speculations, and thus revive the golden harvest, in stock selling, as practiced in former camps.

It was then that the reaction already referred to came about. Fortunately, this "lamb" chasing brought no results in coin. So realizing that the camp was up against the rigid proposition of developing its own mines with drill and powder instead of paper, the boomers began to drift away in 1908, relegating Seven Troughs, supposedly, to one of the "has-beens" of Nevada. How greatly they were mistaken is shown by the



NENZEL HILL
ROCHESTER MINES CO.
ROCHESTER NEV.
F. P. DAVIS, Proprietor

and Nenzel Hill, the ground occupied by the Rochester Mining Company

—From a recent panoramic photograph.

fact that Seven Troughs to-day possesses one of the greatest gold mines ever opened in the West, while the deep work being done in the Coalition is daily furnishing increasing evidence that the Seven Troughs hills may eventually open one of the great gold lodes of the world.

Friedman came into the camp in the spring of 1906. Through his representatives he had acquired some interests, but it was not until the Mazuma Hills, the Therien and the Kindergarten ground began to show evidences of the possibilities of the region that the Seven Troughs Coalition was formed at his instance, September, 1908. The two latter properties with some adjoining ground were included in this combination, destined through succeeding years to become the leading property of the camp and the well-known Coalition of to-day. Mazuma Hills, just across the canyon, and conceded by geologists to be part of the Coalition vein system, produced a quarter of a million. Those miners

who drifted in the early days of the camp are coming back because they can see that "any one should have known that the Seven Troughs ore-bodies would get better at depth."

The story of Coalition is a romance in itself. Friedman directed the attack and the mine paid until along about the 1100 level, when one day they ran out of ore. A fault had cut the ore.

To match this misfortune, the sky lowered one hot afternoon around the head of Seven Troughs canyon and a cloudburst broke against the peaks.

In the twinkling of an eye ten lives were wiped out, a great portion of the town of Seven Troughs, and all of Mazuma at the mouth of the canyon were carried away. With the flood went the cyanide plant of the Coalition mill, carrying some \$80,000 in precipitates. Aside from the loss of life and the individual property destruction, Seven Troughs Coalition was set back a round \$100,000 in bullion and mill equipment, to say nothing of having

lost the vein.

In that dark and forbidding situation the courage, resourcefulness and ability of Northern Nevada's new mining king made good. Others had placed confidence in him by investing money in his projects. He was determined that they should not lose if it took the accumulation of years to justify his judgment.

Seven Troughs was prone during this depressing period and the succeeding months were trying ones. The camp would in all probability have passed into peaceful oblivion but for the steadfast purpose of the head of the Coalition Company, who sacrificed every available resource that he had to prove that Coalition was really a mine.

His bank in Lovelock, his extensive ranch property of Idaho and elsewhere—every collateral that he could lay his hands upon—furnished money in the search for the faulted vein. It was a battle practically single-handed, because confidence in Western mining ventures was then at lowest ebb, and financiers ridiculed the optimist who wished to pour more money into a hole in the ground.

Somehow the men were kept at work driving the long drifts and crosscuts that mark the underground workings of the Coalition, and one day in the summer of 1914, after nearly two years of uncertain and discouraging exploration, the inspiring announcement was made that Coalition had picked up the fault and the miners were again in the ore.

The find proved to be the old vein, bigger and better than before. Renewed faith lent new enthusiasm to the development, and gradually it became noised abroad that Seven Troughs had come back. The few faithful business men and residents who had either been compelled to "stick," or who had cast their interests with Friedman's judgment, threw out old accounts and wiped the slate clean for the promising new era.

A detailed description of the Coalition mine is not necessary. Suffice it

to say that as a producer of precious metals it has proved consistent. In addition, the geological sheets of every month's development point almost conclusively to the fact that greater depths of the Seven Troughs lode will prove it one of the bonanzas of Western history.

Within a short time from the resumption of active production the mine began turning out gold bullion at the rate of \$1,000 a day, which was the normal rate for over a year, lasting well into the fall of 1915. Deeper levels revealed greater deposits of high grade ore, and the summer of 1915 was enlivened by reports of gradually increasing output running up to \$2,000 a day, showing a banner month in October with a splendid total of nearly \$70,000. In 1915 the mine produced \$416,084.37 from 4,509 tons of ore, being an average of about \$93 a ton, and a record average of any mine in the West. Ten thousand dollar assays cause no excitement in the Coalition. In 1915 the company paid \$180,378.35 in dividends, or a total of dividends in 13 months of \$216,492.91.

This story, however, is not to deal with mere statistical tables because there are more interesting things to consider, chief of which is the expert geological opinion concerning the future of the Coalition mine and the Seven Troughs lode.

Men of ability and repute are drawing a close analogy between Seven Troughs and the Comstock lode, taking the showings in the former, now open to the 1600 level. They declare that the physical conditions and the mineral constituents of the ore are almost identical, as well as the never-failing ratio between the gold and silver content. They declare that the showings along the 1500-foot level, with a gradual increase in size and richness of ore bodies toward the 1600, draw a most exciting parallel to the conditions at Virginia City between the 800 and the 1200-foot levels, when the great bonanzas were opened, electrifying the mining world, brought the Floods and the Fairs into

the limelight, and made San Francisco a city of many millionaires.

In the dark days of the Coalition, and while the little town of Seven Troughs was clinging desperately to the canyon against the sharp winds of adversity, a noise began to emanate from another canyon across the Humboldt River, some forty miles away among the high peaks of the Humboldts; the first clarion call from Rochester came in December, 1912.

Newspaper articles were published throughout Nevada, and even in New York, telling of a massive silver outcropping along the crest of Rochester Hill which was so rich that miners could break rocks off the frowning ramparts and ship them away to the smelter, sure of a good return. It made good copy in the newspapers, and it was true in many respects. Some mining was actually done directly off of the outcropping veins, which in many places stuck up like the ruins of abandoned castles, and it is a fact that the first shipment from the camp was in the form of the "float" rock weathered by the ages from these same battlements.

Again there was one of those hair-raising stampedes, the latest of any consequence that Nevada has witnessed. The new camp was but 25 miles northeast of Lovelock, which for a second time came in for stampede activity, more sedately accepted by reason of the dignity of new business blocks and buildings. Automobile traffic took a tremendous jump from a few leisurely cars to scurrying dozens, rushing out across the country each day in billows of dust, carrying limit loads of eager visitors to the new camp, which was promised as the very latest sensation in gigantic silver deposits. It is fair to remark here that Rochester has never gone back on those early prognostications. Instead, she has opened up her great ore bodies to great depth, and has proven that gold will become a most important element in the ore.

Within three months, in spite of the winter snows, there were three thou-

sand people in Rochester Canyon, where there had been no man before. Tents lined the canyon for two miles, constituting the towns of Upper and Lower Rochester with one long, main street, alive with varied activities.

The Rochester Mines Company leads off in production from the claims crowning the great buttresses of the out-cropping veins where leasers blasted and thundered, frequently loosing great boulders that bounded down the mountain side.

Rochester lived through the early vicissitudes of litigation and incompetent "engineers." The latter came in large numbers from all over the great United States, duly gave their opinion that the veins could not go down, and then went on their way. There are many practical miners throughout the West who like to have the "engineers" condemn a camp before they start to work.

Harassed by the strenuous difficulty of keeping Coalition afloat, Mr. Friedman was unable to take a leading part in the early manifestations of the Rochester boom. Perhaps he waited for the camp to make good its earliest promises—suffice it to say that it was not until late in 1914 that his hand became evident in the shaping of the destinies of the camp. Since then his ability for business management and his personality have been the guiding spirits, pushing the company clear of all entanglements, and placing it on an earning basis, while developing what is now classed among the great silver mines of Nevada.

It is permissible for a moment to refer to figures just to show the great things accomplished by Rochester Mines in three years, the later and important part of the regime being under the direction of Mr. Friedman.

The property has produced considerably over one million dollars, and will, it is calculated, produce more than half a million dollars this year. The company has built a mill with a capacity of one hundred and fifty tons, and the mine has financed an ore-carrying road into Rochester Canyon.

Over 20,000 feet of underground work has been done, including the Friedman Tunnel, 1,500 ft. in length, which taps Rochester Hill, proving the veins to a known depth of 1200 feet. Incidentally, a great silver and gold bearing fissure has been opened from the 700-foot point on the dip, indicating that the East vein of the Rochester Mines Company is twenty feet wide from that point to the surface, carrying ore ranging from \$15 to \$40 a ton. The company has several hundred thousand tons of ore blocked out—enough to keep the mill running several years, even if the capacity is doubled, as now planned. Thinking men capable of forming just mining estimates have recently declared that the property opened up by the Rochester Mines Company already intrinsically warrants a doubling and even a trip-

ling of the capitalization of \$2,250,000.

Northern Nevada, including Humboldt County, is just coming into its own as a remarkable mineral treasure region. With strange persistency, the story of the rise is inseparably linked with the Friedman personality, which stands for vigorous, open-handed aggressiveness and indomitable courage which will not admit defeat. Like all men of larger mould he has the wider vision which sees no goal short of making northern Nevada a great center of mining activity. His sudden rise from modest circumstances to the millionaire class, more through persistent effort than fortuitous circumstance, points the convincing and heartening moral that the West is still the golden land of opportunity.

DARE YOU FORGET?

Dare you forget the hours of old,
Where Happy skies were tinged with gold,
And all the days from morn to night
Were fraught with ardent Love's delight,
For time was sweet and youth was bold?

Whate'er the future dared withhold,
We saw glad landscapes far outrolled,
Agleam with visions fair and bright;
Dare you forget?

Whate'er mute years may yet unfold,
The past was true when love was told:
But if the dream should take its flight,
And youthful transport suffer blight,
If hope should fade and Love grow cold,
Dare you forget?

CLARENCE H. URNER.



The Free Lance

By Jessie Louise Goerner

AT SUNRISE, the inhabitants of a little mountain town were aroused by the reports of guns and the explosion of powder in the adjoining diggin's. The echoes resounded, a few dogs barked—then silence. The day of the County Fair was ushered in with proper ceremony.

A few minutes later, familiar sounds issued from the houses: the opening and shutting of doors, and the barking of affectionate dogs greeting their masters; then the monotonous drone of the pump, the splash of water, and the echo of retreating footsteps. Thin, perpendicular columns of blue smoke foretold of early breakfasts. Later, the clang of heavy iron doors announced that the stores were open for business; although a holiday, the storekeepers remained open for the extra trade that was sure to come with the visitors who gathered there every year for the celebration. Sounds of life stirred the quiet of the hotel, and awoke the sleepers.

Through the open windows of a certain room came these words, uttered in a deep, gruff voice:

"Your luck—try it. Once a year, once only, comes the County Fair. Try your luck—prove it at the r-ring game!"

"Goodness!" exclaimed drowsy June. "I thought you said that this was a quiet place! First, the noise of those reports. Now, that man opposite spieeling for his r-ring game. 'The Fair comes but once a year,'" she mimicked the voice. "I wish he would keep quiet for a while."

"Listen to that!" laughed Helen.

The same voice continued: "When I was a boy in Denver, Colorado"—

but the rest of the sentence was drowned out by other men's voices demanding that he keep quiet, as the hotel guests desired to sleep.

June Layton surprised her friend by springing out of bed.

"Come, Helen, get up," and she attempted to pull the coverings from the bed.

"What's the matter? I thought you wished to sleep!"

"I did, until I recalled where I am! My first morning in the mountains! How I have longed for them: and now I have them, I shall not waste a moment of my visit. For two years you have told me about the romance of this old town. Now I want to see it."

"Romance! A lot you will find here now," Helen Garwood replied scornfully.

"There must be some fragments left. Think of the men who have lived here since the rush of the early days—even you have told me tales of those early days. That reminds me, I want to see the old hall that was built in the fifties. Is it true that the original owners still live there?"

"Yes, the Johnstons still live there. We'll stop on our way back from the ball game."

They hurried dressing, for June declared that she did not want to miss anything. After breakfast the hotel porch was crowded with people from the surrounding towns, who arrived early for the celebration. Helen greeted some people and introduced June.

They started early for the ball grounds, which was really no more than a cleared level meadow. They found a shady spot and sat down.

Around the field, under the trees, the available places were crowded with spectators. The home team stood arguing, but let out a shout of welcome as the opposing team arrived and dismounted from a nondescript four-seated carryall. After greeting their friends who gathered about the vehicle, they took their places in the field, and the game started.

June forgot the people there and the companion at her side, for she was lost in admiration of the scene about her. At her feet spread a carpet of pine needles; below, the mahogany-limbed manzanitas rose in clumps, and beyond her the tall pines grew together so dense that only a few truant sunbeams danced their way into their midst.

Their delicious fragrance filled the air. In vain she listened to hear the wind sigh and perhaps moan in the branches. She drank in the scene before her like one long thirsty, for the moments were lost in the joy of the realization of dreams come true.

All too soon Helen's voice aroused her, telling her it was time to start. They walked briskly along the path that led through the pines and to the road. Sometime later, Helen pointed down the road to a large wooden building with tall cottonwood sentinels before it.

"There is the Johnston's place," she announced.

"We'll stop for a few moments and rest. Mrs. Johnston is always pleased to meet newcomers. Mayhap she may recall a romance for you."

They left the road. At this point a rude pedestrian path began and hugged the fences of the scattered cottages. Before the "Hall," as the Johnston's place was called, a board walk extended from the house to the cottonwoods, and over this a sloping roof gave the effect of a porch. Between the trees, boards had been nailed for seats. The doors of the living room opened out onto this porch, and a few chairs obstructed the way.

They entered a passage that led to the hall. Half-way down, a few steps

indicated the entrance to the Johnston's home, which was really the front part of the building. Helen found the long living room deserted, and returned to her companion, who had lingered in the passage. Arm in arm, they continued to the hall. They entered and looked about.

The rusticity of the Hall spoke of early mining days, when great prosperity prevailed and many unpretentious buildings sprang up over night, only to be deserted later when the hydraulic mines ceased their operations, and the gold seekers flocked elsewhere. This building had been built in the "good times" of '65, when it filled the threefold function of Court House, Dance Hall and Opera House. The builder, a rude carpenter, had constructed the house according to his own peculiar ideas and frontier fashion. At the right end of the old Hall a stage had been erected with its accompanying dressing rooms. Above the proscenium arch, a decorative painting, embossed with the owner's name in large letters, still retained its bright coloring. On the opposite side a hanging balcony, suspended on iron brackets and recently strengthened with iron braces, faced the stage. Two alcoves in the center of the other two walls contained stoves which provided heat during the cold weather. A row of chairs had been placed around the walls and a great pile of pine boughs hastily dropped upon the floor.

Mrs. Johnston called from the balcony: "Girls, come up here!"

Helen, who was familiar with the place, re-entered the passage, and, a few paces up the incline, opened a small door and ran up the narrow stairs.

Mrs. Johnston sat there, surrounded by her daughters. Heaped in their laps were rolls of crepe paper which they had been cutting into narrow strips to be used later for decorating the hall. They greeted Helen cordially, and, after June had been introduced, proposed returning to the parlor. Mrs. Johnston opened a door back of her. They descended three

steps and found themselves in the long living room.

It was in the parlor that June selected the least uncomfortable chair, sank into it, and listened to Helen's account of the game. The family had remained at home to prepare the midnight supper which they always furnished when they rented the hall for dances; for this building was the only heritage the miner had left his family and the income from it supplied the family needs.

Helen had hardly finished before a loud knock was heard. The oldest daughter returned, accompanied by a tall, blonde young man.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnston, in genuine surprise: "I'm glad to see you, Grant. Come in."

She offered her hand, which the newcomer shook cordially.

"Helen, you know Grant Carey. This is Helen's friend, Miss Layton. Every one about here knows Grant Carey."

They acknowledged the introduction.

"I called to see if my aunt was here," began Grant Carey.

"Up at the ball game," Mrs. Johnston informed him. "She ought to be back any minute now. Wait for her; she's sure to drop in."

He found a chair near June.

"Why didn't you go to the game, Grant?" inquired the hostess.

"Just arrived," he announced.

June looked surprised. "How do you explain your timely arrival, Mr. Carey? Common folks arrive at midnight; perhaps you have a fairy god-mother."

"Perhaps I have, Miss Layton. Some mortals are even favored by the gods nowadays. There is nothing remarkable about it. I didn't come in an aeroplane or on my trusty steed. It was rather plebeian, I must confess: I came in a caboose of an East-bound freight train."

"Indeed," laughed June; "however unromantic your conveyance, it certainly got you here in good time."

"Is this your first visit to these

mountains?" he inquired.

"Yes; to these mountains. Of course, I have been to the Santa Cruz mountains, but they are as hills compared with these ranges. These are wonderful!" She paused and glanced toward Helen, who was talking with the old lady. Then she resumed:

"It was dusk when the train began the ascent and midnight when we arrived. The first glimpse of this town will remain always fresh in my memory. I must confess that the ride from the station was a little terrifying—the roads were so rough. Several times I expected the strange vehicle to turn us into the dust. However, the wild ride hardly prepared us for the sight that met our eyes. Such a picturesque street I had never seen, bordered by tall poplars and shimmering cotton-woods. I thought I had stepped into fairy land as I walked on the sawdust covered road. The moon shone brightly and made the electric lights, which were strung across the road look like so many fireflies."

"It is like that each year," he began; but Mrs. Johnston interposed.

"Seems to me, Grant, it's about time for you to settle down in your bungalow. It's three years now since your uncle died. Have you found any girl that suits you?"

"No, not yet," Grant's laugh rang loud. "I'm still a free lance."

At this moment voices were heard in the living room. "Grant here!" exclaimed a woman's voice, incredulously; "how did he get here?"

Greatly astonished, Mrs. Carey hurried into the parlor to greet her nephew.

Formalities over, the conversation became general. Helen rose to go and glanced toward June, who was deep in conversation with Grant Carey.

"We must hurry, June, or we shall be late for luncheon."

Reluctantly, she rose. Mrs. Johnston cautioned them "not to be strangers" during their visit.

As they turned down the shaded street, Grant Carey joined them.

"I hope you don't think that I have a nerve to join you," he apologized. "I'm here for a couple of days, and can't afford to lose a moment. I want to beg the pleasure of your company to-night—that is, if you haven't already made your plans for the dance."

His audacity was irresistible. Somehow, June was not offended. She hesitated a moment, but a glance at Helen reassured her.

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Carey. Of course, I shall be glad to go with you."

They were at the hotel. A loud bell announced that luncheon was ready. Helen had gone in and June started to follow.

"Just a moment, Miss Layton: I want you and Miss Garwood to share a cool spot that I have selected to view the main feature of the celebration. Now, don't say no—please don't. I have my heart set upon it."

She was about to make an excuse, but the look in his eyes arrested her. She hesitated.

"You will!" he answered for her.

A short time later, Grant led June to a bench under a shady tree which afforded them an unobstructed view of the road. Helen had excused herself and gone off with some of her friends. Grant entertained his companion with stories of the early days when the mines were operating and the village had been a thriving town with a charter, and the houses had reached beyond the diggings. Even the ground upon which the remaining houses stood was rich in ore and could be reached easily by tunnels, but he declared the owners lacked the necessary funds to start the work. He spoke of his frequent trip to the village, usually to send supplies to a camp which he maintained down at the mine. He did not say that he owned the mine, and June wondered what interest he had in it.

* * * *

When they entered the Hall that night, the dancing had started, but neither June nor Helen lacked partners—special favors were always bestowed on newcomers. They found

seats under the balcony, and were besieged for dances. Grant held out his arm, and claimed June for a waltz.

"I hope you won't think me presumptuous, Miss Layton," he said, "but I want every third dance. Programs are unknown here, so each man must speak for himself. Don't refuse me," he begged.

"If you persuade me properly, I might consent."

So they danced many times that night. The magnetism of her nearness overwhelmed him: a great desire filled his heart; he wanted to clasp her to him and take her away into the stillness of the night—to the river and to the bungalow that overlooked it. Then he paused and wondered if he was really falling in love with this girl whom he had met only a few hours before. Surely it was longer than that; it seemed as if he had known her always. It was with a pang in his heart that he recalled that he would not see her again after this night. The more he thought about it—he could not help doing so—the less he relished the idea. It was during another waltz that the breeze from the open window unloosed a lock of June's dark hair, and touched his cheek; a thrill went through him. She tried to replace the lock; their hands touched, and her dark eyes met his in a long look. He had found a kindred soul. Contented with her nearness, he did not speak a word; she likewise was silent.

The dance ended. They were at the door. Silently, as she took his arm, he led her out into the night. Under the cottonwoods they found a bench and seated themselves. Staring before him in introspection, he spoke softly:

"Once upon a time, an eccentric old man made a will, leaving a fortune to his favorite nephew. There was an odd condition attached to the bequest. It was that he marry and live six months of each year in a bungalow which he had built upon his mining property overlooking the American River. No time was set to fulfill this obligation. In the meantime the nephew managed the mine, which is

still operating. It is three years now, and the nephew has not married. He has never met a girl whom he could ask to share the ridiculous conditions of that will. Possessing a rather romantic nature himself, and loving the solitude of the mountains, he hesitated to share his retreat with an uncongenial mate.

"But there came a moment in his life when he caught a glimpse of something he had been seeking, a wonderful white flower which grew on the edge of the precipice. He was afraid

to go a step farther, for fear that he could not get the flower, but would slip in the abyss below." He paused, and took her hand.

"June, you are the girl I want. Give me a chance to prove that I am in earnest. Let me earn your friendship, and your love, and when I have earned both, be my wife. Tell me, little girl, shall I go or stay?"

He held out his arms. With burning cheeks and palpitating heart, she lifted her dark eyes, and his strong arms closed about her.

THE VOICE OF RACHEL WEeping

(Belgium, 1915)

Beloved, little beloved, where shall I find you?

Not at the ends of the earth, in the depths of the sea,
On the winds, in the stars, in the desolate spaces of heaven.

Yesterday mine, to-day you have ceased to be!

The kings of the earth and the rulers take counsel together,

But your voice and your eyes that looked love to my eyes
are gone.

Fire and rapine and sword are flaming around me,

They have ravished my child from my life, and my life
goes on.

Beloved, little beloved, where shall I find you?

I gave you your shape and your smile and your innocent
breath,

And the travail of birth that I knew was as naught to the
rending

Of my body and spirit and soul in this travail of death.

All religions forsake, and philosophies fail me,

Dark as the primal mother I stand alone.

One wild question cries in my night and the answer

Comes not—His sky is silent, His earth a stone.

God of our fathers—speak, reveal, enlighten!

Lo, with despair my soul grows wan and wild!

Yet, O God, hear me not, heed me not, count me as nothing—

Only let it be well with her, my child!

BEATRICE CREGAN.

The Only Way to Lasting Peace

(From a British Point of View)

By A. Shadwell

THE YEAR 1915 drew towards its peace. Seasonable in the close in a babble of talk about ventional Christmas sense, but futile in fact. It is all in the enemy's interest, started by German agents, in spite of the Chancellor's denial in the Reichstag, and carried on by German catspaws, conscious or unconscious. But it will serve a useful purpose if it leads people to think and form for themselves a clearer conception of the problem. There is no inclination here in any quarter that matters to entertain proposals for peace at the present juncture, but the refusal is rather instinctive or impulsive than thought out. It arises from a feeling that this is the wrong time for bargaining, not from a reasoned comprehension of what is implied by bargaining at all, and it is an insufficient protection against specious arguments and confused thinking. We need a clearer view of the position to guide our counsels and determine our action.

The first point to grasp is that there is only one will among the Central Powers, and that is Germany's. It is not wholly independent of the others, and may have to accommodate itself to theirs in this or that particular; but it is so predominant that in large affairs it is the only one that counts. It was predominant before the war and has become more and more so as the war has proceeded. It is Germany with whom we have to deal. This is recognized in a general way. Indeed, in this country we hardly feel conscious of any other enemy, and it is the same in France. For Russia and Serbia, too, the enemy, who was Austria, has during the last six months become Germany. As time goes on it becomes ever clearer that but for Germany there would have been no war

at all, and but for her it might be ended now by negotiation or reference to an international court. What is implied by this, however, is less clearly perceived.

The war cannot be ended by negotiation or compromise, because no treaty of peace concluded with Germany would be worth the paper it is written on. A nominal agreement might conceivably be reached which would permit a cessation of hostilities; but not a single nation would have the smallest faith in it, and every one would immediately prepare for a renewal of war. I do not mean only those which are now fighting, but neutral countries, too. None of them trusts Germany now. Those nearest to her are armed to the teeth and anxiously watching their frontiers day and night, because they know that their neutrality would be violated to-morrow if the Germans thought they could violate it with advantage. A neutral observer, who has recently studied the feeling in Switzerland, says that even the German-Swiss, who are sympathetic to Germany, do not trust her (*The Times*, December 17.) When a man of business repudiates his obligations nobody trusts him again; his credit is gone. Germany is in that position, and much worse. She is like a man who has not only dishonored his own signature but justifies that conduct on principle. How can any one trust him? With the best will in the world it is impossible. The other nations might try to believe in Germany's good faith, but they could not. Her own allies could not. They do not now. They try, but they have no confidence; only hopes alternating with fears.

Eager pacifists ignore this cardinal factor in the problem. They shut

their eyes to the conduct of Germany and to the maxims laid down to justify it, that might is right and that necessity—which means the interests of Germany—overrides all rules and obligations. Consequently they do not see—or affect not to see—that the peace they desire could only stereotype the evils they deplore. It would make militarism the universal rule and impose the necessity of constant and perfect preparation for war, because any weakness on the part of Powers who possess anything that Germany wants in her present frame of mind would be her opportunity for the renewal of war. The past proves that she would be at no loss for pretexts, and the only security for peace would be a bristling front. The competition in armaments would be intensified and would demand far more of the national energies than ever before. Compulsory military service would be inevitable. If it be argued that this might be averted by the terms of the treaty of peace, in which some measure of disarmament might be one of the conditions, the answer is that reliance on any such provision assumes confidence in Germany's good faith. It is the old fallacy again. Guarantees would be worthless; the German preparations would be made in secret, and Powers who carried out the bargain would be the victims of a confidence trick. There is no escape from the position taken up by Germany, no third course between surrender and fighting it out. Nobody will hear of surrender—not even the pacifists—but the danger is that it may be so wrapped up as to look like something else. That is, indeed, what the Germans are seeking and the pacifists are helping them to secure. What we have to realize here is that the Germans have not abated a jot of their ultimate aims, but rather the contrary. The original purpose was to proceed by steps on the traditional plan; to knock out France, hold Russia in, consolidate the Central Powers under German hegemony, extend the bloc north and south, gain new naval bases, so as to command

the North Sea, the Channel, and the Mediterranean, while pushing east by land, with the aid of Turkey, towards Persia and Egypt. All this was preparatory to the final step, which was seizure of the command of the sea and the subjection of Great Britain. Our entry into the war spoiled it right off at the start; but it was too late for Germany to withdraw then, and the attempt was made to take the whole programme in one.

The first item was to take Paris and crush France. Sweeping through Belgium did not count as an item. It was taken as a mere preliminary and a matter of course; but the calculation went wrong at Liege and the error altered the whole course of the war. The man who beat the Germans was General Leman. The advance on Paris failed, and six weeks after the beginning of the war the first peace kites were sent up by Germany. People have perhaps forgotten it, but the suggestion was put about that the war should be declared off and called a draw. The object was obvious. It was to retreat for another spring under more favorable conditions. The bait was not taken, and ever since then the aim of Germany's higher policy has been to bring this war to an end with as little loss and as much advantage in hand as possible, in order to prepare for the next. In this connection, confirmation may be drawn from Friedrich Naumann's book, "Mitteleuropa," which is attracting great attention in Germany. It was summarized in *The Times* of December 6. The book deals with future German policy on the Continent, but the point is the writer's admission that German opinion was prepared for war with France, with Russia, and with England, but not for war with all three at once. That unfortunate occurrence upset the plans and caused them to be reconstructed, but not abandoned. The immediate aim is first to secure peace and then build up a stronger Central Empire by inducing or forcing Austria formally to enter the German Economic League. Belgium would be included and Hol-

land could hardly keep out. Every inducement would be offered to the Dutch to come in, and if that failed, pressure could easily be applied to compel them. The Balkan States would be helpless, and whatever form their relations might take they would actually be appendages of the new Mitteleuropa. Thus the scheme of German hegemony from the North Sea to the Mediterranean would in effect be realized. Nor would Turkey offer any serious obstacle to its extension eastward. Germany would have a clear run from Antwerp and Hamburg to Salonica and Constantinople and beyond. In this position she could prepare at leisure for a final reckoning with the British Empire. An arrangement might be made with Russia or France or both; but failing that, Germany would in a few years be strong enough to tackle all three. She could easily make it impossible for us to hold the Suez Canal and Egypt, and with those gone India would be imperiled. India would probably be held out as a bait to Russia and a compensation for withdrawing in Europe and leaving the Southern Slavs to the new Germanic Empire.

If Germany could secure peace now this program would be quite feasible within a few years, nor could we prevent its realization. And thus the great blunder of the present war, from the German point of view, would be retrieved. No one who studies the current war literature of Germany can doubt the intention, and only those who wilfully ignore the lessons of experience can doubt that complete plans for carrying it out have been prepared in detail. But there is no clear perception of the truth among us, and there are various schools of teachers who obscure it in different ways. The professed pacifists are the least important. They would have every one follow their own example, take a dose of opium and sink into the drugged sleep of the sluggard and the coward; but as the nation happily does not consist of sluggards and cowards, their advice is rejected with growing resent-

ment. More insidious is the influence of a confused way of thinking which, without being definitely pacifist, regards Germany as a Power with whom we might—and sometime shall—negotiate. People who think in this way do not propose to negotiate now, but they look forward vaguely to doing so presently when the military situation has changed more to the advantage of the Allies. If one attentively studies current comment, and especially references to the end of the war and the future—of which the newspapers are full—one perceives a certain assumption underlying it all. Germany is always thought of as she is. She is somehow to be reduced to a position in which she will make peace on our terms. She will be worsted and forced to admit it, but otherwise she will be the same Germany, and those who act for her will be those who act for her now. This tacit assumption is particularly noticeable as the background of all the plans for dealing with German trade after the war which are being urged with so much assiduity. They imply a continuance of enmity, and the motive is either revenge or commercial subjugation. In either case Germany is viewed as an enemy, that is to say, as she is. This attitude unconsciously coincides with the German view of the end of the war. They too look forward to a continuance of enmity, and are preparing to transfer their operations to the commercial field. Such a state of things must infallibly lead to a renewal of war, if nothing else did.

Another current of opinion, starting from an entirely different standpoint and proceeding on different lines, is really based on the same assumption; and it is a highly popular one. I mean the quasi-military view that Germany is already beaten. The business requires some finishing off, but that will be all right. Such is the cheerful and easy reading of the situation one hears every day from "optimists," who pride themselves upon it. Optimists, by the way, always slap themselves on the chest and let one know what fine fel-

lows they are and how superior to pessimists. The real difference between them is that an optimist is a self-satisfied fool and a pessimist a diffident one. The one bases expectation entirely on hopes, the other on fears; the wise man hopes for the best but prepares for the worst. But that is an obiter dictum. To return to the point, the view that Germany is virtually beaten contemplates peace concluded with her when the little business of finishing off the beating is brought to a happy conclusion. The notion is that the German armies will be "rolled back" on the western side while Russia has another go in on the eastern, and by that time the Central Powers, being exhausted, and seeing that the game is up, will give in and perforce agree to our terms. This reading of events is essentially the same as that of the after the war-ites; only it is concerned with the immediate, and the other with the later, future. Both envisage Germany as she is, and are prepared to negotiate with her at the right time. The difference between them and the pacifists is that the latter think the right time is now, the others would put it off; but they all assume an end to the war by bargaining with Germany as an integral Power. The newspaper comments on the German Chancellor's speech on the 9th of December all imply this.

There is, of course, a great deal of difference between negotiating in the present state of the war and at a later stage, when the enemy is in a worse position, as we all believe and expect; but the difference is merely one of relative circumstances and does not touch the vital point. Any terms arranged with Germany as she is, whether now or later, are open to the objection raised at the beginning of this article, that it would be impossible to rely on their observance. Peace would only be an armistice devoted to further warlike preparation, with an embittered and ruinous trade war to fill up the interval. If it be argued, as some argue, that Germany must be so weak-

ened or crushed or kept under that she could not begin again, the reply is twofold—(1) that this would be adopting the German policy and methods, which are precisely what we are fighting against; (2) that it is impossible in practice. All history proves that the attempt to keep a nation in a state of permanent subjection or enforced disability is an unfailing source of trouble and eventually unsuccessful. That is the case even with small, weak and backward peoples. The mere idea of applying it to a nation so large, energetic, capable and proud as the Germans is equally silly and base. The more they were kept down the more certainly they would spring up. There is no lasting peace to be got by that road.

What, then, is to be done? If we can neither trust nor compel Germany to keep the peace, what hope is there for the future? The answer to this lies in the meaning attached to the word "Germany." The Germany that nobody can trust is the Germany that has revealed himself in this war, the Germany that acknowledges no law or obligation but her own interests, the Germany that tears up treaties, murders non-combatants and neutrals wholesale, plots arson and outrages and crimes of violence in neutral (that is friendly) countries, that maltreats prisoners of war and violates even the few strict rules of warfare unconditionally laid down in its own cynic war book, which allows almost everything by way of exception under the plea of necessity. So long as that Germany remains on that moral plane and in that state of mind, there can be no real peace, and to negotiate with her, whether early or late, is to lose the war in effect, if not in appearance.

The only way to win it is to convert that Germany into a different one, and the way to do that is to convince the German people that they have been worshipping false gods and following lying prophets. They must come to their senses of themselves and throw their own gods into the fire. They will do it when their gods fail them and

they find that the worship they have been taught brings disaster.

But this involves a tremendous task, which will not be achieved unless its nature and magnitude are clearly realized. The Germans will not abandon the beliefs and principles in which two generations have been bred and systematically trained until they are reduced to desperation, because they are not the people to fashion new ones and change quickly. They are, more than any other, the creatures of drill and habit, and unable to adapt themselves to new conditions. And let there be no mistake; it is the German people who have to be convinced. All the talk about the Kaiser or the Junkers or the Military Party, as though they were separate from the general body of the people, is shallow and ignorant. When German writers declare that people and army are one they say no more than the truth. Certainly the Kaiser is officially responsible for the war, and the military interests were most urgent in pressing it; but he is the German Kaiser and must lead his people. That he led them whither they would go is convincingly proved by the sequel. Never popular before, he at once became so on declaring war, and he is now idolized because he has stuck manfully to it. He shares the affection of the people with von Hindenburg, who is the most successful warrior they have. The Crown Prince of Prussia, who was a popular idol when he led the military party, has fallen from that high estate because he has failed as a soldier and made a discreditable exhibition of himself. The people are arrogant and bellicose, and they turn to the men in high position who best serve their mood.

There was in the August number of this Review a brilliant and remarkable sketch, cast in dramatic form, which received far less notice than it deserved. It was by Sir Thomas Barclay, and was entitled "The Sands of Fate—Berlin, July 24 to 31, 1914: A Historical Phantasy." It purports to give the history of the week preceding the declaration of war in a series of

scenes enacted at Potsdam between the Kaiser and his chief advisers, and it represents him vacillating between peace and war, until the issue is finally decided by the crowds outside cheering for war. The Kaiser says to his Chancellor:

"It's too late, Bethmann, to talk of peace now. Did you see those crowds—do you suppose we can draw back after we have picked up the glove in the face of the whole world? . . . I wanted peace, Bethmann. Now I want war. The lion in me is roused. When I heard those shouts of triumph I knew they were the shouts of the nation behind them, the shouts of those fifty thousand cheering Germans! The voice of the nation—the cry of the nation to their leader! There's no longer an open question, Bethmann. The die was cast when those crowds cheered. It's the Divine will spoken through the tongue of the humble. I must obey that will—the will of God which tells me that this nation is destined to rule the earth."

I believe that this "historical phantasy" represents with singular felicity the interplay of the several influences which determined the fatal decision and their relative importance. A good many writers about war and peace and Germany might study it with advantage. It is undeniable that the war chimed with popular sentiment in Germany, and has been supported with general enthusiasm and devotion. Nor is that disposed of by saying that the people have been deceived. *Populus vult decipi: decipiatur*. Still less to the point is the notion—popular in Radical quarters—that it is all the fault of the Junkers or the landed gentry. They have no influence over the great urban populations which now form the largest, most energetic and most articulate section of the people; but the contrary. When these two join hands, as they have, it is from some larger motive which envelops both.

To enter fully into the present mentality (to borrow a useful word from the French) of the German people would lead me too far from the imme-

diate point; but it is pertinent to say briefly that two main influences have developed it—one theoretical and a priori, the other practical and a posteriori. The first is the teaching of the "intellectuals;" the second is the great material success of the existing order, which that teaching supports and extols. The dovetailing of the two presents the most convincing argument that can be conceived, and exercises an irresistible sway over minds so logical yet so childlike, so critical yet so docile as those of the German people. With regard to the "intellectuals," I am tired of pointing out their responsibility, but as it is still the fashion here to put everything down to the Kaiser and the military, I must once more emphasize the point. The truth is that all the plans and projects; all the arguments and excuses for outrages; all the forensic tricks and dodges; all the talk about Kultur (a word of which every one but the Professors must be sick); all the theories—ethnological, historical, geographical, political, economic and social—about Germany's mission, past, present and to come; all the proofs of German superiority and the incomparable merits of German bodies, minds and souls, the contrasted inferiority of the rest of the world in general and the miserable endowments, incalculable baseness and unqualified rottenness of Germany's enemies in particular—all these are gurnished by the intellectuals in a copious stream from which the Kaiser, his Ministers, his Generals, his press, and the mob all drink and derive their mental sustenance.

This is the source from which is nourished that national overbearing arrogance, which is at the bottom of the war. The Greeks of old knew it, and the punishment it entails. Euripides calls it the desire to be mightier than gods. The victims of this madness think themselves above all law, and that is the teaching of all German intellectuals. They applaud the aimless sinking of passenger ships and wanton destruction of life and justify every barbarity. There is Herr Heinz

Potthoff, who advocates starving all the civilian inhabitants of the occupied territories and massacring all prisoners of war. His book has been banned by order, but the proposals have not been condemned by the newspapers, and they have been repeated by a German editor at Prag.

It is possible that the doctrine of German supremacy, however flattering to exalted persons, would not have gained hold on the people at large if it had not been accompanied and confirmed by the great increase of wealth and material prosperity which has been the pride of Germany in recent years. It is the tangible evidence of German super-merit and a convincing demonstration of the excellence of the existing order under which it has been attained. It has reconciled the German people as a whole to Prussian domination and Prussian policy.

That policy brought them to war—war which was hailed with delight as another opportunity to prove their superlative merit and another step on the road to their destined greatness. It really matters very little for the purpose of the present argument whether the war is called offensive or defensive. In either case it was to be a great triumph for German arms, a demonstration of their superiority and a vindication of those claims to lead the world which have been so assiduously instilled into their minds. Above all, it was to increase riches and honor and power, as a recompense for the effort and sacrifice involved. So far they have been broadly confirmed in their convictions. There have been some disappointments and disillusiones, particularly in regard to the prolongation of the conflict; but on the whole they are very well satisfied with themselves, and rather strengthened than weakened in their devotion to the existing order and their belief in its virtue. Nor is this due in any great measure to deception about the true state of things. Their authorities and newspapers do suppress some things and color others, and that helps to swell their satisfaction; but the impression

I have gained from a fairly attentive study is that the German war news is at least as full and accurate as any other.

It can, in truth, afford to be; for their military situation has enormously improved, at least on the map, during the past year. So long as they go on making progress somewhere there is always good news, and the failures, the balked plans and unfinished enterprises left behind in other quarters are easily forgotten. The upshot is that so far we have made no progress towards converting them from the worship of their idols, but rather the contrary. One point must be excepted, and it is of considerable importance. They have been converted—at least the military people have—from contempt to respect for the soldiers of the Allies, and particularly for ours, who were the most despised. That is a good beginning, for German arrogance rests on the basis of belief in their immeasurable fighting superiority. They still, apparently, ridicule our navy, although the mastery of the German submarines is by far the greatest achievement of the war up to now. It is a wholly new development, an emergency met by the ingenuity, resourcefulness and energy of our naval men, who have proved fully equal to the great traditions of their calling. But the Germans seem to have been kept in the dark about it.

Respect for our soldiers is a beginning; but we have evidently a very long way to travel before we convince them that they have followed false teaching and imagined a vain thing, that they are not demi-gods with a mission to set the whole world right and force their Kultur upon other nations. They regard the war as already won, and, in a sense, it is—so far. The original plan of campaign broke down, it is true; but they have thrust the enemy far back, occupied enormous stretches of his territories, and subjugated Serbia, which was the primary object. No wonder they are exalted in their own eyes. Any other people in their place would be. To

reverse all that will demand the utmost effort and determination that we can bring to bear. It will not be done by assuring ourselves—in words—that the Germans are already beaten, and nonsense of that kind, but by realizing the magnitude of the task and formulating the elements necessary for its accomplishment.

The German successes are due to three main factors: (1) Preparation; (2) Unity of direction; (3) Confusion, vacillation and incompetence on our side. With regard to the first, we have now had time to make good our backwardness and have, I believe, substantially done so. We have turned the corner and are immeasurably stronger than a year ago. About the third I will only say that weakness seems to be recognized at last and that attempts are being made to remedy it; but we cannot achieve the unity of direction exercised on the other side. The single will mentioned at the beginning of the article has been an asset of incalculable value to the enemy. It is embodied in the German Kaiser, but behind him is the united will of the German people. That is their great strength, and so long as it remains there can be no possibility of peace, because they will still be of the same mind. The neutral observer mentioned above, who has been touring in Germany for some months, and lately contributed his impressions to *The Times*, dealt with this point in a very informing article published on the 11th of December, and emphasizes "the fact that German unity of opinion is still absolute." When that unity begins to crack, we shall have the first sign of the conversion which must precede a real peace. *It can only come by an internal break-up in Germany itself*, which will be the prelude to a new order; and the process will begin with Austria. It will happen if we stick to the task and put all the strength and endurance we have into it; but not otherwise. The alternative is the peace of bargaining with the old Germany, which can be no peace, whatever professions her rulers may make.

The Lesser Princes

By Llewellyn B. Peck

(Some thirty American manufacturers, some of them comparatively unimportant in the financial world, have refused very profitable European war orders, for humanitarian reason)

Enthroned in seats of worldly power—
And valiant armies theirs—
The lesser princes watched the hour
That caught them unawares.
Unplanned by them, Fate spoke to them:
"Each may a kingdom own!"
The princes looked. Without a sigh
Each prince refused the crown.

(For garbed as keen, remorseless Fate
The Prince of Hell stood there.
Below, he spread the wide, fair world
And bade each pick his share.
He swept them to the mountain top;
They left him scowling there.)

"All power and wealth that men hold dear,"
Fate touched the nerves of pride;
"The happiness to men most near,
And power for good beside.
"None will gainsay this easy way,
From all dishonor free.
"I yield a safe, unsullied crown
If each will worship me."

(Mean, slouching hordes strove hard that day
The mountain top to win.
They could not rule, nor price could pay,
So might not try to sin.
The princes saw the new-oped way,
But would not enter in.)

"You cannot e'er my scepter take,"
Fate scoffed in light surprise.
"Think you my sovereignty to shake,
When all men love my lies?
"The priests of Light to mortal fight
The myriad legions urge.
"And you, poor witless unseen fools,
Hope you to stay my scourge?"

(The solemn princes through a pall
Of smoke saw rifles flame.
Clear-eyed and free the princes all
Slow down the mountain came.
And a million mothers seemed to call
Their blessings on each name.)

California

By William Greer Harrison

THE origin of the word California is an interesting study that has occupied many minds. Not only is California a land of romance; its name is of romantic origin. It is to be found in one of the most romantic books ever published—the "Life and Adventures of Las Sergas de Explanadian," son of Amadis of Gaul, the gallant knight whom Cervantes took for the prototype of his hero, Don Quixote. The book was written by Vasco de Lobeyra, a Portuguese, and it was translated into Spanish by Garcia Ordóñez de Montalvo, who published it in 1510. From the Spanish it was translated into English by Robert Southey. Long before the discovery of California all Spain was familiar with the entrancing romances of Montalvo. In these works is to be found the origin of the belief of all the early Spanish navigators, including Columbus, that in the Indian Ocean they would find the Isle of Sweet Content—Paradise. Montalvo makes his hero lead an expedition in search of this isle. Instead, he discovered the Isle of the Amazons—women, women everywhere, and not a man to mate. This island was called by its Queen, California (spelled in 1510 just as we spell it to-day.) Its Queen was named Califa (beautiful.) She had quite a fleet and an army of Griffens and Amazons. She received the expedition most courteously and was persuaded by the hero to join forces against the Turks who were at war with Spain. On her arrival in Europe, Califa elected to join the Turks rather than the Spaniards. This offended Amadis of Gaul and Explanadian, both of whom were challenged to mortal combat by the heroic Queen. Explanadian ac-

cepted the challenge, which read as follows: "I, Califa, Queen of California, a region rich in gold and silver and precious stones, challenge you, Amadis of Gaul, and Explanadian, your son, Knight of the Serpent, to combat." The duel took place and Explanadian conquered the Sultan of a Turkish island and Amadis subdued the queen. To soften her defeat, Amadis bestowed upon the queen his nephew, and these two returned to California, the Isle of the Amazons.

In the challenge made by Califa, the word California is for the first time presented to the world. The question naturally arises, where did Montalvo get the word? The answer is that he coined it. He was a native of Medino del Campo. He had a relative who died some twenty miles distant. This gentleman's name was Calahorra or Calaforro (the letters h and f being interchangeable in Spanish.) It is more than a guess that Calahorra was used by Montalvo as the basis for California. It is a matter of history that for perhaps two hundred years after the discovery of California it was believed to be an island. Cortez and Diaz (his historian) were quite familiar with Montalvo's romance. When they visited the peninsula of Lower California, believing it to be an island, it is quite likely that they recognized a likeness to the Isle of Amazons, and that Cortez applied the name California to Lower California, the name formally given to the State as it was and is. Diaz, in describing the scenes witnessed by Cortez and himself, says that the scenes described in reference to Califa's California established a degree of comparison. The point he

made is that Diaz and Cortez were familiar with Montalvo's legend; hence the island and hence "California."

Of course there was much speculation in reference to the word California. Calida Fornax, the Latin for a hot furnace—a guess with nothing to sustain it. Another writer presents the theory that the Indians of California were descendants of Coreans, who had made their way to California, and that the Coreans called themselves Caoli,

hence California.

The Rev. E. C. Hale disposes of all the guesses by reminding his readers that the word California was in print and in use twenty-five years before the discovery of California; referring his readers to Montalvo's works, where the name of our State is first presented.

It is a beautiful State, has a beautiful name, and we can't, even if we wanted to, help loving it.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SOUTH

(A mountain village on the French Riviera, December, 1915)

Under the flag o' France for which he died
This child of hers we lay,
In the small churchyard upon the mountainside
Where once he used to pray
With her who all alone is weeping here to-day.

The blue, blue skies
Keep watch above the village where he lies,
But never more will gaze into his eyes;
And in his ears there ne'er again will be
The crooning song that sings eternally
The blue, blue sea.

* * * * *

O Mother France,
Thou of the steadfast glance
And grave, sweet mouth!
Of all thy sons who gave their all for thee,
Hath any given a greater gift than he
Who for thy sake
His birthright did forsake
In this all-radiant country of the South?

As one who goes out from the warmth and light.
To breast the bitter night,
He left the orange groves. the olive trees
That turn to silver in the scented breeze;
He left his darling there,
A red carnation in her twilight hair;
Left love and song and sunshine—and went forth
To fight thy battle in the snow-swept North.

Mother, tho' thy brave eyes with tears be dim,
Shed one more tear for him,
And let the memory in thy heart abide
Of him whom on this day
Within his little mountain-church we lay
Under thy flag, O France, for whom he died.

GEORGE GREENLAND.

God's Justice and Love Perfectly Poised

By C. T. Russell

Pastor New York, Washington and Cleveland Temples and the
Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Mercy rejoiceth against judgment."

—James 2:13.

LOVE has gained a victory over Justice, according to our text. Mercy is an outward expression of Love. Let us reason as to the way in which Divine Mercy, or Love, gains the victory over Divine Justice. In so doing, I believe that we shall be learning something as to our proper attitude; for we should copy God's character. We should study His methods, His ways, that we may have Heavenly wisdom. When, therefore, we see how God's Love gains the victory over His Justice, we shall see how it should be with us, in order that we may become like Him.

In considering Divine Love and Divine Justice, we are to remember that God is perfect in all His attributes. Both His Justice and His Love are perfect. But inasmuch as these are inherent, invisible qualities of the Divine Nature, we could not study them unless they were manifested. Thus far they have been manifested only to a faithful few. It is the manifestation of these qualities that especially interests us. Let us note how these attributes manifest themselves, that we may thus learn valuable lessons.

Justice the Foundation of God's Throne

Undoubtedly there is no lesson that the people of God need to learn more than this particular one of the relation-

ship of justice to love, in order to know how to exercise these qualities as God exercises them, and yet with some variations; for He has some rights which we do not possess. We see that God's Love operated in the very beginning, when He created His Son to be His Logos. His Love was afterwards seen in His creation of angels and men, in His own image. Then we see that the fall of our race brought into operation Divine Justice; for it was Justice which decreed that man, because of his disobedience, should not live.

"Dying, thou shalt die," was the fiat of Divine Justice (Genesis 2:17.) When Justice decreed that death must result from transgression, Divine Love agreed the sentence was altogether proper, not only because it is right for God to be just and in harmony with His own Law, but also because it would not be good for men to live everlastingly in a fallen condition.

If God had permitted men to live on in imperfection, we can scarcely imagine the tremendous power he would have had by this time. As it is, we see that some of our race in three score and ten years are able to cultivate such qualities of mind and character as to give them an ascendancy over their fellows; and were they allowed to live on indefinitely in sin, they would undoubtedly bring all others into captivity to themselves. Except man should exercise the at-

tributes of his character in harmony with the Divine character, he should not be permitted to live, because of the great injury which he would do to others. Thus, in the Divine arrangement, we see Love agreeing with Justice that sinful man should die.

Why God Permitted Sin.

Again, when our race came under the death sentence, God might have cut us off more quickly than He did had He not had in mind the very Plan of which we are now leading—the Divine Plan of the Ages. (Ephesians 3:11, Diaglott.) Man was to learn certain lessons during the present life in order that he might profit by them in the future life. We see, then, that God has arranged a very reasonable and loving way in dealing with the sinner race. In His wonderful Purpose He planned to redeem man from this death condition, and to restore the race in due time.

All the experiences of the present life will have a bearing upon the members of the fallen race during the period of their restoration, in the incoming Age. God planned that mankind should have experiences of pain and death, thus to learn the needful lessons. For six thousand years the world has been getting its education along the lines of sin—lessons as to what a terrible thing sin is, how hard it is to control, how ruinous are its effects, how hardening of the heart and that final death will inevitably result from its continued practice. Thus twenty billions of our race have had a great schooling-time during the past six thousand years.

Love Plans Man's Redemption.

As we study the matter, we can see great wisdom in God's course. Love was not indifferent, though for a time God could not show man His interest. Love had beforehand arranged a Plan whereby redemption would come, whereby Love would triumph over Justice. In God's due time a purchase price for man would be given. Then, after Justice should reign for six

thousand years, during which the world would learn its needed lessons with respect to the heinousness of sin in all its manifold forms, Redeeming Love should become Restoring Love, calling mankind forth from the tomb, during the thousand years' Reign of the One who purchased them.

So ultimately, when death and hell (the grave) shall have delivered up all that are in them, and when the curse of death shall be no more, Love will have triumphed over Justice. Thus we read, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"—1 Corinthians 15:55, 57.

This is one of the most wonderful things that we see in the Bible—the more wonderful as we understand it the more. God always maintains His Justice, and He always maintains His Love; and we are blessed by both. Justice, having triumphed over the world for six thousand years, has brought our race down to Sheol, Hades—the tomb. Love, in the meantime, began to operate, though in harmony with Justice; and it has given the great sacrifice of Jesus, and has arranged that at the time of the Second Advent of Christ, and through His Reign of a thousand years, He shall awaken all humanity from the sleep of death.

How One Could Purchase a Race.

We can thus see in the Bible what a great equalization, or balance, God has arranged. Since twenty thousand millions of souls have sinned, it would, in any other way than God's way, have required twenty thousand million redeemers. But when we see how God is operating, we wonder at His arrangement. He provided that only one man should be condemned to death, and that through this one man condemnation should come upon all men while still in his loins. Thus one man could pay the penalty for all. "For since by man (Adam) came death, by man (Jesus) comes the resurrection of

the dead." (1 Corinthians 15:21.) One man was a sinner; one Man was the Redeemer.

Beautiful! We never heard of anything like this except in God's Plan. Think of a great Plan, covering six thousand years, in which the salvation of twenty billions of human creatures is involved, and yet all so easily and perfectly poised! Justice will never be cheated out of its dues; yet Love gains the victory and provides the way out of the difficulty, and does this at the expense of the One through whom the whole Plan is consummated—our blessed Lord Jesus.

The penalty resting upon mankind was met by the sacrifice of Jesus' life. But was not that unjust? Oh, no. The Bible assures us that God stated the proposition beforehand to the Son, and that the Son was in full agreement with it—not the Man Jesus, but the Logos, the Word, the Messenger—Michael, the Godlike One. The proposition was made to Him that by the purchase of the whole race of man through His sacrifice He might obtain the honor and glory of Messiah—the opportunity of delivering and blessing the thousands of millions of humanity who had been condemned to death in Adam. And then, what more? Oh, much more!—that He should be supremely exalted, even to the Divine Nature, for all eternity—far above angels, principalities, powers and every name that is named. (Philippians 2:5-11.) ALL THIS IS THE GREAT TRIUMPH OF LOVE OVER JUSTICE. While Justice remains forever inviolate, yet Love is the Victor. "Mercy rejoiceth against Judgment"—Justice.

God's Wonderful Plan of the Ages.

When we see the Bible teaching concerning the Divine Plan, it gives us a confidence in the Bible that we can get from no other quarter. It is the study of the Bible from the outside, by those who try to tear it into shreds, and the employment of their brains against the Bible, that proves the professors of our day the worst of all

times. Only when we perceive from the inside can we see the strength of the Bible. No human mind ever originated such a Plan. It is surely Divine, surely Biblical. We did not discover it, but it was shown to the faithful "in due time."

We know that this great Plan is of God; and the Book that contains such a wonderful Message is surely the Word of God. It must be that those "holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit." The Spirit of God indited this wonderful Message. The many men, in various times and places, who uttered the words did not know what they meant. The understanding was not then due. But their words constitute a harmonious whole, and "were written for our instruction, upon whom the ends of the ages have come."—1 Peter 1:10-12; 1 Corinthians 10:11; Romans 15:4.

Nor could we understand their words until we received the begetting of the Holy Spirit with its consequent enlightenment. This brought these things to our attention in God's due time, and enabled us to understand their meaning. So the Apostle Paul writes to some, "After ye were illuminated, ye endured." (Hebrews 10:32, 33.) We now understand what it means to be illuminated. The illumination is the work of the Holy Spirit; which we received at the time of our consecration unto death. This illumination of the Church had its beginning at Pentecost. Up to that time the Spirit had not been given—John 7:39.

The Church is a special class, called out in advance of the world. The early Church had to wait until Jesus had finished His sacrifice for sin, had ascended up on High as the great High Priest, to appear in the presence of God for us (the Church, not yet for the world), to sprinkle the blood of His sacrifice upon the Mercy-Seat on our behalf, and had become the Advocate of those who would follow in His steps. (Hebrews 9:24.) Having made satisfaction for the sins of the consecrated, He imputed His own merit to them, thereby making them

acceptable to the Father. Not until then could they receive the begetting of the Holy Spirit. Ever since that time the Holy Spirit has been with the Church, begetting each one who came into this class.

With this begetting comes the illumination. We are then sons of God. Not only does this illumination enable us to understand things previously hidden from our eyes, but thereafter all the Word of God becomes food to us, that thereby we may grow in grace, in knowledge, in justice, in love, in all qualities of the Divine character, that thus we may become more like our Father who is in Heaven.

Deliverance of the World Now Due.

Having, then, seen how Divine Justice has operated till now for the future blessing of mankind, we look further, and see that Divine Mercy is now about to gain a great victory for the whole world. As soon as the Church is glorified, the merit of the Redeemer is to be applied for all the human race. But it will require the entire thousand years of Messiah's Reign before Mercy shall have fully triumphed over Justice. We now perceive what Love will be doing for the world throughout those thousand years. It will be awakening mankind from death and lifting them up from degradation to holiness and life.

This will all come through the Lord Jesus Christ, who will be God's Agent, the Agent of Justice and of Love. The faithful Church will be associated with Him in all His Kingdom glory and honor. In order that we may be of this class, not only must we be begotten of the Spirit of God, but we must also manifest the fruits of that Spirit, we must be quickened by it. Then in the First Resurrection we shall be born of the Spirit, and shall share with our Lord this work of love for all mankind, and shall also share His glory forever. At the conclusion of the Millennial Reign this glorious work of Divine Love will have been accomplished. Through all the outworkings of this wonderful Plan, the

principles of absolute Justice and absolute Love will be observed, operating in full harmony.

In what manner will God's Justice operate during the next Age toward mankind? may be asked. Some have difficulty in seeing how the world in the future will have their sins forgiven? Will the murderer have the same opportunity as those who have been more noble in their lives? How will Justice then be represented?

We believe that God's dealings will be in full harmony with Justice; that while love will be especially operative or manifest during the Millennial Age, yet Justice will never be violated. Will mankind, in the future, then, be punished for their sins in the present life? Yet, and no. They will not be punished in the sense of being held legally accountable for sins of the past—for this would nullify the work which Christ accomplished in His death in providing satisfaction for Adamic sin. Christ having made satisfaction for the sins of believers, this class are no longer legally responsible for them. The same principle will operate with the world in the future.

How Justice Operates.

For the present we will consider the Church of Christ. Suppose one had lived in such a way as to have gotten himself into a bad condition of body, mind or morals. These things will be more or less as a penalty upon him after he has become a Christian. Although God has forgiven his sins and cleans him from all unrighteousness, nevertheless such a one will have in his body or in his mind certain natural penalties resulting from his previous sinful course. If he had lived a sinful life for many years, the evil would be so much the more deeply entrenched; and he will have all the greater fight to overcome these deeply imbedded tendencies to sin. One who has lived a conscientious, moral life will have just that much less to overcome.

If through evil thoughts or evil

deeds the mind of that person has become poisoned, he may have to battle all his life against the seeds of sin, not in the way of direct punishment for his wrong doing, but through natural law; for the New Creature is to be developed while tabernacling in the flesh wherein the evil seeds have been sown. It is like a piece of land which has long been given over to weeds, in which case the roots would have become deeply entrenched in the soil. This land may afterward be changed into a wheat-field; but we know from experience that the weeds will be there also, and that the wheat will not flourish so readily, because of this fact.

It is even so with our hearts and our bodies. After we have given them to the Lord the fleshly tendencies are still there. God has accepted us as New Creatures; His grace has covered our sins; and they are no longer chargeable to us. But whoever has had a larger planting of sin in his former life may have to his dying day a great battle against these poisonous weeds; and that will be a proper and natural punishment for his past course. So it will be in the future. The world will get retribution for their sins, just as we do for ours, and it will take many years to get entirely free from the effects of sin.

THE MIST

Out of the sea I rise, I rise,
 Out of the tumbling waves;
 I veil the sun in the blinding skies,
 And cover the cliff where the curlew cries,
 And muffle the roaring caves.

Over the bay I slip, I slip,
 Over the level bay—
 Into my path there steers a ship—
 The mast is gleaming, the sail-yards drip—
 And I fold it in film away.

On to the shore I creep, I creep,
 On to the pebbled strand;
 I hush the waters that foam and leap,
 And finger the rushes until they weep
 And glisten beneath my hand.

Over the fields I glide, I glide,
 Over the meadow grass;
 Spiders spin on the daisies pied,
 And long I linger their looms beside,
 To jewel them e'er I pass.

Into the air I drift, I drift,
 Into the burning sky;
 Torn by the rising winds that shift,
 Tattered and thin, my veil I lift
 Unto the sun, and die.

ELEANOR MYERS.



The Holiness of Mountains.

By Everett Earle Stanard

When great Jehovah chose of old to speak
His thought to man as "a familiar friend."
He stood upon a lofty mountain peak,
And with his voice did Sinia's thunders blend;
This towering hill sole worthy rostrum then
Whence God might hold communion close with men.

The mountains still are holy. No sound mars
The sacred calm that wraps Tacoma round —
The crest so near to the pure twinkling stars,
And every slope a bit of holy ground.
I marvel not that savage nations said,
"Ah, surely this is God, bow low the head!"



On the roof of Alaska.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
JUN 2 1916
DECATUR, ILL.

OVERLAND

Founded 1868



MONTHLY

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXVII

San Francisco, June, 1916

No. 6



Margaret Hollingshead.

Seattle to Skagway

By

Margaret Hollinshead

WHEN reference is made to Alaska in far away Chicago or New York, even in San Francisco or Seattle, people—meaning people in general—are wont to think of a land perpetually mantled in snow and ice somewhere in the region of the North Pole, where gold may be had for the getting, but uninhabitable except by Eskimos and more or less zoological men designated miners. And a pity it is that a view so erroneous should prevail, for as a matter of fact, Alaska is one of the most beautiful, most keenly alive, and

most interesting places in the world. The person who can find nothing beyond the glare of city lights and who cannot adapt himself to the discomforts necessarily to be found in frontier life has no business in Alaska; but the man or woman who loves the great big out-of-doors with its mystic silence, its splendid mountains and majestic trees, whose very soul quivers in exultation at the beholding of nature unaltered by the hand of convention, who loves life for its big opportunities and big rewards—such a person cannot fail to delight in Alaska.



Totem pole, Alert Bay, British Columbia.

But here I've been saying Alaska when I mean to tell you only about Southeastern Alaska—or the Alexander Archipelago, or "The Panhandle," whichever one chooses to call it. For a theme so extensive as "Alaska" or "Travels in Alaska," could scarcely be creditably treated within the confines of a magazine article. So I propose to take my readers on a little excursion from Seattle to Skagway and back—such as the steamship companies offer in summer for sixty-six dollars, except that by paying the sixty-six dollars the sight-seer may see through his own eyes instead of the eyes of a scribbler.

Leaving dock at Seattle, the steamer churns its way out into the shimmer-

ing, sparkling water of Puget Sound. First we are conscious only of the friends who wave and shout good-bye from the pier, then we see the rim of a city with its high buildings and residences spotted hills grow dimmer and dimmer until lost from view. Before we know it, we are crossing the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and the majestic silvery crested Olympic Mountains are towering at our left. A little while later we are dodging in and out among the beautiful little San Juan Islands. And toward the middle of the afternoon we go through the narrow "Plumper's Pass," winding picturesquely between lovely islands that mirror themselves in its depths. Toward evening we pass Burrard Inlet and Vancouver with its background of snow-crowned mountains.

For a day and a half now we steam between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia. It is a wonderful stretch of travel. On either side is an ever-changing panorama of precipitous mountains, conifer clad and very green save for the snows that lay on their tops. The line is broken constantly with hundreds of picturesque inlets. Adding to the effect of this grandeur are dozens of tiny islets that put one in mind of huge emeralds with the turbulent water lashing itself into gleaming spray about their rock-bound edges.

At Queen Charlotte Sound the swells of the ocean begin to be felt, and from there until behind the barriers of the Queen Charlotte Islands the vessel pitches and rolls in a way that puts food at enmity with the stomach. This and the stretch across Dixon Entrance are the only portions of the "Inside Passage" where the ships ride on the open ocean. All the rest of the way is as smooth as Puget Sound itself.

At Prince Rupert we may stop for a few hours and take a look about the Pacific terminal of Canada's second transcontinental railroad. The name Prince Rupert is not familiar to all because it wasn't on the map yet when most of us went to school. From 1908 to 1914 that busy little town sprang



Precipitous character of mountain chains, Alaska.



The mouth of the famous Muir Glacier, Alaska.

from a barren hill of solid rock into a modern town of six thousand souls. When Prince Rupert for a transcontinental terminal was first suggested, the idea was ridiculed throughout the country; but the Grand Trunk Company knew what they were doing—they knew that they could ship freight to the Orient via Prince Rupert in eighteen hours' less time than could be done by any other of America's transcontinentals. They saw, too, the strategic advantage of the location, for the timber and mineral resources of Northern British Columbia are practically untouched, and to all this vast territory Prince Rupert is the natural outlet. The town also has an excellent harbor—very spacious and the deepest on the Pacific Coast.

While stopping, we may have time to visit the large fish cold-storage plant owned and operated by the Canadian Fish and Cold Storage Company. A sally into the frosty storage rooms reveals to us hundreds of thousands of pounds of halibut, salmon, herring, place and other fish frozen as hard as wood, in which state it keeps indefinitely. In another part of the plant

we see cod being dried and salmon being pickled for shipment to Europe. The plant's capacity is three million pounds.

But in order to get any conception at all of British Columbia's fishing industry we should stop over at Prince Rupert and make the trip to Port Essington up the Skeena River. It is very interesting and well worth one's time. During the summer months the Skeena is always dotted with fishing boats, each with its huge net spread and marked by a circle of buoys. They all but blockade the river. When the fisherman makes a haul he not infrequently brings up a stray fish head or two, which tells him a hair seal has been hunting and made a dinner of the missing body; and the fact that the head invariably belongs to a pink salmon tells him that the hair-seal is a discriminating, if voracious, animal. One should not forget to bring field glasses along on this trip—not so much to watch the operations of the fishermen as to get a good look at those bald-headed specks in the trees. They are eagles. The Skeena is lined with salmon canneries, and at any of



Mt. Juneau rises like a great sentinel 3590 feet into the clouds behind the town of Juneau.

them one may watch the process of canning salmon. But fish and fisheries are not the only attraction of the Skeena River trip. There is much beautiful scenery to be enjoyed as well. Here as elsewhere in the northern country are the ubiquitous snow-capped mountains and picturesque islands and winding waterways.

After leaving Prince Rupert, the next stop is Ketchikan, the port of entry to Alaska. Before we may be permitted to land, the quarantine officer boards the ship and gives us the once-over, asks when we expect to come back, and bids us God-speed. Ketchikan is a town of some twenty-five hundred people, and is situated on the Prince of Wales Island. The impression of the town that the tourist carries away with him is mostly of a very high and precipitous mountain. Under the wing of the mountain is nestled the town. The one thing that he never forgets about his visit to Ketchikan, though he forget all else, is the sight of the salmon jumping the Ketchikan Falls. Just below the falls are hun-

dreds of fish that have not yet made the successful leap, swarming like flies in a molasses jar—a sight which requires seeing to believe. They do get over the falls in time, however, though they may first make many unsuccessful attempts, and continue on their way to the spawning grounds.

At Wrangell we are surprised at the splendid vegetable gardens we see. Contrary to the once universal belief the United States department of agriculture has proven that vegetables can be very successfully grown and nearly every housewife now has her kitchen garden. Shortly after leaving Wrangell we enter Wrangell Narrows, a passageway no wider than a river, and very beautiful.

All the while we are traveling among the islands of the Alexander Archipelago—the northern part of the submerged Island Mountain System, through the same intricate waterways that Captain George Vancouver explored and charted in 1794. It's a wonderful place, and we want to be on deck every moment lest some tiny por-



A summer camp in the mountains.



© 1909
ASAPHEL CURTIS
ALBANY

On an Alaskan glacier.



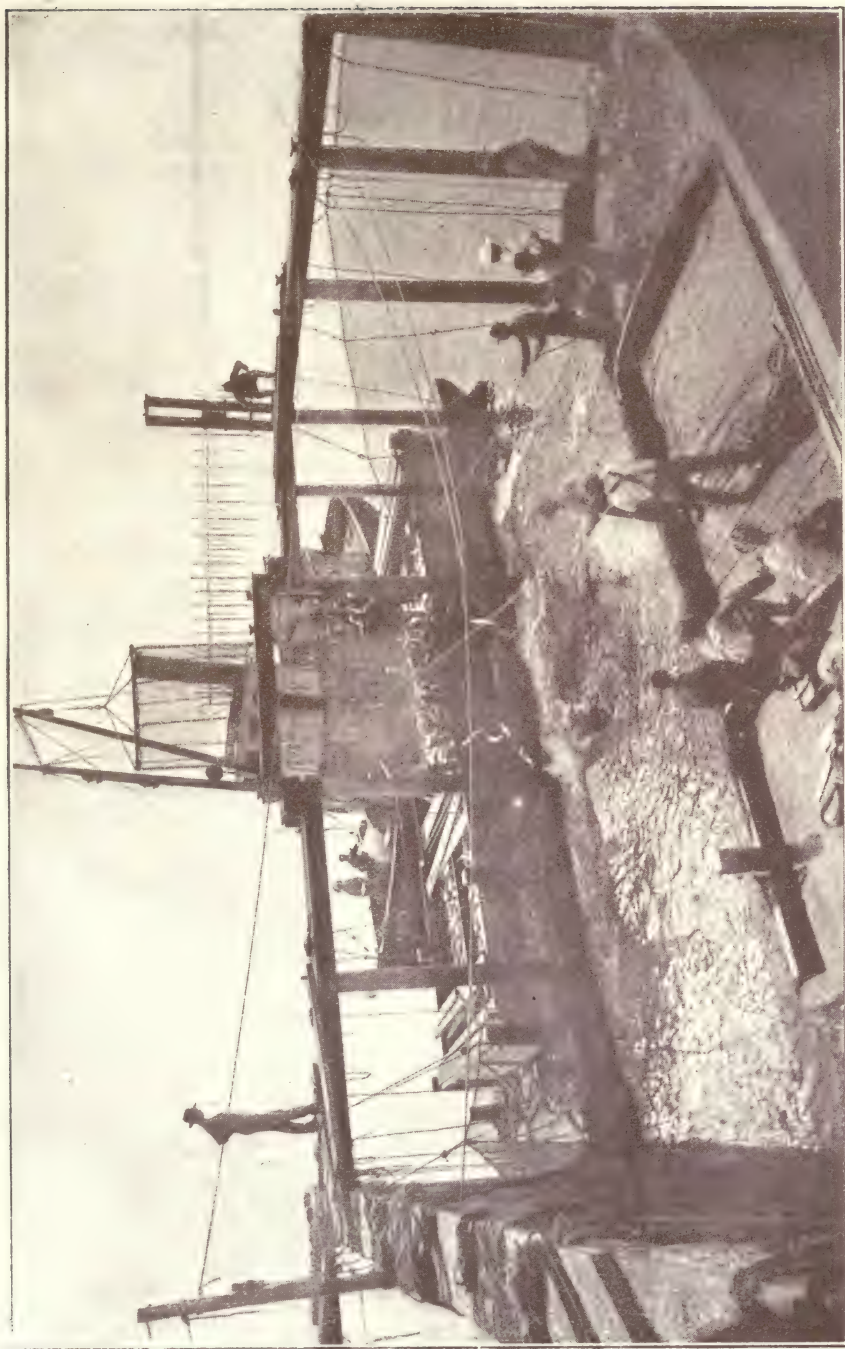
Salmon fishers on an Alaskan river drawing in their seines.

tion of the scenery escape us. Everywhere are the lovely emerald islets being lashed by the tongues of wanton water. Everywhere the waterways wind and wind in picturesque fashion, perhaps going into an inlet to meet some mountain cascade or a glacier, or perhaps only following the shore line of an island. The trees that we see are mostly hemlock and spruce, though there is considerable yellow or Alaska cedar. Mountain sides are bald from glacial action, but the tops are luxuriously wooded and most of them capped with snow. There is no beach, the shore line being very precipitous and rugged. It is not unlike the coast of Norway, but is more bold and craggy.

Juneau, being the capital of Alaska as well as its largest industrial center, is an important town. Like Ketchikan, one's first and most lasting impression of the town is of the big mountain behind it—Mt. Juneau. The town of Juneau lies literally on a shelf at its base. Along the back of the shelf flows Gold Creek. It was along this creek that Joseph Juneau and Richard

Harris fought their way in 1880 in search of gold. And they found it—a rich quartz ledge at the head of what they called Snow Slide Gulch. Juneau is situated in what is known as the Juneau Gold Belt, which extends from about fifty miles south to fifty miles north of there, running in a northeasterly direction parallel with Lynn Canal. The belt averages from three to four miles in width, and, geologically speaking, is made up of slates, schists, quartzites, porphyries and intrusive dikes of greenstone and diorites. The hanging wall is a high range of mountains paralleling its entire course. They are intrusive in character, and of later origin than the country rock, hence probably responsible for the fractures that allowed the mineral deposits to form. As one walks across the country one can easily read the story of mountain formation in the upturned strata; it lies nearly horizontal and some of it is greatly inverted.

Juneau has a number of mines in operation, chief of which is the Treadwell—the largest gold mine in the



Hauling a net on to a big barge and dumping the salmon. Note the fish jumping into the air in efforts to reach the water outside the seine. The canneries handle the fish expeditiously in enormous quantities.

world. Its capacity is 5,000 tons per day. The Alaska Gastineau, however, expects to double this amount when their plant shall have been completed. The first unit of the latter plant began operation early in 1914. With fifteen thousand tons of rock being scooped out of the earth daily it would seem only a matter of time before all inside of the earth would be on the outside, wouldn't it? The ore of the belt is very low grade, running about \$2.50 per ton; hence the necessity of working it on a large scale. Mining in these parts is no poor man's proposition.

A shoot into the mines is a thrilling experience to one so fortunate as to be accorded that privilege. Imagine dropping 2,100 feet below the surface of the earth—nearly half a mile—worse still, following the drifts away out under Gastineau Channel. The drifts of the Alaska Gastineau mines will connect with those of the Treadwell, so that one might go from Juneau to Treadwell by boat and return on foot underneath the water. The "pay dirt" is loosened by dynamite,

compressed-air drills being used to bore the holes for it. Utilizing the force of gravity, the arrangement is such that the ore falls by its own weight through finger chutes into tram cars which are drawn to the shaft in trains of five cars by horses. It is interesting to note that these horses never leave the mine as long as they work there; and they are so well trained that the driver while loading simply yells "car ahead," when each car is filled, and the animal steps up just far enough to bring the next car into place beneath the chute.

And as one looks about—above, about and underneath—all is aglitter. In the Mexican Mine of the Treadwell group is a hollowed out cavity called a stope, large enough to hold a house or two. When lighted up it is a magnificent thing—the millions of specks of ore in its roughly hewn walls suggest to the beholder some mammoth fairy palace.

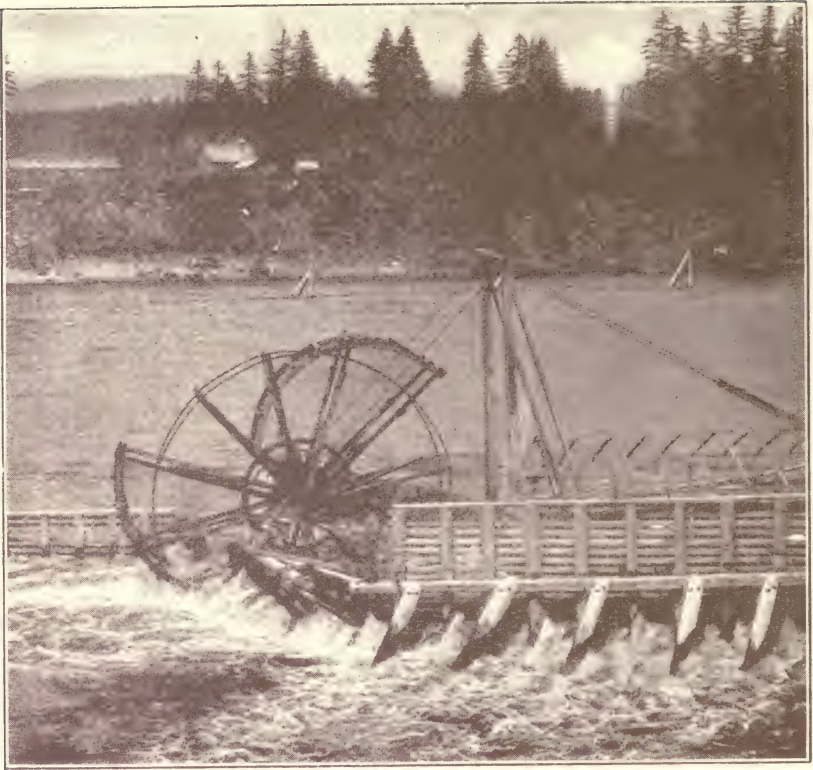
After being trammed to the bins at the mine shaft the ore is loaded into ships and hoisted to the surface, where it goes through the rock breakers and



Thousands of halibut frozen in cold storage awaiting a market.



A scow load of eighteen thousand salmon netted in one catch, one of several such loads alongside.



Salmon traps on a river in British Columbia.

continues on its journey to the stamp mill. The tram cars by which it journeys dump it into the big central bin of the stamp mill, and it slides by its own weight as it is needed through numerous chutes and into the stamp mortars, where it is crushed to sand. A stamp is nothing more or less than an iron pole about fifteen feet long, standing upright with an iron shoe attached at the lower end. Under it is conveniently placed the mortar into which the shoe stamps after the manner of an old fashioned churn dasher. Each mill at the Treadwell has three hundred stamps arranged in groups of five each; and each stamp drops at the rate of ninety-eight times a minute with a weight of about 1,100 pounds, thus quickly pulverizing the ore in the mortars. This sand is washed out of the mortars as fast as ground and flowed over copper plated

that have previously been treated with quicksilver. The quicksilver catches the free gold, and the rest which is held in the iron pyrites passes with the sand to the vanner mill.

Upon entering this latter mill we are completely puzzled. Hundreds of table-like objects are jiggling curiously and by observation we discover that they are separating the glittering substance from the sand and saving it. We put our wits to work and study out the process; after all, it is quite simple. A vanner is a slightly inclined surface something like a table with a rubber apron revolving around it. The jiggling motion causes the pyrites to sink to the bottom where they stick to the rubber apron, and are carried upward out of danger, while the sand is washed away and goes down the tail race to Gastineau Channel.

Thus saved, the cyanide plant ac-



Three camps of tourist mountain climbers on their way up Mt. St. Elias.



A pet at one of the stations.

compleishes the work of recovering the gold from the pyrites. First they are put into a solution of cyanide of potassium which eats the gold. It in turn is run over zinc shavings which recover the gold from the cyanide solution, and are then melted when at last the gold is free. The process is very intricate and tedious, but of course every fraction of an ounce of the pure metal is very valuable. Once a month the copper plates in the stamp mill are scraped and the amalgam retorted, a process that volatilizes the quicksilver and leaves the gold in the bottom of the retort. When cleared of all foreign matter this molten gold is poured into molds and allowed to cool, then sampled, assayed and shipped to San Francisco.

But Juneau is not all mines and stamp mills. There is much beautiful scenery as well, and to the summer tourist all things are subordinate to scenery. The scenic panorama along Gastineau Channel is all mountains, with dainty clouds hovering about their venerable heads and foaming silvery cascades dashing down their rock ribbed sides. One is never out of sight of the water, either, which, with its picturesquely winding shore line, vastly augments the beauty of the mountains.

A number of side trips are available from Juneau, chief of which is that to Taku Glacier. The glacier is up Taku Inlet, and viewed from the boat is a bold, vertical wall of ice over two hundred feet high and a mile wide. One must not be startled by the cannon-like reports that break upon one's ears, for they are only the report of icebergs breaking away from the mother mass. Taku has two glaciers exemplifying the living and the dead; one is bright, while the other is gray and dingy. The sight is certainly a superb one, especially if the sun happens to be shining.

The grand climax of the whole Inside Passage is reached at Lynn Canal. Nothing in the world can possibly surpass it in its intrinsic beauty and grandeur. Like Gastineau Channel, it is lined with mountains—only these of Lynn Canal are much higher, averaging from 8,000 to 9,000 feet above sea-level. Some are snow domes, others are only capped in snow with their heads nestled among the clouds, and their slopes of the richest emerald green, streaked with what appears at a distance to be silvery ribbons, but what prove upon nearer approach to be one of the numerous cascades. They ripple over rocky beds or drop from lofty cliffs, bewildering one with their slow, rhythmic, never-ceasing fall. And when the rays of the setting sun come out with brush and palette the whole takes on the immortal purple and gold that poets like to write about.

At the head of Lynn Canal lies

Skagway. It isn't a very becoming town these days, but it used to be. Skagway was one of those towns that sprang up over night like a mushroom as a result of the Klondike "rush." We almost shudder as we think of the hundreds of brave and sturdy men who passed through this little town in their mad rush for the yellow metal, that meant more than everything else in the world to them, only to be disappointed or to leave their bones to bleach along some lonely trail or at the bottom of some glacier crevice. There were others, too, more fortunate, and as a result our country is a few

below, now darting between bold, rugged cliffs, and again crossing steel bridges over canyons more than two hundred feet deep. At first we are held by the increasing grandeur of Lynn Canal, more magnificent as we climb higher and higher, and just before rounding the seven mile point we take a last look at the panorama in its most exalted splendor. Snow peaks, cascades, picturesque rocky cliffs, the rugged, craggy Saw-Tooth Mountains, pass in quick succession, and before we are aware, we find ourselves at the little red station called White Pass. With one stride we may step from the



Feeding dogs in the winter, Alaska.

million dollars richer because there is an Alaska and a Klondike. If we could view all the gold that has passed through Skagway we might not unlikely find ourselves victims of the "gold fever."

From Skagway we will want to make the trip to White Pass, the summit of the Pass and the international boundary line between Alaska and Yukon Territory. The trip will take us two hours and a half. Leaving Skagway on one of the White Pass trains, we begin the gradual ascent, now clinging sheer to a wall of rock with the Skagway River roaring and foaming

government of Uncle Sam to that of John Bull. Over there among the hills lies the tiny Summit Lake, to all appearances no larger than a pond, from which the great Yukon finds its source. It is interesting to note that this mighty river, one of the longest in the world, rises within twenty miles of the ocean and flows 2,300 miles, crossing and re-crossing the Arctic Circle, before it ultimately finds its way to the sea.

Leaving White Pass we return to Skagway, and start on the homeward journey.

Muir Glacier we pass both ways, but realizing that we will now soon be far

away from the fascinating northland, town and capital of Alaska. The we view it the last time with keener interest. The glacier has an area 350 square miles, is two miles wide and stands from one to two hundred feet above the water. The rate of its flow is seven feet daily. Between the years of 1899 and 1907 this great river of ice receded eight and a half miles, the recession probably being due to the Yakutat Bay earthquake of September, 1899. Muir is not so high as Taku Glacier, but, if possible, it is more beautiful.

marks of Russian days are still apparent and conspicuous in the old block houses and quaint log buildings of the town. The monuments in the old graveyard, too, are Russian in design and inscription. Among the points of interest are the native town where live several hundred Haida Indians, the "Indian River Park," and the government's collection of totem poles, the Sheldon-Jackson Museum, and the Shepherd Industrial School. Foremost of interest to tourists is the old Greek



Hunters crossing a stream on their return from a caribou hunt, Alaska.

Sitka we pass on the homeward trip—Sitka, that quaint and unique town founded in the earliest fur-trading days of Russian rule. As we steam into the bay we are for the moment conscious only of the lovely snow clad Seven Sister Mountains in the background. On the opposite side of the bay is Mt. Edgecombe, an extinct volcano. Sitka was for years the center of operations of the Russian-American Fur Company, and until 1899 was the principal

church. It is of a style of architecture quite different from anything we ever saw, and contains a number of art treasures, among which is a Madonna valued at over \$20,000.

Leaving Sitka, we resume the homeward journey, traversing again the superlatively beautiful waterways of the Alexander Archipelago and pausing at Wrangell and Ketchikan, and three days later find ourselves back again in the land we call home.





Impressions of New York

By Richard Bret Harte

CHAPTER I

(Mr. Richard Bret Harte, who has spent his early life in Europe, where he was educated, returns to his native land and describes with his own caricatures his various impressions gathered during a five year ramble across the continent from New York to San Francisco. This is the first installment of the series.)

ARRIVING in New York after more than twenty years in Europe is a most appalling and bewildering sensation. To me it seemed like falling entirely off the earth into an over-civilized planet, an H. G. Wells affair, literally *bilious* with automatic life and all the scientific wonders and inventions of the next millennium.

However, after I had gotten over the gaping period that temporarily afflicts every stranger to the great city, I came to the conclusion that in some districts New York was rather European after all—in atmosphere at least. Fifth avenue, for instance, seemed pervaded with the blazeness of Bond Street and the “de trop” of the Rue de la Paix. Here men with miniature

mustache and ivory complexion, faultlessly attired in the latest “imported” tweeds, sauntered up and down smoking “imported” cigarettes and carrying “imported” canes, all with an air of aristocratic abandon—also “imported.” The women were beautiful but “imported” to distraction. They glided silently by, dressed, or rather *draped* in vari-colored Parisian gossamers, exhaling every possible perfume to be found in Europe, Asia, Africa and possibly the Polar regions.

To me all this seemed distressingly un-American. My conception of American beauty had been cultivated by Gibson, but apparently the “Gibson period” had gone out of date like the Pompadour or the prehistoric. To associate the Gibson girl with the mod-

ern New York styles would be as ridiculous as trying to imagine Venus in a basque and tight skirt, or Shakespeare in a fedora and balmacan. Indeed, considering some of the prevailing modes I saw in Fifth Avenue, I was confident that the Gibson girl had retired with a clear conscience.

Broadway was more foreign than ever, particularly at night when it burst into a stream of lights and frivolities. The maze of illuminated signs flashing and flickering in an ever changing avalanche of colors; the gorgeous hotels and cafes alive with the chatter of mirthful epicureans and the impassioned, bohemian strains of Hungarian orchestras; the animated theatre lobbies; the roar of the traffic and the unending streams of pleasure-seekers,—all had a luring, kind of why-Mary-left-home fascination about it that made me feel like a minister's son astray in Montmartre, Picadilly—anywhere but in New York.

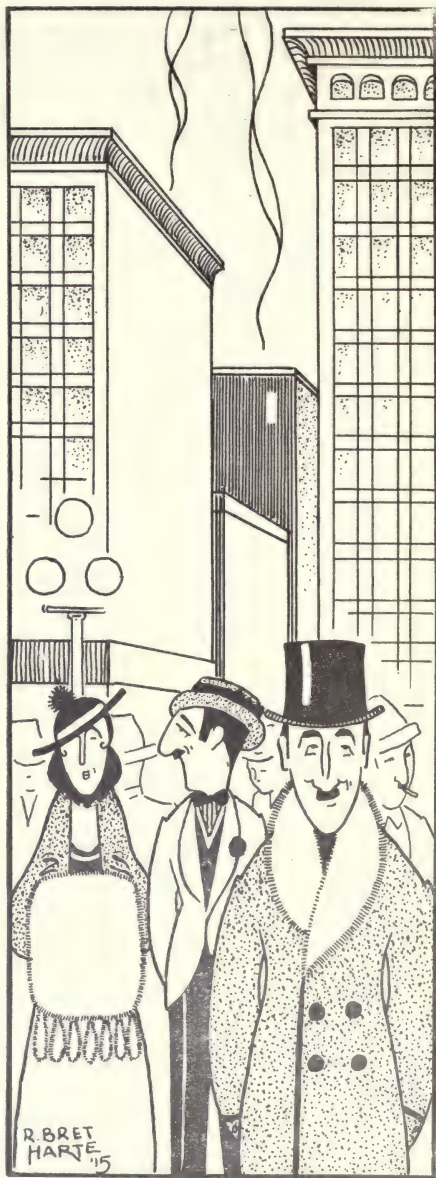
I further found Broadway so aggressively cosmopolitan that even an interpreter would have been utterly confused. What little English I did hear was so hybrid or "slanged," it might have been anything from Sanscrit to antediluvian Dutch. But I will say of this "Broadway patois" that it possessed a predominant flavor of Hebrew.

However, in all this foreign atmosphere there was something conspicuously, unmistakably American. I suppose it was a kind of "local color." In Europe this artistic element is noted for its abundance of picturesque types, generally rural and refreshingly quaint. But in America this "local color" is very apparently *black*. It has astrican hair, a perpetual grin, and moves languidly on large feet. You find it in the streets, in the hotels, in the houses, on the trains, on board ship; in fact, everywhere, though I have since discovered that the only place it is never found is in the water, to which it seems to have a particular aversion.

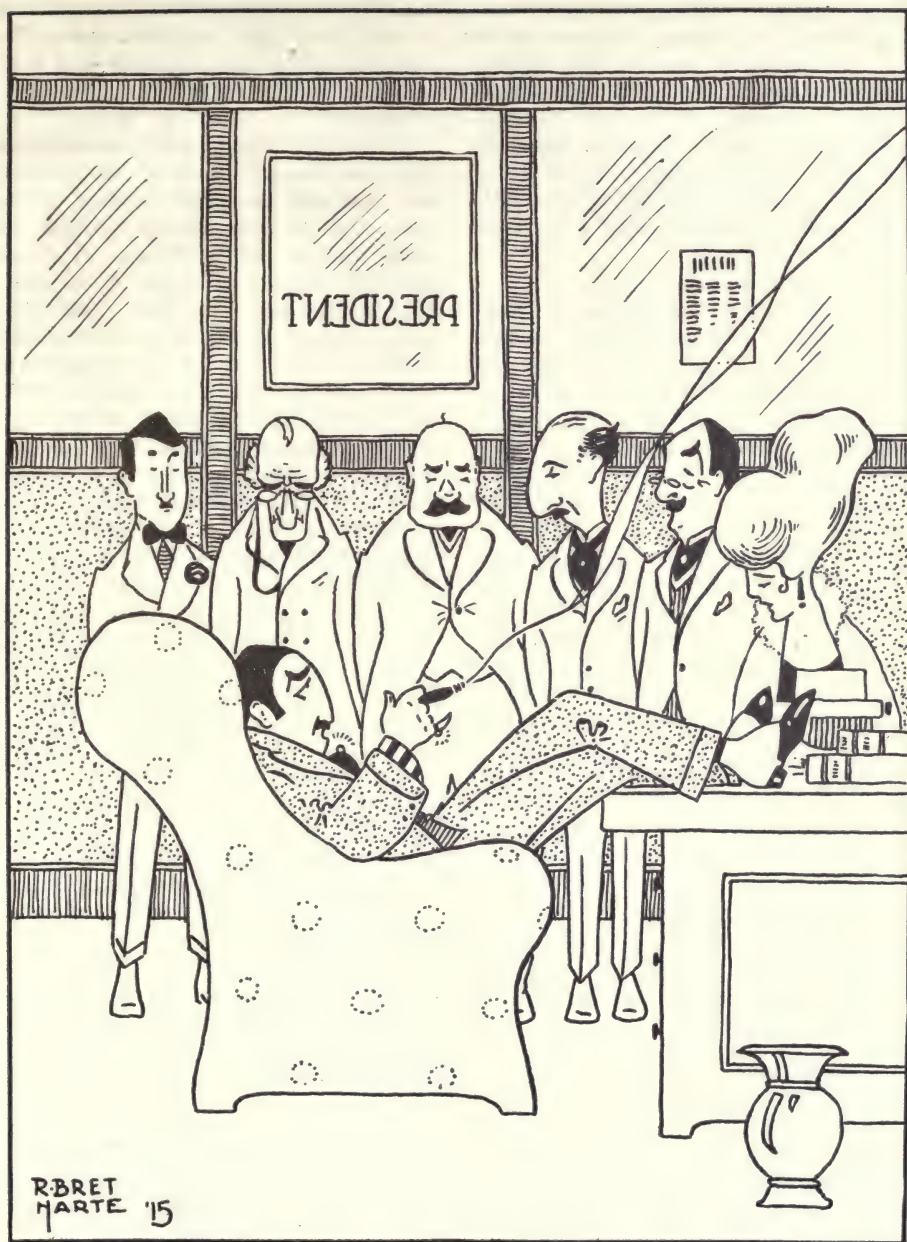
Once away from these foreign highways and down amid the skyscrapers,

I felt myself at last in the New York of my dreams and fancies, that aforementioned H. G. Wells affair that might have been Mars.

The first genuine American sensation I experienced was ascending the Woolworth Building in a so-called "express" elevator. It was a sensation I shall never forget, for the very good reason that I had just previously in-



"A predominant flavor of Hebrew."



".....an entire population engaged in clerical pursuits and pastimes awaits him."

dulged in a heavy breakfast—which to me had been another American sensation—in the form of nine buckwheat cakes. Now I do not wish to argue over the nutritive qualities of this delicacy, but I do remember that

those buckwheat cakes performed some extraordinary feats in that express elevator.

As soon as the car shot upwards my entire anatomy suddenly adhered to the ceiling. I seemed to be folding up

in the crown of my hat, my legs dangling down like a long strip of moist chewing gum. It was at this embarrassing moment that the buckwheat cakes performed. To describe the performance in detail would be quite indelicate. Eventually, the elevator stopped, and I found myself in a balcony, gazing down at New York, hundreds of feet below.

It was a wonderful sight.

At first I could see nothing but rows upon rows of windows in tall, narrow walls of white, shooting up into the sky as if to free themselves from the "undergrowth" of roofs and smoking chimneys below. Gradually these walls of windows grouped themselves into towering skyscrapers, but they were so positively *riddled* with windows that I wondered they did not collapse or at least get out of shape. It was fascinating to look down on the elevated trains dashing in and out of the labyrinth of streets, just like a swarm of terrified caterpillars, while the unending streams of pedestrians, trolleys and vehicles merged themselves into a rolling sea of specks and shadows.

It was the business section, the "skyscraper zone" that appealed to me more than anything else in New York. Down around the City Hall, in the environs of Wall Street and William Street, I spent most of my time. Here I found that illustrious super-being, human prodigy of this great New Age—the American millionaire in his "native haunts."

And they were certainly haunts de luxe.

As I entered one of the gigantic office buildings, I thought at first I had wandered into some musical-comedy setting or possibly a fashionable arcade in some foreign exposition. There were barbers, perfumers, Turkish baths, chiropodists, cigars, manicure, massage, flowers, candies, and every other temptation under the sun utterly and ridiculously inconsistent with my conception of the shrewd, conventional business man.

Gradually the significance of this

luxury dawned upon me. I was in one of the "New Age" temples, one of the "native haunts" of this great new race of super-beings, the American millionaires.

What fastidious and immaculate creatures these "males of the millionaire species" must be! I tried to imagine one of them going through the daily routine of his duties. It is apparently part of his creed to be thoroughly cleansed, purified and perfumed before transacting any business. I can see him passing the early morning hours, first in the Turkish bath, then in the barber's chair, where he is shaved, massaged, manicured "chiropodised" and perfumed into a radiant Apollo. This elaborate toilet being somewhat boring, he then retires for a few moments to the cigar and candy counter. Tasting a few dainty morsels, he selects his favorite cigar and converses casually with the salesgirl, discussing baseball, theatrical scandals, and other topics of passing interest. He is then conducted by express elevator to his spacious offices above the earth, where an entire population, engaged in clerical pursuits and pastimes, awaits him. Here in the seclusion of his private office he follows the bent of his wonderful race, creating gigantic schemes that make and multiply into millions.

There is no limit to his power and accomplishments. In a day he may have established a dozen factories, sold a few railroads, invented a substitute for cream cheese, raised the price of cuff-buttons, bought a couple of European monarchs to enrich his collection of heathen curios, presented his housemaid with a library, and yet have time to spare, with an extra odd million or so in his vest pocket.

Certainly this wonderful new race seemed to be opening a new epoch in civilization, an era of science and industry. The age of Rafaels, Shakespeares and Wagners had passed forever. The Immortals of to-morrow would be Robinsons and Smiths, whose fame would be venerably perpetuated, not on canvas, not in books, but on

cans of potted meat, soap labels, silk hose, comforters, corrugated iron, and the like, which, although could hardly be termed "treasures of art," or "classics," would nevertheless be masterpieces for all that.

I trust the reader will forgive me for these visionary musings. But to

one who was still "dusty" with the antiquity of Europe, life in a New York skyscraper was a revelation of wonders inspiring to the extreme.

Next month, "A Few Mild Experiences in the Big City.")

Christian Science Heals the Sick and Reforms the Sinner

By Thomas F. Watson

THE Overland Monthly recently published, March issue, an article by F. W. Plaenker, in which he gives his opinion of "Christian Science—Viewed in Its Own Light and that of the Bible."

Notwithstanding the statement that Mr. Plaenker was at one time a student of Christian Science, his assertion that "Christian Science is an anti-Christian religion, undermining faith in the Bible and in the God of the Bible," is entirely disproved by the fact that thousands have been healed of infidelity and agnosticism as well as of sickness through the ministrations of this Science, and have thereafter become earnest students of the Bible and followers of the teachings of Christ Jesus. This is sufficient proof to any thoughtful person that Christian Science is in harmony with the teachings of the Bible. The first tenet of Christian Science as given in Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker Eddy, on page 497, is as follows: "As adherents of Truth, we

take the inspired Word of the Bible as our sufficient guide to eternal Life," and it is a noteworthy fact that Christian Scientists are earnest students of the Bible, and that their faith in its teachings have been strengthened by the study of Christian Science.

Our critic complains that Christian Science encourages man to believe that he has "an inherited right to immortality." But this is not said of mortals. Science and Health teaches that "By putting 'off the old man with his deeds,' mortals 'put on immortality.'" Page 262.

The critic asks: "How does 'Christian Science as it is' compare with Jesus' teachings?" Christian Science heals the sick and sinful in obedience to Jesus' command, thus proving its faith by its works. The fact that Truth destroys sin and sickness proves that they are no part of God's creation, which He pronounced "very good."

It is difficult to see why Mr. Plaenker objects to the phrase on page 16 of Science and Health, "Thy kingdom is

come," when the Master said, "The kingdom of God is within you," also "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." And as to the question of a "personal God," the Bible teaches that God is Love, and that He is Spirit and everywhere present. "Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." Jeremiah 23:24. It is impossible to conceive of God as a person and as omnipotent and omniscient as the Scriptures teach us. Christian Science has given the highest proof as to its efficacy, its Science and its Christianity in the healing of thousands of cases of sin and sickness, as well as reformation of character.

The critic's contention that "If God did not antedate man He could not create him," is answered in that man as the image and likeness of God, or His reflection, has always been with the Father, for, as it is impossible to think of the sun without its rays, so we cannot conceive of the infinite Intelligence or Mind as existing without its representative idea or man. What often seems to us as a new creation of Truth is only a revelation of that which always existed. Jesus said, "Before Abraham was I am."

Again, a patient healed by Christian Science who increases in weight does not disprove the teaching of Christian Science concerning God's allness, or the Bible teaching that God (Spirit) is everywhere present (see Psalms 139), any more than the fact that Jesus brought Lazarus back in a fleshly body disproves his teaching that the "flesh profiteth nothing."

The gentleman says, "When the patient dies, is the allness of Spirit demonstrated?" In the same spirit one might ask: "When Paul passed away from this earth did that disprove his statement that 'Jesus Christ . . . hath abolished death?'"

The Bible tells us that God gave man dominion over all the earth. (See Genesis 1:26.) Again, "Thou hast put all things under his feet." Yet we read in Hebrews 2, "But now we see not yet all things put under him." Nor is this a contradiction, for there are

many things even on a material plane which our limited vision "sees not yet."

In answer to the question, "When will 'Christian Science as it is' be demonstrated," we may say that one can only demonstrate Christian Science in proportion to his understanding of it.

Again, our critic says, "If God knows nothing of sickness, sin and death, what suggested to Him the need of Science and Health?" The Bible says, "Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity," yet we read in John 3: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The sun does not need to know of the darkness it destroys.

The gentleman tells us that he "is not endeavoring to ridicule Mrs. Eddy, for he was at one time in the same confusion." It is quite apparent to any one who understands Christian Science that this critic's ideas of Christian Science are still confused.

He then wrests a few incomplete sentences from their surrounding context, and tells us that "those who accept the Bible as God's Word can see from the following list of quotations that Christian Science is an anti-Christian, Ransom-denying doctrine." This unfair proceeding of wresting a few lines from their context would make a mere jargon of any piece of literature. By such a process one might prove by the Bible that "there is no God." Given in its completeness the statement reads: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

Our friend may also find that the Bible says, "Judge not lest ye be judged." Also in Romans 2: "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself." A religion that heals the sick and reforms the sinner, as Christian Science is doing, cannot be called anti-Christian.

Conroy's Lucky Strike

By Dr. Justus Marchal Wheate

WHEN the water-logged ferry-boat, poled by a red-headed man and his half-breed wife, bumped into the north bank of the Snake River, Frank Conroy coaxed his jaded team ashore, paid the ferryman, and found himself, save for his two companions and the boatman, in what seemed a manless land, with one lone dollar in his lean pocket. He had traveled six hundred miles across mountain and plain, sage-brush and sand, and most of the way over a trail of his own making, bound for the land of gold. Fifty miles to the north, where the snow gleamed on the crest of the Sawtooth Range, he had yet to go to reach the end of the rainbow.

His wagon was old and rickety, and of questionable utility when he set out on the long journey, and its six hundred miles of rough usage had added greatly to its decrepitude; so that now it appeared to be worth not much more than the lonesome dollar, which lacked companionship in his pocket. The ill-mated pair—a skinny mule and a bony, blind horse, like the wagon had grown older untimely, and would not have fetched the price of the feed in this barren country necessary to keep them through the approaching winter. A primitive camp equipage, and the meagre remains of his share of the stock of provisions, the few miner's tools, and his gun, these constituted the sum total of his earthly assets.

There remained one valuable possession, however, not easy to inventory in Conroy's case. It consisted of an unconquerable purpose in combination with an indomitable perseverance.

A year ago he had landed at San Francisco from a brigantine, eighteen

months out from Liverpool. He had sought this only available means to reach the Land of Promise; for he had dreamed youthful dreams while tending his flocks on his native downs, and these dreams were ever of gold; "gold! gold! hard to get and heavy to hold"—in Scotland; and he had heard that gold, much gold, was to be dug from the sands and the hills in California. Within a week after carrying his dunnage ashore, he had discovered that the rainbow's end had vanished from the burning sands of the Sacramento, and, where men had reveled in those rich placers before his day, there remained now only boulder-strewn waste, and the adventurous knights of pick and shovel had gone hence to share in the excitement of the newer finds in the mountains of Nevada.

Thus he heard the call, and the lure of the unseen yellow gold led him eastward and upward to Virginia City. Once arrived at this famed camp, he was again disillusioned. He soon found that his ideas of acquiring wealth by a process of turning over the willing earth and gathering up the waiting lumps of priceless metal were far removed from reality, and, after prospecting vainly more than a month, he had scarcely learned to distinguish porphyry, gold-bearing quartz and iron pyrites, and he hardly knew the difference between black sand and the trampled cinders from the blacksmith shop by the creek. Acknowledging his failure to accumulate treasure in this uncertain manner, and with his meagre savings from his sailor's wage nearly gone, he was glad to go to work on another and luckier man's claim for wages; and the six dollars a day he received for digging another man's

gold seemed a princely sum to the stranded Conroy.

Nine months he continued to swing his pick or shovel or sledge for this and other employers, frugally hoarding his savings, still dreaming his dreams. Then came the sudden termination of the Golconda, and "pay dirt" was no longer to be found by the small prospector, and Conroy awakened from his dream when he found himself out of employment. But, coincident with the closing of the worked out claims, came lurid reports of a big strike in the country to the north; and in a night the busy camp folded its tent and moved away, and there remained little more than a memory, and the march was on to the new diggings.

By means of his savings Conroy managed to acquire a well-worn wagon—now no longer needed by its former owner, and by shrewd bargaining, he became the opulent owner of a mule and a blind horse. With a patched-up harness, finished out with a pair of rope lines, his overland express was complete.

He found two willing companions eager to grubstake the outfit for the privilege of sharing his transportation, and after five weary weeks of trials and hardships, the travel-worn argonauts were ferried over the Snake and set out on the last lap of their long journey, which would bring them to the rainbow's end. A grueling climb and a long one brought them out of the canyon on to the plain, and to the endless miles of sage brush once more. A few miles farther out, they encountered a well marked trail, showing evidence of much recent travel, and they knew they were on the right road. They fell into this landmark with renewed spirits and headed toward the distant range that bounded the north horizon. Near nightfall, three days later, they made camp on the bank of the Big Wood, where a thousand eager and hopeful men already had preceded them.

Adams and Whitlock, his two fellow soldiers of fortune, feeling themselves free from further obligation, at once

mingled with the enthusiastic company, which talked only of "colors" and "prospects," and became imbued with the excitement; and, the next morning, shouldered pick and shovel and joined the ever-unsatisfied quest. But the canny Scott had gained wisdom of his brief experience with mines and miners. He early discovered that the professional miner is a living paradox; that his life is a complex made from the extremes of the emotions; capable of enduring prolonged and trying privations with cheerful optimism when luck was against him, he was proverbially improvident as long even as "prospects" were encouraging, and flagrantly, often ostentatiously, prodigal in exchanging the fruit of his toil for the simple comforts he had neglected to provide, when the "color showed strong in the pan."

Here were a thousand men, many of whom were making rapid strides toward wealth; all were optimistically expectant, and such as had not been so fortunate as to locate a claim for himself found ready employment working for others at fabulous wages, so that money, or rather its equivalent in "dust," flowed without stint for whatever its possessor craved that could be had. His practical nature admonished him that the staples of life were of first importance, and that the demand was not regulated altogether by the fluctuating fortunes of the individual. With the judgment of a financier, he recognized that, in this camp on the barren hillsides, fuel as well as food was one of the chief requisites; thus it came about that he found his first profitable employment in cutting and rafting cord wood, and pine logs for cabin building, from the timber belt twelve miles up the river from the camp. In this he found employment for his team, and his earnings far outran those of the day-laborers in the mines.

At his earliest opportunity he built for himself a roomy cabin, and also a substantial shed for his team; for a new opportunity had presented to his alert senses, and he required the best

that was in his team, and it must be well treated. The camp had come ahead of its camp followers with the usual supplies, and men in their restless search for gold, trusted to others to provide their material wants. It was recognition of this situation that laid the foundation for the real success of Frank Conroy.

Eagle Rock lay a hundred and forty miles to the southeast, and was the nearest railroad shipping point from which to draw supplies for the new camp. As soon as he had completed his cabin, he set out with his now recuperated team and repaired wagon, and two hundred dollars he had accumulated, to bring back a miscellaneous stock of camp utilities and provisions. It was now well along in November, and he must make all haste to return before the snow would prohibit travel. He would return in time to help the miners celebrate Christmas by bringing luxuries as well as necessities for their holiday. The camp was proving a bonanza, and gave every indication of being permanent. Work would continue all winter, and he was thus reasonably assured that he would make a most profitable venture in merchandise.

With flour at thirty dollars a barrel, coffee at a dollar a pound, with bacon and beans at even higher relative prices, Conroy found himself reveling in his unguessed good fortune when he counted up his profits after his goods had all been sold. He began at once to elaborate his plans for the future. He made a trip to a ranch settlement thirty miles down the river, and bought a team of sturdy bronchos and a good wagon, bringing back a load of forage for his teams. He wasted not a day during the winter when it was possible for man or beast to work, but continued to make big wages cutting and hauling fuel from the mountains above the camp, and was ready with the first break in the drifts to start again to Eagle Rock. He found a driver for his extra team, and together they started on the long trip. His dreams by this time had lost some of their

idealism, and taken on a more lucid and material aspect. He had planned as he worked, and worked all the time, and when he set out on this trip, he still had other developments in store. In addition to the staples required by the miners, he brought back a plow and various other necessary farm implements, and an assortment of farm and garden seed. Constant additions to the population of the camp, whose fame was spreading, foretold the great demand for food. The growing thousands of healthy appetites must be satisfied, and it required much and varying food to accomplish it.

A thrifty Chinaman had already appeared on the scene, and was busy with preparations for a garden on a strip of level bench below the camp, and his progress bore evidence of his genius. This pioneer enterprise of the Celestial was as the beginning of wisdom for Conroy. The camp—by this time it had dignified itself with the name of Canyon City—lay sprawled on both sides of the turbulent little river that rushed down the long, gold-laden canyon, and a mile below its outermost fringe, the river made a wide swing to the southwest, leaving on its right a beautiful stretch of level valley, only a few feet above the water, and covered with a dense growth of sagebrush, with occasional biles as large as a man's thigh, indicating soil of incomparable richness. It was on this natural farm site that Conroy took up his squatter's sovereignty and set about his pastoral duties. Only the most primitive engineering was required to plow out a ditch, beginning half a mile above, which gave water in abundance to irrigate all the land he could cultivate, and, while the hired man continued freighting, Conroy devoted all his energies to the new duties of farming. Irrigation was an untried art with him, and his methods were crude, his efforts often wasted; but he watched the skilful Chinaman and freely asked his advice when in doubt. He worked during all the hours of the day on the farm, and stood behind the rude counter in

his little store to wait on the miners at night.

When the strenuous season came to a close, he was more than pleased with the rewards the experiment had brought. The profits from the store and freight traffic averaged nearly a hundred dollars a month; besides forage for his two teams sufficient for the winter, an expensive item in itself heretofore, he had four hundreds bushels of the finest potatoes, which found ready sale during the winter at three dollars the bushel; two hundred bushels of turnips that brought an equal number of dollars; and a hundred dollars worth of cabbages. Besides these he had sold more than a hundred dollars of fresh vegetables during the summer.

The expenses chargeable to the farm were for hired help at ninety dollars a month, a hundred and fifty dollars for implements and permanent supplies, and seventy dollars for seed; in all, seven hundred and fifty dollars. His own living he reckoned as negligible: he lived primitively and did his own cooking like most others of his kind and time. Thus, at the close of his first year in business, he found himself richer by nearly eighteen hundred dollars in gold, gold that he himself had not mined in the picturesque manner he had planned originally; but what was really of greater worth, he had twenty acres of the richest soil under the sun, virgin, volcanic ash, all ready for the coming season's seed.

Winter shut down the freighting; but he had seen to it that the little store was stocked with enough supplies to carry over until the trail was broken in the spring. However, he was by no means idle, nor the loser by reason of winter. He put both teams to work clearing sage-brush from an additional tract of land. This he did effectively and rapidly by means of a team hitched at either end of a heavy split log, dragging the sharp edge against the frozen brush, which snapped clean and even with the ground, leaving only the shallow roots to be turned out with the plow. When spring came again,

he had an additional hundred acres ready for the plow and leveler. The sage brush trunks proved a good harvest, and were sold for fuel, bringing income enough to pay the wages of the hired help.

Plans for the second season were made carefully. His mistakes and a few fruitless experiments of the first summer were not wholly without value, for he carefully avoided them in his future calculations. No detail that could be foreseen had been neglected, and the results were proportionately profitable. The greatly increased acreage necessitated additional help; but there were always unfortunate or disappointed miners willing to work on the ranch long enough to acquire sufficient for another "stake," and Conroy found no great difficulty in securing the necessary assistance, even though usually unskilled. Indeed, one of the first to apply during the early spring was Adams, who had gone broke as a penalty for too frequent attendance and too little familiarity at faro, during the winter. He bought another team and put it to work on the ranch, while one was kept continually freighting, and another made occasional trips when it could be spared from the ranch; for there was an increased demand for supplies at both ranch and store, and his income was more than enough to cover his added expenses. Other freighters had entered the lucrative field, and several saloons, some of which carried considerable stocks of miscellaneous staples, were already competing with the pioneer Conroy, but the efficient and frugal Scot with his integrity and fair dealing found competition no obstacle to success.

The summer passed rapidly, so Conroy thought; for each hour was utilized profitably, and there seemed not enough of them to use. Success was in the air; fortunes were in sight in the camp; one or perhaps two fabulous ledges had been uncovered. Optimism unrestrained made all men think in big figures, for there were enough successes on every hand to justify the enthusiasm. When Con-

roy counted up the season's profits, he was content to believe he had found a blazed trail to fortune. He had now a hundred and twenty acres in cultivation, eighty of which were in alfalfa, and he had all the farm equipment he could use with the help available. With all this, he remained not quite satisfied; he felt that he had omitted the one essential that was destined to lead to the big success he owed himself. The rich green of the alfalfa ever reminded him of green hills across the sea; hills across whose green canvas spread the moving picture of flocks of blooded sheep feeding contentedly on the luscious meadows, and hills covered with gorse and heather, recalled by the pungent, aromatic sage on every hand. As he looked about at the limitless range of grazing land, free as the air he breathed, and with neither hoof nor horn to utilize it, his thrifty soul revolted at the waste. He must have sheep. This was the ideal sheep country. Free range of the most nutritious grass and healthful climate eight months in the year, and richer alfalfa in abundance to carry them through the winter. The thought became an obsession. He would have sheep.

As soon as the crops were harvested, he took one of the ranch-hands, and a week's rations, and went on the hunt for sheep. He found them at a distant Mormon settlement on Lost River, and in three weeks he was back with a hundred head, for which he had paid ten dollars apiece. He felt that he had really begun his career, and was genuinely happy. When Christmas came again, he took stock of his belongings, and the inventory showed, besides his ranch and its equipment, two thousand dollars in money and "dust," a thousand dollars' worth of sheep, and plenty of feed for them and his three teams, and a six hundred dollar stock of merchandise with no indebtedness.

Three more prosperous years went by. Canyon City had doubled in population, and had taken on the air and appearance of substantiality. Many fairly pretentious buildings lined the

main street where originally tents and log huts housed the transient population. A big sawmill supplied lumber for the growing town; a gravity system of works supplied the purest of mountain water; and electric lights would soon make their appearance, since a hydro-electric plant was nearing completion at the cataract above the town. Conroy's original capital of *purpose and perseverance* had suffered nothing by its continuous employment. His perseverance had been in constant use, and his purpose was in evidence on every hand. Each year had added amazingly to his assets. Each year his flocks had increased by purchase and by the bounty of nature, until now they were spread like a fleecy summer cloud over the range at his door. He had abandoned his log cabin for a commodious frame building, combining store and living rooms with modern plumbing, and wired for the electric lights that would replace the old lamps at an early date.

Five years from the evening when this Scotch soldier of fortune unhitched his bony mule and blind horse at the portal of the future city of Canyon, he sat by the big stove in the rear of his thriving general store, indulging in pleasing reminiscence. He had never wandered from his dominant purpose to *find gold* since he dreamed his boyish dreams while tending another man's flocks. Up to the time of his arrival at this camp, he had no plan other than to dig it from its hidden source in the rugged hills; but, when he took a mental inventory of his belongings as he sat there by his fire, he found himself the possessor of half a square mile of well tilled and highly productive ranch, which would be his in all due regularity in another six months when he had completed his homestead requirements; he had a string of freight teams of four and six horse capacity, each making money; a ten thousand dollar stock of merchandise and a profitable trade; a half interest in a producing mine a little way up the canyon, in which he himself had never stuck a pick, but which had

been turning in big dividends for a year; but above all these, the one asset he cherished most was his band of two thousand sheep now scattered over the foothills beyond the town, and doubling in numbers and value each year; and he felt something of pride in his accomplishment when he reflected that his check drawn on the local bank for any amount under five figures would be paid without going to the trouble of looking up his balance.

"This is a mine, all right, and all mine," he mused, then chuckled silently at his unpremeditated pun, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and prepared to turn in. "If I can keep this gait for ten years more, I'll be the greatest shepherd since the day of Abraham."

As he turned out the first of the swinging oil lamps, the door opened and in walked Whitlock, his remaining companion in adventure of five years ago.

"Hello, Frank," he ventured, with

an assumed buoyant and confident air of familiarity between old friends, but which quickly gave place to that of the derelict accustomed to meet adversity with a frown.

"Pete Dugan's just got in from the Salmon River, and he says they're findin' all kinds of color over there. Biggest thing in Idaho. Beats the best days Boise Basin ever saw. I just dropped in to see if you wouldn't maybe like to grubstake me for three months to go over there."

Then noting the half smile of clever understanding of the canny Scot, who knew too well the childish credulity of the miner of Whitlock's type, his cheerful confidence became almost a whimpering plea when he continued: "I want to get over there, bad, Frank. I've got to get out of here. This God-forsaken hole ain't no place for an honest man no more. If I can get a stake to try it over the divide, I just know I'll make a lucky strike this time."

He got his stake.

"WHEN THERE IS PEACE"

"When there is Peace this land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore."
Thus do the facile sears foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be Heaven, will it be Hell,
When there is Peace?

This let us pray for—this implore—
That, all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in nobler aims excel,
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, worthier than before,
When there is Peace!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Regeneration of Hick McCoy

By Frank Thunen

What I have done in the short-story field has been merely a recreative side-line. In the period from 1909 to 1912 I have contributed to different magazines, including *Overland Monthly*: *Nine Cats*, *Some Yankee* and a *Goat*, *The Burning at Bald Rock*, *Lief Hunter's Coyote Traps*, *The Stormy Love of Piute Jennie*, *The Man Who Stole the Sun*, *A Jesuit's Inquest*, *The Man Who Found the Pole*, *The Dark Canyon Buck*, *Over the Gorge*, *The Unhonored Heroes of Morris Ravine*.

I am a native Californian. The serious business of my life since 1904, when I was admitted to the California bar, has been the practice of law in California and Nevada, having been admitted to the bar of the latter State in 1907. Before preparing myself for the bar, I was a printer.—
The Author.



Frank Thunen

MORE than anything else, Hick McCoy needed reform. Next to that he needed a hair-cut and a change of linen. But of his moral defections: He got drunk and made rhymes, and with his spare time he did nothing at all, except at

irregular and rather infrequent intervals, when he adopted temporarily the vocation of his father, a stevedore on the San Francisco water-front.

One Saturday evening, when Hick had been enjoying a protracted period of saturated idleness, his parent took him to task in the kitchen of their home on Stockton street. "You're a pretty looking specimen of a McCoy, ain't you now? Twenty-two years old at that! Where'd ye get it? Your father's a hard-working man, and your mother, when she was alive, wasn't no drinking woman; so she wasn't. There is Tom, younger than you, with a good job running the elevator, and Maggie dishin' up in the cafeteria. Where'd ye get your drunken habits?"

Hick was feeling mellow. He gently turned the page of his magazine, on which was pictured an assortment of movie queens in various attractive poses, and raking his fingers through his tawny mane, answered in soothing cadence:

"Now, dad, don't show your piety,
Cause I've had your society
When you was inebriety."

"There ye go with your crazy poetry. What d'ye mean by that?"

Hick closed the magazine, removed his feet from the cold kitchen stove,

and arose from his chair. "Nothing personal, dad, but last Saturday night your wayward son had to put you to bed."

"Saturday night," repeated the father in a tone of extenuation; "but, by golly, I was on the job at seven Monday morning."

"Well, this is Saturday night," retorted Hick, moving toward the door. "I'm following in father's footsteps."

"You get out o' here," argued John McCoy, administering a swift paternal kick.

Experienced as a human shock absorber, the resilient Hick synchronously bowed his back and scarcely felt the impact of the heavy boot as he shot through the door. For as much as fifteen seconds the elder McCoy stood in the doorway watching his offspring, who stood in the street wavering under a torment of indecision as to which direction he should go. Then the father turned back and entered the house.

Hick looked across the city toward Market street, where the electroliers already cast a soft halo in the gathering dusk. But Market street did not seem to be just the place for him. A joint along the Barbary Coast would fit in better with his mood. Chance and his desire for conviviality conspired to throw him into the nearest one, Jackson's place, five blocks away on Columbus avenue.

There Hick found a young sailor, half-seas over and cheerful, with the remnants of his recent pay in his pocket. Cursing amiably, the sailor led Hick up to the bar and offered him up as a sacrifice to the god of thirst. The presiding assuager gave Hick a slight nod of recognition and poured two foaming glasses.

"Tha's m' wife," gurgled the sailor succulently, pointing an unsteady forefinger in the general direction of his glass. "Give 'er a toas', mate," he bubbled, grasping the glass clumsily and spilling half its contents over the bar.

Hick rose to the occasion. Spreading his hands above the sailor's glass,

as if about to pronounce a benediction upon it, he said:

"Here's to the wife of the sailor boy,
(Then lifting his own glass)

And here's to the cup of cheer.

A wife is man's supremest joy,

But give me a glass of beer."

"Tha's aw ri'; tha's aw ri', mate," applauded the sailor. "Gimme yer flipper. Come on, le't have 'nuther."

Their capacity measured their limitations, for the bar-tender made none, and at ten cents a throw the sailor's money held out very well. In the earlier stages they stood at the bar between drinks, but in the course of an hour they began to oscillate between the bar and a bench in the corner. Later they stayed with the bench and the bar-tender obligingly brought the refreshments to them.

About ten o'clock Hick was aroused from a state of semi-consciousness by the sound of a familiar voice at the bar ordering a drink. John McCoy had not forgotten that it was Saturday night, the night set apart for the movies, and later a tall glass or so at Jackson's Place. He had not seen Hick in the dark corner, and at a covert sign from the bar-tender the younger McCoy made an unobtrusive exit to the street.

Once again Hick's maudlin mind became involved in thought, just as it had that other time earlier in the evening when he moved into the street to escape his parent. Which way should he go? That was Hick's problem. He could not decide it offhand, so down Columbus avenue he wandered aimlessly. The garish Barbary Coast lights held him a full minute at the Pacific street crossing, but his appetite for conviviality had had its keen edge turned. He passed on. Again at the Kearny street junction he wavered a moment, then proceeded along the latter street until he reached Portsmouth Square. Taking the first path leading from the sidewalk, he ambled along between grass plot and flower bed to the Stevenson Memorial in the

center of the square, and dropped onto a bench.

A thin, chill mist had drifted in through the Golden Gate. The better to protect himself from it, Hick folded himself across the middle, his elbows resting on his knees and his palms supporting his chin. Thus he sat, looking down over the shrub-grown slope of the square, across Kearny street, and straight into the frowning face of the Hall of Justice. Once, following an altercation with a soldier in a Barbary Coast dance hall, Hick had seen the inside of that temple for the vindication of the peace and dignity of the people of the State of California. Then for ten days he had dallied with other petty offenders in an enclosed place, where the atmosphere, dank, musty and half-lighted, smelt of chloride of lime. But mostly Hick's lapses were conducted with such decorum that the Law knew them not, and he readily forgave the Law its one act of vengeance.

Presently the youth became aware that he was not alone in the park. Slow and measured steps crunched along the graveled walk from behind, and to his right. To Hick's trained ear it was the tread of one who had no destination in particular, with the whole night in which to reach it, and he knew that Officer Dooley of the Chinatown detail had entered the park from his beat along Clay street. Hick sat up straight, his pose taking on something of alertness against the coming of the policeman. Directly back of the memorial a powerful arc lamp threw a too brilliant light across the square, but two or three stunted poplars intervened, and the youth did his best to merge himself into their friendly shadow.

The officer came steadily on until within ten feet of the bench, where he stopped and deliberately scrutinized its unoffending occupant. Under the concerted gaze of the bluecoat and the Hall of Justice, Hick felt a sudden and almost irresistible impulse to arise and leave the square, but his head swam the least bit, and he doubted the in-

tegrity of his legs. It was safer to sit it out. He was sober enough to think of that.

With an effort at indifference he scooped a little tobacco and much lint from the bottom of his pocket, resurrected a much wrinkled brown paper, and with trembling fingers rolled a pill.

Still the officer stood and silently watched, and still the Hall of Justice presented its frowning front. To get his mind centered on more wholesome things, Hick tried to count the stars that would fall in Portsmouth Square if they should become dislodged from their settings in the sky. Mentally tagging the nineteenth luminary, he mechanically dug up a match and was about to strike it when it occurred to him that it might be wiser not to advertise his identity by holding a flaring match in his own face.

It was an awkward juncture. Why did the bull persist in standing there and staring at him? Why didn't he travel his beat? Resentment and anger were added to Hick's mental torture. He lost count of the stars. If he had had a handkerchief he would have trumpeted into it, but, lacking that convenience, he sniffed and dragged his sleeve athwart his nose. Then his eyes began to blur. The situation was becoming desperate when the bluecoat turned its back and went slowly on its way to nowhere in particular.

The crisis past, Hick gave up to a fit of maudlin tears. He threw himself upon the bench and wept unrestrainedly. Let the bull hear it if he would. The strain had been too great, and Hick was bound to have relief. Somehow, everybody seemed to be against him. His own father's last mark of attention had been a kick. Huddled on the bench, the unhappy Ishmael dug his fists into his streaming eyes, while he hiccupped and heaved like a cow trying to raise a stubborn cud.

Thus engaged, it was no wonder he failed to hear the brisk steps of the young woman with a destination somewhere beyond the precincts of Ports-

mouth Square and a sincere desire to leave the square behind as quickly as possible. As she came nearer, Hick's too evident distress arrested her. She could see that he was young. A poor, friendless youth suffering some great grief, she thought, as she left the path and approached the bench. "Poor boy!" she exclaimed, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder. "What is it? What is the trouble?"

Hick looked up, blinked, sniffled and whetted his beak on his sleeve. Too far gone to be ashamed of himself, he wept afresh as he pitied himself. "Nobody cares what becomes of me," he wailed. "My own father ki-kicked me!"

It is not always easy to distinguish between genuine grief and the lachrymose eruption of a crying jag. Even Hick was not sure which he had. It could not be expected of the sympathetic young lady, who, perhaps, had never experienced either. Her large round eyes, clear and innocent, looked straight into Hick's bleary ones as she sought to console him.

"Your father kicked you? My goodness, how can a father be so brutal! But don't give up to grief—don't despair. Don't give up for a minute. If your faith is right all will come out right in the end. There is *one* who cares."

Hick suddenly brightened. He did not fully understand, but her tone was encouraging. Did she mean that *she* cared? Her gentle sympathy would be a full recompense for all his woes. He promptly blinked away the last of his maudlin tears and put the matter squarely up to her. "Do you mean you care?" he blurted.

"Yes," she answered with a smile that Hick did not get. "And your Father in Heaven cares. Do you ever pray?"

Hick was seeing more clearly now. The situation somehow looked different. "N-no!" he confessed. "Do you?"

She laughed outright this time. "Of course I do, and so should you. I am just now on my way home from the

loveliest meeting at the Lift-the-Fallen Mission on Pacific street. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes, sure; right next to the Spider dance hall. I seen it lots of times. Do you go there—to that mission?"

"Quite often, yes. It's open all the time, and there are services every evening. There is a reading room, too, where you can see the papers and magazines, and some awfully nice books. I do wish you would come some time. I know you'd enjoy it ever so much."

"Can a fellow go in any time?" inquired Hick, already secretly resolved to cultivate an acquaintance with Lift-the-Fallen missionary work.

"Any time, yes; and I wish you could bring your father. I know he needs our help, too. Can't you come to-morrow morning? We meet at ten. But I must go now."

Hick readily promised to present himself at the mission in the morning, and the young woman quickly whisked away into the night.

Hick had not left the bench when, fifteen minutes later, he came out of a raw umber study, and chanced to notice the cigarette still crushed between his first and second fingers. "I'll quit that, too," he said aloud, flicking the coffin-nail into the shrubbery. Then, actuated by a fine resolve, he got up and strode out of the square with the firm step of one with a destination and a purpose.

At home, young McCoy found his father sitting alone, humped forlornly in a chair, gazing into the fireless grate. The parent stared in surprise as his son came briskly to where he sat.

"Dad," exclaimed the youth, "I've cut it out! I'm on the water wagon from now on!"

The old man twitched his grizzled beard in astonishment. "What—how is that?" he demanded.

Hick felt a dithyrambic attack coming on and backed off a few feet, his arms awave as if he would hypnotize his father into a receptive state.

"Listen, dad:

"In Portsmouth Square, weighed down
with care,
I sat and hoped I'd die,
When out of the night a sweet angel of
light
Seemed to swoop——"

"Oh, can that stuff! You're so
drunk you don't know what you're
saying."

Hick's swelling gas bag was punctured. His inspired words began to spatter out in prosaic figures. "No; you're wrong, dad. I've busted with old John Bacchus; I've took a fresh start. I'm on the water wagon from now on, and I feel like the stopper in a bottle of soda pop. Come on, let's shake."

"By golly, I will!" exclaimed John McCoy, getting to his feet and giving his son's hand a hearty squeeze. "And what's more, I'll quit, too. You quit, and I'll show you that your father can quit. That ought to be fair."

"Sure thing, dad." They shook hands again, and Hick related the details of his whirlwind reconstruction in Portsmouth Square. "And she's sure a peach, dad," he ended. "So sympathetic and all. I ain't ever had anybody talk to me like she did."

"By golly, I'm glad," was all the father could say.

John McCoy's was not an impulsive nature. He experienced few ups and downs of sentiment; yet, somehow, an unusual peace seemed to permeate his slumber that night. Hick tossed in happy wakefulness till early morning; nor did he oversleep, but was up and preened and on his way to the Lift-the-Fallen mission almost an hour ahead of time.

Early as was the hour, the mission doors were open. A gray-haired, elderly lady, after giving him the once over, directed him to the reading room. A few shabby books graced the single shelf, and on the long pine table in the middle of the room were a number of antiquated magazines, coverless for the most part. Hick passed up both magazines and books, (and was industriously conning the sporting page of

a week-old newspaper when the Angel of Light arrived.

To Hick she appeared even more angelic by daylight than she had under the arc lamp in Portsmouth Square. "You are the young man I met last night?" she guessed. "Did you bring your father? I don't see him. Perhaps he is coming later. Is he?"

"No," replied Hick. "I left the old man home pounding his ear."

"Left him doing what?" she demanded with concern.

"Sleeping," explained Hick, with a patronizing grin at her ignorance.

Two more ladies came shortly afterward, also four or five men. They addressed the Angel of Light as Sister Smith, and Hick was introduced all round. He was Brother McCoyed and shaken by the hand until he came to feel like a pillar of the institution.

Suddenly, without prelude or warning, they broke out singing a hymn. The tune was not unfamiliar to Hick, and he joined in. The last note of the final chorus had hardly died away when Brother Jenkins knelt and began a vehement prayer for the uplift of the sin-ridden. In the midst of it, one of the special objects of his petition wobbled in under his load of sin and other things, and threw himself heavily into a rear bench.

It was the proselyte Hick who hurried to the poor wretch's side and delivered a fifteen minute homily on the mockery of wine, the raging propensity of strong drink, and the unwisdom of him who is deceived thereby. In the end there was placed before the penitent a printed form of pledge within a gilt border, and set off by the pathetic figure of a haggard and sad-faced woman in an attitude of prayer, her arm about a ragged little girl, and overhead a flock of cherubim in full flight. With infinite labor the inebriate affixed a clumsy scrawl. Brothers McCoy and Jenkins signed as witnesses and sponsors, after which, under the leadership of Sister Smith, they all stood up and sang "We're Going to hang King Alcohol."

It was a light heart and a beaming

face that Hick brought home to his father that day. "It's the only thing, dad," he announced enthusiastically. "It's the straight and narrow for mine from now on. And, say—that girl, she is sure some peacherino. I'm going to ask her to marry me."

"By golly, I wish you would. It'd be the best thing that could happen to you. Maybe she'd keep you working and sober. I can't."

"Well, that's all over now, dad. I'm mustered out of the unemployed army now, and I'm going to get me a steady job."

"Let's shake on that," suggested the elder McCoy, and so the resolution was sealed.

Again that night Hick attended the mission service; likewise the evening following, and so on through the week, each meeting adding something to his determination to lead a clean and useful life. He dared to hope that in time he might win his ideal and inspiration, the Angel of Light, the messenger of hope sent to him by Providence as he sat, lonely and miserable, in Portsmouth Square, weighed down with a bitterness he did not believe could ever be lifted from his soul.

Nor was the elder McCoy indifferent. He rejoiced moderately in the transformation of his son, and he was mildly grateful to the young lady from the mission to whom he gave all credit. But there were times when he felt that the price he himself had volunteered to pay for the boy's salvation was both exorbitant and unnecessary. He was getting well along in years; there was little of cheer in life for him. His children were grown, and he had no real companionship. An occasional drink would do him no harm. He could take it or leave it at will.

Tuesday night he willed to take it—just one glass at Jackson's. But just before he reached the place his conscience intervened, and he passed by. All day Wednesday he chided himself for his weakness of the previous evening and mentally renewed his covenant with Hick. On Thursday night he had his second struggle and again he con-

quered his thirst. Friday night was easy, but on Saturday night the crisis came. It was the night by custom set apart for the movies, and later a tall glass or so at Jackson's place. It had come to be a system. Saturday night had always been a night of weakness for John McCoy, and he fell, explaining to himself as he did so that a hard-working stevedore required a little stimulant now and again. Several glasses of liquid ballast had been dumped down his hatchway before he quit the place. But John was a stable craft. With a full bilge and an even keel he cut a straight course for home at five knots.

Maggie and Tom, of course, worked late that night, and Hick had gone early to his mission meeting. The house was empty when John McCoy returned. Fully clothed, he dropped upon the couch in the living room, and lay there a long time, brooding in the darkness.

Maybe he fell asleep. He did not know. The house was still empty, save for him, when he was aroused by some one fumbling at the night latch, followed by uncertain steps along the dark hallway. He raised himself from the couch and waited, listening, while the steps came nearer down the hall and stopped a moment at the doorway leading into the living room. The electric turn button beside the door snapped, flooding the room with light.

Hick McCoy, his hat pulled slouchily over one ear, confronted his father. King Alcohol was still unhung!

The youth blinked and swayed in silence under the man's accusing eyes. An awkward minute passed before the father spoke. "And you told me you quit drinking," he reproved. "I didn't think it'd last. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a young man with your education and opportunities. Where do you ever expect to end, anyway?"

Hick shifted his weight to his right leg, propped his left elbow against the door jamb, and steadied his head in his palm. With a sweep of his right hand he removed his hat and parodied:

"Oh, why should I look to you, father,
Oh, why should I look to you
For advice to give to your drunken son
When you are drunken, too?"

"I ain't drunk," defended McCoy
the elder. I had a glass or so at Jack-
son's, but what's that? I ain't no slave
to drink. I can take it or leave it alone

any time. I know what's the matter
with you. You asked that girl to
marry you, and she turned you down,
didn't she?"

"You guessed it the first time, dad,"
acknowledged Hick. "I asks her to-
night if she'll have me, and she tells
me she's already married to the mis-
sion superintendent."

"SPRING-FEVER MONTH"

It now has hold of me . . .
The hills call with their myriad voices—
Birds . . . flowers . . . spicy odors . . .
Creeping, crawling things I cannot see. . . .
Draw—draw—and quite enrapture me!
The wind that walks among the flowers;
That bends the Brodia's head,
Loosens the Poppy's cap,
That finally, tiring of Earth-play
Tosses the trees, torments the lazy clouds
Until they rage in slanting, driving showers!
My veins riot with Spring-Fever madness!
My feet stray from the roads:
Find undiscovered . . . wind-swept ways . . .
Moss grown—fern studded . . . flower scented . . .
My heart misses a beat—and leaps to gladness!
The lizard suns . . . as I sun . . .
The linnet is my brother . . . as he bathes, I bathe
In the shallow scooped-out stone.
The butterflies are kin to me.
Panting, afraid—with the rabbit
In the brush I run!
I carry pieces of grass and thistledown, with the birds . . .
The linnets—the meadow larks—
And build with the wren in the cactus:
Follow hill-paths with the Road Runner.
Without knowing why, without words
I am one with my Brothers.
The World is all mine . . . mine and my Lover's.
There is nothing I do not claim for us:
No experience not ours—
All the world of imagining . . . mine and Another's!
Not one wonderful thing
Do I miss, as out on the hill—with the Poppies
One after another baring their heads to me;
With the "Middle of Spring-Fever Month."
Madness upon me, I intrigue with Spring.

EDNA HEALD MCCOY.

The Spider and the Fly

By Minna Irving

A SLIM, gray house-spider took up her quarters in the corner of the upper sash of my dining room window, and wove a cleverly constructed bridge from her lair to the brass rod that held the muslin sash curtain, thus ingeniously enclosing the entire middle pane. A member of the family with a turn for natural history took the spider under his protection, with a view to studying the habits of the little creature. For a few days she waxed fat on the unwary flies that sunned themselves on the middle pane. Then the warning word went round in flydom, and the glass promenade beneath the delicate and dangerous cables was tabooed. The natural history student now began to catch flies for his pet, and learned a number of new facts about flies as well as spiders. The spider would not touch a dead fly, no matter how recently killed; she would not even come out to look at one. A weak fly that did not buzz and made no effort to get away, was also ignored, even if she had fasted all day. Sometimes a fly with more than usual intelligence—or was it instinct triumphing over blind terror?—would cease its struggles and play dead when the monster approached. The spider then would draw off and appear to scrutinize her victim for signs of life. If she detected none, she would retire to her curtained corner, but if the trapped insect allowed the tip of a wing to quiver, or wriggled a leg, it was pounced on with lightning like rapidity and dragged off to be devoured. The buzzing of a fly held close to her retreat, but out of sight, brought an alert forefoot into view, ready for prompt action, but the spider kept her

body concealed behind her silken screen—the landing of the lively prize in the web called her instantly to the fray. One day a big blue-bottle blundered on the airy suspension bridge, and the spider shot out and boldly seized it. Then ensued a battle royal, ending in victorious escape for the blue-bottle, which proved too strong for the valiant little spider.

Alcohol is swift and sure death to flies, even a minute drop being fatal. Cautious experiments were made with it on the spider, as there was no desire to kill her. It was dropped on the web here and there in globules like dew, but as this did not appear to cause her any discomfort, the window casing above was sprayed with it, so that it ran down and flooded her lair. She did not even move, but continued to dine on a fat fly she had just captured. A highly-scented cologne water was next used, and this was evidently very displeasing to her, for she hurried out on her bridge and remained there for several hours until the odor had evaporated.

It was now thought she might enjoy a change of diet, so a potato-bug was presented to her. The spider took no notice of the disturbance, though the spotted stranger kicked and struggled desperately to free itself from the meshes of the web. Finally, with dignified deliberation, and without so much as a look at her unwelcome prisoner, the spider emerged from her hiding place, traveled quietly up the window frame, struck out across the wide area of wallpaper, and journeyed to the top of a book-case, where, five minutes after her arrival, she was busily constructing a new web of an entirely different pattern.

Stabbed

By William De Ryee

I HAPPENED to be standing in front of that superb statue of Robert Burns in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park when her childish voice hailed me sweetly from the walk.

"Please, sir, can you direct me to the McAllister cars?"

I turned and, for the first time, saw her—a slight girl, dressed all in white, with immense gray eyes and short-cropped, flaming-red hair.

Standing there, she made a startling picture—beautiful beyond description.

"Certainly," I hastened to say. "As it happens, I am going in that direction. If you will accompany me to Stanyan street I will show you the way."

She acquiesced, a little reluctantly, I thought. We walked along in silence for a space. Then abruptly she asked:

"Do you know what time the train leaves for Los Angeles?"

"About six-thirty, I believe. If you are thinking of——"

"Oh, I must catch that train!" she interrupted me tragically. "But I—do you"—and to my amazement she stifled a sob—"do you think the pawn shops are open?"

She had hold of my arm now, and was hurrying me along at a rapid pace. I was struck by her extraordinary beauty; bewildered by her strange actions.

"I fear they will be closed by the time——" I stopped short and gazed at her in dumb amazement. The child—for she was more of a child than a woman—was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Look here!" I broke out at last. "Why don't you tell me your troubles?"

I am a gentleman, and will do all I can to help you."

We had emerged from the park and were standing under the glare of an arc light on Stanyan street. A half-block to our left, a taxi was unloading some people. I hailed the chauffeur.

"Now, little girl, tell me all," I said encouragingly, when we were inside and bowling toward town.

Receiving no answer, I switched on the light. My protegee had stopped crying, and her great sorrowful eyes were turned full upon me. I thought I saw the ghost of a smile play about her perfect little mouth. She seemed a mere child—and yet, what a profile for a Joan of Arc!

"You are very kind," she murmured, "but you are not as old as I thought you were. Have you a cigarette?"

I fairly bounded out of my seat. "A cigarette!" I gasped.

"Yes. I'm dying for a smoke. I'll tell you all my troubles if you'll give me a cigarette."

"But," I expostulated, "where in the world did you——"

"Please!" she said, laying one small hand over mine. "Positively, I am not wicked. I acquired the habit from the boys on the ranch."

"Well!" And I proffered my case. "Troubles," I insinuated.

"What time is it?" she asked irrelevantly.

I consulted my watch.

"Six-ten."

"Oh!" She heaved a little sigh and glanced apprehensively out of the window. "I wonder if we can make it?"

"Easily," I assured her. "This is Fillmore. We'll be down there inside of three minutes."

More than once I had noticed her twisting a large ring around the middle finger of her left hand.

"That's a beautiful ring," I ventured tentatively.

She seemed to snatch at the suggestion.

"Oh, do you think so?" Her tone was joyous. "I'm going to ask a hundred on it. Is that too much?"

She slipped it off and handed it to me—a massive, greenish gild circle of an odd design; the nude figures of two nymphs upholding above their heads goblets of wine—the wine being represented by a magnificent ruby—while sunk into their breasts were four sapphires, evidently Burmahs from their pale, dazzling luster. Serpents with emerald heads were coiled about the waists and limbs of the tiny, but perfectly formed, figures. The whole effect was repulsive, yet fascinating.

"That certainly is a remarkable emblem of Bacchus," I said. "You could borrow two hundred on it as easily as one." And such was my earnest conviction, even at the time.

She turned away from me abruptly, and at that moment the cab stopped, as I had directed, at a pawn-broker's on Fifth street.

I drew the curtain.

The place was closed.

A muffled groan came from my companion. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I do not know what to do."

And then, to my utter astonishment:

"My God! Won't you get me some money with this ring? It's valuable. Honest, it cost five hundred dollars. Oh, I must have it. I've got to go to Los Angeles to-night. I can't stay here—I can't—I can't!"

Snatching up the speaking tube, I ordered, "The Station—quick!"

"But I haven't any money!" She was all but shrieking now. "Oh, my poor—poor little——"

"For Heaven's sake, hush!" I remonstrated. "People will think you are being murdered. If you must go—then you must. I happened to draw some money from the bank to-day. How much do you need?"

"I need as much as I can get."

"Well, I will keep the ring as security for two hundred. Here——" And selecting several bills from my wallet, I handed them to her.

"Oh!" she exclaimed with delight.

"Oh!" seemed to be her favorite expression. From her, it was music, and even to this day I would never grow weary of hearing her say it, if only—if only she—— But I am digressing.

Her child-like expressions of joy seemed to me too spontaneous, too natural not to be sincere.

"Oh!" she cried exuberantly, the while she fondled, and even kissed, the bills I had given her. "My! you are so good! Honest, you are the best man I have ever known, Mister—Mister——"

"Brunlee—Jack Brunless. And you?"

"Joan."

"Joan of Arc?"

"No. Joan Marten. Here's your ring. Now you must give me your address so I can send for it when I get to Phoe——"

"Ah-ha! Phoenix! So you live on a ranch near Phoenix, eh?"

"Ye-es."

"And do you like ranch life?"

"No," dreamily, "I love it!"

Whether it was her extraordinary beauty that caused it, or the hint of sadness in her voice, or both, I could not determine, but my heart suddenly bounded foolishly. I sat, speechless, gazing at the exquisite loveliness of her face, trying in vain to fathom a strange sense of yearning that was dominating me. I felt that I was about to lose something infinitely valuable—and lose it, perchance, forever. It was a wholly new sensation to me.

"Joan," I managed to say at last—and realized, with a start, that my voice was husky—"Joan, I wish you wouldn't go away to-night."

She brightened up instantly.

"Oh, but I must!"

Then I suddenly became aware of what it was I valued so highly, and was, I thought, about to lose. It was she! It was Joan Marten I wanted—

a beautiful red-haired child-woman, of whose very existence I had been ignorant an hour before.

"I'll give you back your ring," I said passionately, "if you will let me go with you to Los Angeles. Why not let me see you safely home—in Phoenix? I would consider it——"

"No." She said it simply, and shook her head for emphasis.

I actually felt my hands turn icy-cold at her decisive manner. She was so close to me, and yet, so far. I caught myself imagining, or rather, trying to imagine, the bliss of kissing her neck just below her bobbed red hair. And mentally cursing myself for a fool, I made another effort at saving myself—as though from some irreparable loss.

"Then please stay over and pose for me to-morrow. God! what a picture you would make—just as you are!"

My pulses quickened again, for I saw something akin to wonderment kindle in her great eyes. She looked at me with renewed interest.

"Oh, how nice that would be! Why, I had no idea you were an artist. But I can't do it—I would love to, though. I love things like that."

"I believe you are a little poetess," I said.

"Well, I suppose I am—I love the beautiful in everything."

"Look here," I urged desperately, "won't you give me your address so I can write to you. You haven't told me a thing about yourself. What are you doing here in San Francisco?"

Her eyes sparkled mischievously.

"Poor man!" she laughed. "Honest, you act as though you had known me for years."

"Thousands!" I replied fervently; then added: "Won't you please give me your address?"

"Not till I get home. Then I'll write you a letter."

"Promise?"

"Cross my heart."

"I'm going to write you to-night,

anyway—Phoenix, G. D."

Again her eyes danced.

"I'll never get it," she teased. "Phoenix is not our Postoffice."

At that moment the taxi jerked to a standstill, and with something of the sensation a criminal must have when he hears the judge pronounce his sentence, I helped Joan out, paid the fare, and led the way to the ticket office.

Another moment and we stood at the parting of the ways. Joan was very close to me now, those wonderful gray eyes looking up into mine, and one short lock of red hair caressing a velvety cheek.

"Good-bye, little girl," I stammered.

"Jack," she whispered, "you may kiss me—if you want to."

Heavens! I took her in my arms and kissed her—first tenderly, then passionately—kissed her brow, her hair, her dear lips. When I thrust her from me, almost rudely, the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

Lord, what puzzles women are!

Then the train puffed out, and she stood on the back platform, waving a tiny handkerchief. I gazed after her figure until my eyes ached, until far away I caught a glimpse of her hair as it flashed in the sunlight, and had I but known—yet again I digress.

The next morning I went around to a pawn-broker's.

"How much will you lend me on this?" I asked of the cashier.

He examined the ring for a moment; then went to the rear.

Presently he returned.

"Four hundred," he said laconically.

I made my excuses and left the place.

"Not for a thousand!" I muttered, as I sauntered down Market street.

An hour later I read about the wreck. A special train had been sent out from Los Angeles to take the wounded and dead back to that city. There was a long list of the dead. And in that list I found—oh, God!—I found the name: *Joan Marten!*

The Sensible Thing

By Jo. Hartman

STEELE had thought the matter over from every angle. Yes, he was doing decidedly the sensible thing. Mildred Rives would make an ideal wife—and he had the future to consider. She was cultured, accomplished, with a sweet blonde beauty that was pleasing to the eye. Added to her personal charms, she was an heiress, an only child, and in love with him!

Something vague twinged at his heart. Was he worthy of her? Well, from the world's viewpoint, emphatically so; he was president of the Mid-Western Securities Company, on a solid financial and social basis, with no openly bad record. He had been very discreet, or rather fortunate, about his affair with Nannae. None of his friends to whom it would have made any difference ever heard of it—the others didn't care.

Nannae! Ah, now he divined the trouble: it was not a question of conscience in regard to Mildred, it was—Nannae! Of course she was quite independent and capable—her voice had lost none of its charm—she would get along. Then the vision of Adolph Todd, who had been wild about her for two years, flitted disconcertingly across his mind. She might go to that cad. If she were only the regulation type that play on the stage of life—but Nannae was different. Lord, how he could have loved her if there hadn't been Rex Cully and young Melford, and that despicable old Count Rouix! But as it was, he had his mother and sisters to think about—and his sons to be. He must break with her as tenderly as he could—and finally!

The telephone rang. Some one called Reggie Steele. It was Nannae.

He thrilled at the sound of her voice; he hadn't seen her for an interminable week.

"Reggie, I've a feeling that you have something to tell me. Can you meet me at Wycourt Garden? We'll have lunch to Dofenelli's wonderful orchestra, and afterwards—we can talk!"

Exactly the thing he should have suggested. Nannae did have such tact—such intuition. It would be hard to get used to another woman's ways—but time worked wonders in these sort of affairs! And, pshaw, she was making it easy for him—he mustn't get sentimental and spoil it!

"Sure, Girlie, I'll be there, seven o'clock. Be sure to wear that new Dorchet creation—you look like a queen in it!"

He hung up the receiver. He would enjoy this last evening—he was proud of Nannae! He liked to see the fellows green with envy while she would sit, serene and oblivious of all but him. Somehow the life she had led had not told on her. Her deep violet eyes were as innocent as a baby's. If he only didn't know—— He lit a heavy black cigar, locked his desk and went out into the street.

* * * *

The lights were soft and colored, and the palm trees stirred faintly. The white moon floated out of a summer cloud. Dofenelli's orchestra was playing Schubert's Serenade. Nannae reached a little gloved hand over on Steele's arm.

"Reggie, does not this remind you of Venice, its lights and music, the gondola, and—our first kiss?"

Steele's hand closed over her slender fingers.

"Don't!" he said in a husky voice.

Nannae, Steele thought, had never looked so beautiful, entrancing. And there was that drawling-voiced Todd at the next table, almost devouring her with his gaze!

"Have you something on your mind, Reggie?" She looked at him straight. "Don't you want to talk to me?"

"I want to *see* you, Nannae—you were never so wonderful!"

They finished their supper in silence. Afterwards they drove to Nannae's apartments. They sat for a while before the open grate. Then Nannae slipped down on the quaint Persian rug and settled herself at Steele's feet. She took his hand and held it against her cheek. Heavens, how she made him suffer! No, he simply couldn't tell her to-night!

"Reggie, the end has come, and you haven't the courage to tell me—is that it, dear?"

"Oh, Nannae," he groaned. "Darling, how did you know?"

"A woman *knows* these things, Reggie. I've tried to make it easy for you by being prepared. I shan't make a fuss, and—I want you to be happy. I've prayed over it until I can say it from the bottom of my heart. You will miss me at first, but it won't be for long."

"Is it—is it that Todd thing?" he hissed. "By gad, he can't have you!"

"Listen, Reggie, it isn't he—nor any other. I once thought I might win you for myself, that you might be generous enough to understand my past. But

when I found it wasn't to be, I knew this must come. I've sold my jewels, Reggie, and I've bought a ranch in California. I've always loved the big out of doors, the open spaces. And I've a plan to help other women like myself—those who want to be helped. So, you see, you need not grieve for me, dear, I——"

He clasped her in his arms and smothered her with kisses.

"Nannae," he groaned again, "I've been so stupid, so conceited, so unfair!"

"You've been just—a man, Reggie," she apologized. "And now you must go. I have given up the apartment and made all arrangements to leave to-morrow."

Steele noticed that she held her hand over her heart, but her manner had lost nothing of its tranquil tenderness.

"Must I go—to-night?" he whispered caressingly in her ear.

"To-night, dear—now."

She led him to the door. He felt that he would go mad! If she would only shriek and make a scene—do any of the disgusting things expected under the circumstances!

"Good-bye. Heaven bless you, Reggie," she said, simply, and gave him her hand.

Steele staggered down the steps and made for the club. After a time he hailed a taxi. Once inside, his poise gradually returned; he was relieved—maybe. Anyway, the thing—the sensible thing—was done!



Acts of the Redcoat Apostles

By McD. Tait

NO BODY of men have been more deservedly praised than the apostles of law and order on the plains of Western Canada. The organization came into being at a time of great unrest on the prairies of the West. The buffalo had disappeared from the ranges, and 30,000 "plain" Indians were starving. They blamed the white man for the depletion of their main food supply, and in this State they were dangerous to trifle with. Riff-raff from the northern cities of the United States flocked across the border and traders from the posts of the northwestern States crowded in, debauching the Red Men of the Bow and Belly rivers with bad whisky.

Law—there was none. An instance of how justice was meted out is seen in a conversation with a trader at Fort Whoopup when a white settler announced to him that the Mounted Police were on their way from the East.

"Hallow, where you're goin'?" was the enquiry.

"Oh, I'm busy announcing the advent of the Mounted Police," replied the white settler.

"What's them fellers comin' for?"

"Why, to regulate the country."

"There's no need of that—we do it. You know if there's a real bad man turns up, his course is short; we just put him away. Now there's —; he was a desperado, but he sleeps at Slide out, and there's —. Well, we laid him away at Freeze Out."

It was in the early seventies that the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company ceased, and the Dominion Government took over judicial rights in all that vast territory which lies north of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude.

The ending of the monopoly was the signal for an inrush of adventurers. Gamblers, smugglers, criminals of every stripe, struck across from the Missouri into the Canadian territory at the foothills of the Rockies. Without a white population, these adventurers could not ply their usual "wide open" traffic. The only way to wealth was by the fur trade; and the easiest way to obtain the furs was by smuggling whisky into the country in small quantities, diluting this and trading it to the Indians for pelts.

Chances of interference were nil; for the Canadian government was thousands of miles distant, without either telegraph or railway connection. But the game was not without its dangers. The country at the foothills was inhabited by the confederacy of the Blackfeet—Bloods, Peigans and Blackfeet—tigers of the prairie when sober, and worse than tigers when drunk. The Missouri whisky smugglers found they must either organize for defense or pay for their fun by being exterminated. How many whites were massacred in these drinking frays will never be known; but all around the Old Man's River and Fort Mcleod are gruesome landmarks known as the places where such and such parties were destroyed in the seventies. The upshot was that the smugglers emulated the old fur traders and built permanent forts, where they plied their trade in whisky.

In May, 1873, Sir John A. MacDonalld, then premier of Canada, acting on the report of Colonel Robertson-Ross, decided to form a police force to deal with the Indians and whisky traders from whom he was constantly receiving disquieting rumors. He desired a

capable, ready force with as much efficiency and "as little gold lace" as possible. Hence in May, 1873, a bill was carried through the Commons at Ottawa, authorizing the establishment of a force of 300 mounted police in the West.

This force was put under the command of Lieut.-Col. French and was recruited in Toronto, Ontario. Immediately upon organization they started to Fargo, North Dakota, by rail, and made a march to Dufferin. The commencement of their famous march through 800 miles westward to the Rocky Mountains with two field pieces and two mortars, and relying wholly upon their own transport train for supplies, followed.

Here, on October 10th, in the very heart of the Blackfeet country, where no man's life was safe, Fort Macleod, the first Mounted Police fort in the Northwest, was completed. Another force was sent north to Edmonton among the Assiniboinés and Wood Crees. The main body turned back across the plains to Fort Pelley, and thence to Dufferin, so that in four months the force had traveled 1959 miles. These 300 police had accomplished, without losing a life, that which had been declared as impossible without the use of an army—the taking possession of the Great Lone Land. In 1875, Inspector Brisbois built a police fort where Calgary now stands. This was at first called "Fort Brisbois," but was renamed "Calgary" by Colonel Macleod after his old birthplace in Scotland. The spelling became modified to Calgary.

For a long time the chief work of the force consisted in managing the Indians, in acting for them as arbiters and protectors, in reconciling them to the coming of the whites, in stopping the excessive sale of liquor to them, in winning their confidence, respect and even friendship, and in protecting the surveyors who were parceling out the land from the railway. They had to arrest criminals and lawbreakers both red and white. These they were compelled to take to Winnipeg for trial, a

distance of over 800 miles, and this continued till 1876. They were also deputed to collect custom dues on the American frontier, and while the wars between Indians and American whites were going on across the boundary they were constantly watching the line. During this period they exercised a truly astounding moral influence, not only over the Canadian Indians, but over large bands of American Red Men who crossed the line at sundry times.

During a period of agitation and unrest caused by some unpopular legislation dealing with the preservation of the buffalo, Sitting Bull, the famous Sioux chief, who had massacred General Custer and his men in 1876, tried to stir up trouble amongst the Canadian Indians. Nothing but the firmness, the diplomacy and the constant vigilance of the Northwest Mounted Police saved the country from an Indian war, with all the horrors that have followed such outbreaks in the neighboring States of the American Republic.

In 1882 the police had become responsible for the lives of many thousands of people and property scattered over 375,000 square miles of country. Trading posts were developing into towns, and cattlemen were bringing in large herds. They wanted to push the Indians from the land, and this begot severe resentment. The Indian had become, to some extent, an uncertain quantity, owing to the disappearance of the buffalo, and his struggle for existence. The Canadian Pacific Railway was building, and it was necessary to maintain law amongst the thousands of foreigners at work along the line. These and other considerations made it necessary to increase the force to 500 men.

Begg, in his "History of the Northwest," gives an instance of the manner in which the Mounted Police exercised moral influence over the Indians:

"A small party of Sioux had had all their horses stolen, and applied to Assistant Commissioner Irvine, then sta-

tioned at Fort Walsh, to have them recovered. This officer accompanied by a sub-inspector and six men, set out to find the guilty parties, and after scouring the country for some distance, at last located the animals. The following is the report of Col. Irvine.

"It was a large camp of 350 lodges at Milk River, Assinaboines and Gros Ventres, on a creek near the west end of these hills. I thought it not safe to take the Sioux Indians into the camp, especially after dark, so left my wagon with two men and a Sioux Indian, about two or three miles from the camp, and rode in with Sub-inspector McIlree and four men. It was quite dark when I got into the camp. I went straight to the Chief's lodge. It was surrounded with Indians. I told the Chief I knew he had the stolen horses in the camp and had come to get them. He said he did not think his young men would give them up, and that the Americans were very strong and would not allow any white man to harm them. I told him we could not allow any one to steal horses on this side of the line, and that he should have to give an answer before I left the lodge. He then said: 'When you come in the morning I will hand you over every one of them.' I went in the morning, and they handed me over all they could find.

"It would have been impossible for me, with only four men, to have made any arrests; besides, it would have been difficult to have found the guilty parties. However, I gave them a good lecture, and they promised to behave themselves in future."

What an example of moral force! An officer with only five men goes into a camp of a thousand or more warlike Indians, compels them to deliver up stolen property, and then lectured them about the consequences if they steal any more.

An intelligent Obibbeway trader told Father Scollen, who was an early missionary among the Blackfeet and Crees, that the change after the coming of the police was wonderful. "Before the Queen's government came,"

he said, "we were never safe, and now I can sleep in my tent anywhere, and have no fear. I can go to the Blackfeet and Cree camps, and they treat me as a friend."

The year 1879 was a most anxious time for the police. The Plain Indians were left without any food or resources. In some cases they went over to United States territory and hunted, for there were still buffalo south of the boundary line. The American authorities, however, ordered them to return, and so they had to face starvation. The Blackfoot tribes, we read, "when visited in 1879, were found to be in a most pitiable plight. The old and infirm had largely perished; strong young braves were reduced to skeletons, their ponies traded for food, their dogs eaten; they were dependent for sustenance on what gophers, mice and other small ground animals they could find." In the year referred to, E. H. Maunsell found that he had 59 out of a bunch of 133 cattle. The Indians had taken the pioneer rancher's cattle as a gift from the Great Spirit. Other ranchmen had suffered equally, or worse. This called for stern measures from the police. A case where Indians were caught redhanded with fresh meat killed on the prairie, is told by Dr. MacRae in his "History of Alberta." The story is from a report by Superintendent Steele, then in command of Macleod district:

"A party of police under Staff-Sergeant Hilliard, left the Stand Off detachment soon after dark, to intercept a band of whisky smugglers that our scouts had located about ten miles up the river. Soon after the police party started they separated, Alexander and Ryan being instructed to scout down the river and cross at the Cochrane's crossing. They then ascended to the high land at the other side, all the time on the alert to catch a glimpse of the whisky smugglers. Soon after reaching the high ground, Alexander caught sight of something moving in the distance, which on nearer approach proved to be horsemen with two pack

animals. The constables immediately gave chase at full gallop, and on coming up with the fugitives discovered them to be Indians with fresh-killed meat.

"As they galloped up to make the arrest, one of the Indians threw his rifle into the hollow of his arm, pointing it at Alexander, and as the constable dashed in to seize him, fired point blank at his head, the bullet taking effect in the neck. Ryan, seeing Alexander reel in his saddle, and imagining him to be seriously injured, if not killed, drew his revolver and fired on the Indian, who returned it, one bullet passing very close to Ryan's head, while one of Ryan's shots struck the Indian in the back, passing through his lungs and coming out at his left breast."

Neither of the shot wounds proved serious, and both men were able to go around in a few days. The incident shows the danger that these guardians of the law were frequently exposed to in the discharge of patrol duties.

One of the principal reasons for the success of the Redcoats among the Indians was the fact that they recognized that the Indians had rights in the Westland. In Quebec and New England, in Ohio and Arizona, in Mexico and Minnesota, every forward step of settlement has been marked by bloodshed and massacres that are untellable in horror. How the Royal Northwest Mountain Police averted serious trouble and yet showed the iron hand and iron nerve is well exemplified in the story of Red Crow, Chief of the Blood Indians, as told by Hayden in his "Riders of the Plains":

"Two members of Red Crow's band were wanted on a charge of cattle killing, 'Prairie Chicken Old Man' being the picturesque name of one. Both men were known to be in the Blackfoot Camp in the vicinity of Stand Off, and a sergeant and constable were sent out to arrest them. With all promptitude they marched straight to the encampment. Having secured their prisoners they were about to lead them away, when their

howls brought a number of squaws and young braves to the spot. There was a scuffle and the police found their captives forcibly wrested from them. In the excitement the youthful constable drew his revolver, and a worse riot would have been precipitated had not the sergeant immediately ordered him to replace the weapon.

"Recognizing that it was more discreet to retire for the time being, the policemen returned to Fort Macleod to report to Superintendent Steele. That officer approved of their action in the circumstances, but he had no intention of allowing the Indians to defy him. He accordingly ordered Inspector Wood, Dr. S. M. Fraser, and a non-commissioned officer, with twenty troopers, to proceed at once to the camp and demand the surrender of the two men. With them went that faithful ally, Jerry Potts, the half-breed interpreter.

"The little company marched out to within a mile or so of the camp, which lay on the other side of some low hills. Then Potts was sent forward to make known that Superintendent Steel required both men previously arrested and those who had aided and abetted their release. In due time the interpreter returned to announce that Red Crow was smoking his pipe, and would think the matter over. The chief sent word also that his young braves were very excited, a Sun-dance was being held, and they were getting out of hand. In a word, the old Indian game of 'bluff' was being tried. To this, Inspector Woods replied curtly: 'Tell Red Crow that we must have the two men wanted, and those who helped to rescue them, within an hour's time; and Red Crow must bring them in person. Otherwise we shall ride in and take them, in which case Red Crow will have to abide the consequences.'"

When the ultimatum was delivered by Potts there was great uproar in the camp. The young men of the band were worked up to a high pitch of excitement by the dance, and were more in the mood for fighting than before. The situation was a critical one. The

minutes slipped by, and the time limit fixed was nearly reached without any sign of the Indians. It was a tense moment for the police as they waited. There was no knowing that they were not in for a pretty stiff tussle. At last—the hour having expired—the inspector gave the word to mount, and the troopers got ready to move, when suddenly a solitary Indian appeared on the brow of the hill. After him came another, then two more, followed by others in small parties, until quite a number were seen to be approaching. Among them was the chief, Red Crow, himself.

With the police by their side, the whole mob was marched into Fort Macleod, where Superintendent Steele was ready to sit in judgment on them. Those who had helped in the recapture of the prisoners were dealt with first, and then severely admonished for their behavior. Then Red Crow was summoned to receive a sharp lecture on his conduct. After him "Prairie Chicken Old Man" was brought in, handcuffed, sentenced and led out in full view of his friends to the guard room. The second prisoner was similarly served, none of the other Indians daring to lift a finger in defense.

This sharp lesson had its effect. Red Crow's band was duly impressed, and departed back to their camps with chastened hearts. In consideration of their final good behavior, however, and of the fact that they had come some distance, the Superintendent made them a few presents of tea, tobacco and other things before they left. It should be added that "Prairie Chicken Old Man" and his brother in crime, subsequently each received a sentence of seven years' imprisonment.

Begg, in his History of the Northwest, refers to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police in the following language:

"A mere handful in that vast wilderness, they have at all times shown themselves ready to do anything and go anywhere. They have often had to act on occasions demanding the

combined individual pluck and prudence rarely to be found amongst any soldiery, and there has not been a single occasion on which any member of the force has lost his temper under trying circumstances or has not fulfilled his mission as a guardian of the peace. Severe journeys in the winter, and difficult arrests, have had to be effected in the center of savage tribes, and not once has the moral prestige, which was in reality their only weapon, been found insufficient to cope with difficulties which in America have often baffled the efforts of whole columns of armed men."

Major-General Selby Smythe, once commander of the Canadian militia, after an inspection of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, said:

"Of the constables and sub-constables I can speak generally, that they are an able body of men, of excellent material and conspicuous for willingness, endurance and as far as I can learn, integrity of character. They are fairly disciplined, but there has hardly been an opportunity yet for maturing discipline to the extent desirable in bodies of armed men, and, dispersed as they are through the immensity of space, without much communication with headquarters, a great deal must depend upon the individual intelligence, acquirements and steadiness of the inspectors in perfecting discipline, drill, interior economy, equitation and care of horses, saddlery and equipment, together with police duties on which they might be occasionally required."

The stability of many individual constables may be seen in the story of a well known mounted police sergeant, who was very badly wounded in the Riel Rebellion. When the surgeon came to see him he was apparently unconscious. After examining the wounded man, he declared he would die. The Sergeant suddenly opened his eyes and remarked very vigorously: "You're a blankety blank liar." The badly injured man duly recovered, and still is in the land of the living.

Woman's Share in the War's Work

By Mary Frances Billington

ON a wonderful summer's morning in mid-August, 1914, at about seven o'clock, I was one of a little group in the Square of Chelsea Barracks, when the Third Battalion of the Coldstream Guards were waiting to march out for a destination unknown. They were almost the earliest unit to go on active service, and their womenfolk—mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts—knew that the call of war, real war, as the first terrible stories from Belgium were telling, had come to the British Army. Farewells were said quietly and calmly, the babies and toddling mites were held up for a last kiss, girls braced themselves up to smile even as they said and heard the parting words. Every woman in that group bore herself with a superb self-restraint and a proud confidence that now, after more than fifteen months, one realizes was a true foreshadowing of the attitude of the women of the Empire during the war.

The wider word of Empire rather than the nation is used with intent. In Canada and Australia, in New Zealand and South Africa, the women have shown devotion and a readiness to help not one whit less than those of the Motherland. An awakening has come even to India's women, and the ladies of the ruling chiefs as well as those of the wealthy mercantile families of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras have supported Red Cross work for the Indian troops sent oversea, and have contributed comforts in money and in kind.

It is natural in any survey of the help that women have rendered in this country to give pride of place to the splendid services of the nurses. After

the South African war it became quite evident that even with the system of a Reserve that the Princess Christian had brought about, the old Army Nursing Service was inadequate for any huge demand that should arise at any time.

An entire reconstitution of it took place early in the last reign, and it became Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service with a Matron-in-Chief officially installed at the War Office. Later there was linked to it in an elastic kind of way the nursing of the twenty-three General Hospitals which were part of the territorial scheme of defense in the event of invasion. This service of territorial nursing also had its Matron-in-Chief. Beyond that again came a system of hospitals directed by the British Red Cross Society, which were to utilize the services of Voluntary Aid Detachments that had prepared themselves in peace time for the demands that war might make.

Soon after the war cloud burst, the regular Army Nursing Service numbered 24 matrons, 104 sisters, 156 nurses, and a large reserve who could be called upon for active service. In these very early days, too, the territorial hospitals were mobilized, and none save the matrons of the great civil hospitals will ever know the strain and difficulty those calls involved when, as in the case of the 1st London General Hospital at St. Gabriel's College, Camberwell, it was entirely staffed from St. Bartholomew's. Yet one and another adapted herself to the changed conditions, and each sister and each nurse who remained in the civilian wards cheerfully remained on duty for extra hours

till readjustments could be brought about.

Even to-day we do not know what were the first calls made on the profession. One ship alone took away some 250 to a port in France, and before the end of September there were many large contingents sent out to reinforce them. Meanwhile various modifications of the original plans for the treatment of the wounded have been made. At this moment, the wounded or sick are kept no longer than is possible in the base hospitals in France, Alexandria or Malta, but are transferred home to vast auxiliary military hospitals. The regular Army Service has been supplemented from many directions. Canadian and Australasian nurses have come over by scores and by hundreds not only to tend their own kith and kin in the special hospitals maintained for them by private generosity, but to be unreservedly at the orders of the Matron-in-Chief to go wherever they are needed.

But even were it possible to give the actual numbers of women who are tending the sick and wounded, that would be a very formal and inadequate record of their work in this direction. Through the British Red Cross Society, through organizations like the French Flag Nursing Corps, through the hospitals equipped by special efforts, this has been a truly splendid phase of woman's work. It has been recognized in the dispatches of Sir John French; we have heard of Violetta Thurston calmly going on with her almost hopeless task of mitigating the wretchedness in the Warsaw hospital with the shells dropping in the street below; we have read of the wonderful exertions by which Sister Kiddle, from Guy's Hospital, and her co-workers, transformed and made ready in a few hours a great chateau near Versailles for the reception of the wounded; we have gained a glimpse of Miss Muriel Benington and the other nurses who endured the wretchedness of that wild night in October, 1914, when the hospital ship

Rohilla went to pieces on the coast near Whitby, and who volunteered after a few days' rest to resume similar work on another hospital ship rather than accept less dangerous posts in a naval hospital ashore; and we have bent our heads in humble tribute to Mrs. Percy Dearmer and those other noble women who succumbed to the epidemic of typhus in Serbia last spring.

These are the embodiments of the finely animating spirit that has run through the hundreds who have given their willing devotion. It has inspired the quiet little member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment in some humble or monotonous task in which she has served; it has led women of education to go into hospital stores and kitchens, to do, if need be, the dullest of menial tasks.

We had had quite eight months of war before the government discovered that women would have to take a much greater share in the organized industry of the country and the provision of war munitions than had hitherto been admitted. Let it be conceded to the leaders of the Suffragist movement, both militant and constitutional, that they had foreseen a much greater scope for women's collaboration than the heads of either government departments or those in direction of trades unions. Within a very few days of the commencement of hostilities we had women's emergency corps offering to supply women as lift attendants or ticket collectors; as tram and omnibus conductors, or to take charge of delivery vans; as assistants in trades like that of grocery, hitherto reserved by men for themselves, or to act as porters, commissionaires, and so forth.

Such proposals were received at first with good natured smiles of mild interest. But all these claims have been made good. These are the very tasks that women are fulfilling at this moment, together with many more like them. The messenger girl is bringing you the urgent communication that cannot wait for the post. In the Post

Office itself there are between 500 and 600 women sorters employed in London alone, and in the suburbs are 200 post women engaged in the daily delivery of letters. The railways are availing themselves of feminine service in their various clerical departments as well as in the issue and the collection of tickets, while at the book-stall it will be from the hands of a girl that you receive your newspaper or magazine. We are quite accustomed now to seeing the milk or the bread or the meat brought to the door by a young woman, unless in the general shortage of supernumerary laborers we have had a polite request to call for and carry home these commodities for ourselves. The tea, the butter and the cheese are no less deftly weighed and packed by the girl behind the grocer's counter than by her brother.

In farm and agricultural work they have been of real help. Men over middle age and lads under seventeen have done the heavier labor of ploughing and manure carrying on the land, but women have shown themselves capable of managing the cows and the sheep. Many girls have learned how to milk, and under the present system, by which practically all the milk is sent away to the towns, there is very little on a large dairy farm that women cannot manage. The factory system has, in fact, spread far and wide into dairying, and if the milk is not consigned to the dealers, it is taken to creameries, where in butter and cheese making skilled women with technical knowledge are largely employed. Of course in the rearing of calves and in poultry management there is nothing that women cannot manage unassisted by men.

The schools of horticulture and gardening have never had a year so busy as this has been, and girls have wanted to learn the elements of fruit and vegetable growing in order to turn to the utmost account any ground at their disposal. Last spring such efforts made a useful contribution to the food supplies of the country; in

the coming months they will do a great deal more, especially after the encouragement that County Councils have bestowed upon such efforts. The rural clergy of the Church of England, and the ministers of the Nonconformist Churches, have often had it in their power to advise that more attention should be paid to the garden and its produce, and right well has it been exercised. Viscount Milner's Departmental Committee at the Board of Agriculture has pointed out that pigs might again be advantageously reared in connection with small holdings, and for that purpose the utilization of all land that will grow even coarse crops may well enjoy the consideration of women.

It was in April that the Board of Trade put forward its first appeal to women to register themselves, as willing to learn to make shell and ammunition, to do leather work and brush-making—three phases of industry of special importance to armies in the field, and the last particularly so, from the part that motor machinery is playing in the war. The response of women at first somewhat tarried. It was an initial mistake to utilize the Labor Exchanges as the only recording agency. The board itself always set great store by them, but the average woman, and especially the better class domestic servant, the typist, the clerk, and largely the dressmaker, regarded them as a kind of last resource when all other means of finding employment had failed.

Some, however, of the more educated women, willing to do anything that would be of service, overcame their prejudices and went to them. Then came delays, due largely to the problems of securing the exquisitely fine tools necessary in munition work, and also to the fact that the enormously enhanced demands for explosives and projectiles of all calibres meant also the erection of vast ranges of buildings when labor was constantly becoming scarcer. The great private firms of Vickers, Kynochs, Eleys, and so forth, secured women workers

literally by the thousand, and those who had ministered to the "luxury trades" had only to transfer themselves to the vocations that needed them, while various measures were taken to give the preliminary instruction. It is a splendid and inspiring record to hear of what they have done in this direction for the State. None are, perhaps, in a better position to estimate the real increase in the feminine army of industry than the Young Women's Christian Association, which from the outset of the call of the munition factories for women's labor, set themselves to deal with the new problems of catering and recreation that would present themselves. Their latest returns point to the fact that something over a million more women and girls are engaged in industrial employ than was the case before the war.

Another very significant fact is that the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund, started to meet the distress which it was expected would be felt throughout the dressmaking, millinery and blouse making trades, has been able to close all its centers, save one or two in which elderly and somewhat unhelpable women are receiving some practical instruction that would make them useful as home helps to working-class mothers. The fund last winter rendered very useful service in utilizing the labor of those who had adapted themselves to the new conditions, and made clothing for the destitute Belgian refugees, while it taught to many the art of re-making partly worn garments, and how children's school wear might be made on lines that would be hygienic and comfortable to themselves and lessen the mother's labors at the washtub. It opened classes, too, for girls, in which to learn various skilled crafts, and the \$850,000 or so that was subscribed undoubtedly helped greatly in the transition period when the old demands had passed, and the new openings had not yet been found.

So unexpected have been many of the actual results of the war, that wise people are not surprised now at any

strange consequences. About thirty years ago the educationist of the day deprecated an insistence upon the teaching of needlework and knitting. We all know the line of argument. The factory has superseded handicraft—why, therefore, waste a girl's time on learning to make the things she can buy cheaper? Yet, by one of those astonishing examples of the irony of things, it has been precisely ver these rather despised efforts that women have rendered help so entirely valuable that there has arisen a new department under the War Office with a Director-General of Voluntary Organizations, in the capable and genial personality of Colonel Sir Edward Ward, in order that the country shall utilize to the utmost the good will and the stitchery of women.

The Queen it was who first recognized that with some method and encouragement there was a latent field of energy in this direction that might be turned to the most valuable account. For many years past her Majesty has been intimately associated with the Needlework Guild. It was in fact a connection that dated from her own girlhood, and since her marriage, as Duchess of York, as Princess of Wales, and as Queen, no winter has passed without her actual supervision of the collection made in London, and its classification for the use of hospitals, poor parishes, such centers as the Bermondsey Settlement or the Crossways Mission, and other religious and philanthropic organizations. Thousands of useful garments were contributed year by year, and the Queen was therefore in possession of knowledge as to the capacities of women to collaborate in meeting the new needs certain to arise.

The appeal was put forward within ten days of the outbreak of the war. Queen Mary's Needlework Guild was to be the great clearing house of all that women were prepared to make, and the first need was that of flannel shirts. The supplies were insufficient for the men being hurried out to France. Some three days later nearly

every woman was struggling with the intricacies of "band and gusset and seam," and the range of sizes sent in would have enabled a pygmy or a giant to be fitted. But the average Englishwoman has the saving grace of common sense, and it occurred to not a few when they compared their amateur efforts with the shapely and well fitting garments of their husbands' or brothers' wear that it might after all be better either to buy them ready-made or to pay expert workers to make them. Thus was distress averted and suitable shirts came in to St. James's Palace, the headquarters of the Guild.

In the autumn of 1914, the fear of paralyzed industries and want of employment, with consequent widespread distress, were gloomy anticipations that affected the character of the work sent in. Clothing for poor women and children it was thought would be widely needed, and as a fact, before the smooth working of the system of separation allowances, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association distributed something like 62,000 useful items of attire to wives and children of those called at short notice to the front. In the months now concluding entirely changed needs have had to be met. Taken all round, the working class woman, including the soldier's wife, is better off than she has ever been before. In fact, the difficulty of the "pushing" outfitters in populous districts has been that they cannot, on account of the shortage of women workers, get the smart little frocks and jackets, the velveteen suits and the colored jerseys that mothers in their comparative affluence are wanting for the girls and boys. The marked improvement in the general standard of children's clothing has been noticed over and over again by experienced school teachers.

That does not, however, imply that the activities of the Queen's Guild have ceased. On the contrary, there are greater needs than ever, which are exercising women's skill in a wholly new direction. In January last it oc-

curred to a little group of ladies and gentlemen living in Kensington that they might usefully undertake to supply bandages, night shirts and similar hospital requisites. They made a successful start, and then the borough of Marylebone thought that they could do something of the same character. In their midst lived Miss Ethel McCaul, R. R. C., one of the most experienced of war nurses, who had been all through South Africa, and who through Queen Alexandra's special intervention was attached to the Red Cross Service of Japan in the war with Russia. An influential committee was formed, and she was called in as honorary organizer. She knew, of course, all the subtleties of "many tail" and "T" bandages, she knew the lines that a night shirt for a helpless case should follow, she understood what was wanted in pneumonia jackets, or ward shoes to cover feet swollen and bandaged to perhaps four times the normal proportions.

Very gladly did a band of ladies at first work under her directions. More and still more, however, wanted to come and assist, until the fine mansion in Cavendish Square of Lord Crawford was none too large to take in the workers in the several departments. The Queen gave her recognition to this work by constituting it the Surgical Branch of her own Guild, but out of it now has grown a colossal work of mercy. Up and down the country have sprung up something like fifty Surgical Supply Associations, all of which are in affiliation with it, and each one represented on the Central Council. More recently still, the British Red Cross Society has turned its attention to this branch of service, and the President and Council of the Royal Academy have set apart a number of the Galleries at other times devoted to the year's modern art, or the loan collections of the old Masters, for this beneficent labor of mercy. Both these bodies, as well as the Order of St. John, are working in the most complete accord with the new department of Voluntary Organization.

Obviously, if surgeons and nurses are to be practically assisted, it is necessary that everything made should conform to the standard patterns of the leading hospitals. Without central control, working parties would have made things on the lines and the proportions they imagined to be right, and when it came to the dressing of a shattered shoulder and chest, the "many tail" might have proved just too short or too narrow for what was wanted. Moreover, should a call come from the bases for 500 pneumonia jackets or 10,000 or some particular shape of sterilized swab, the new department knows where any working party has specialized in those directions.

The final distinction that these women, working so quietly and without fuss or parade, have won is that of earning a war service badge. It will not be bestowed for less than three months of regular effort in connection with one of the organizations officially recognized by the Director-General, and the worker must be recommended for it by the responsible head of the workroom committee, as the Mayor or Lord Lieutenant of the town or county center. It is the tribute that the gentle, the more homely means of aid, have gained before many more showy and assertive efforts, and its significance is undeniable.

Medical women have rendered very valuable aid, and in so doing have advanced their own position in a marked degree. Their useful help in France under Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray led the Army Medical Department to recall these ladies to take up the greater responsibility of the Military Hospital of 520 beds in Endell street, and this was their first triumph; their second was when the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit was stopped in the Mediterranean on the voyage to Serbia to take charge of the wounded who were being brought to Malta from the Dardanelles. But even among those now rendering the most devoted service to the victims of the war, there is a sense

that this is but a passing phase of what they have accomplished. When the special calls on behalf of the sick and wounded have ceased, their real advance will be found in the opening—never to be closed again—that they have gained in the house appointments of the great hospitals. They have come to their own, by rising to the opportunity when it presented itself.

We shall never be able to reduce to cold figures and statistics the work of our women. There is not a parish up and down the land in which the clamant needs of our men have not brought all together, regardless of the church they attend, to work in the way that seemed most useful. Congregations have made themselves responsible for the comfort of perhaps three or four men who formerly worshiped with them, and who in the trenches, or more still in the prisoners' camps in Germany, have been thankful for the comforts in clothing or the welcome boxes of provisions supplied through feminine organization and goodwill. The Young Men's Christian Association enlisted the support of Princess Victoria in their truly great work of supplying huts at the railway termini here and at the camps in France, and new influences have been quietly at work that have led many a man to think far more seriously on those things which belong unto his peace.

It is no very alluring task, to come down night after night to a buffet on a draughty railway platform or even in a hut, to serve men with coffee and other refreshments. Yet for months, ladies accustomed to comfortable and luxurious surroundings have done it. One recalls Mr. Kipling's mention of a French Countess whom he knew when she thought life impossible without two maids, a manicurist, and some one to look after her pet dogs. When he met her on his last visit to France, she was spending all her days and a good part of her nights mending and disinfecting the clothing of soldiers.

Of the individual acts of heroism that the war has brought forward on the part of women there are enough to

fill volumes. Not the least splendid have been some of those of the French Sisters of Mercy. They have won the distinction of mention in Army Orders, while other French nurses have done wonders. Quite recently the King conferred the Cross of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem on Made-moiselle Juliette Caron, who rendered the most valuable help to the wounded in the retirement after Mons, and who has linked her name with one of the British army's immortal deeds of valor by saving the survivors of the dauntless L Battery of Royal Field Artillery. Further, the French War Office has mentioned the names of over twenty nurses for specially splendid service in dispatches, and has conferred the medal—only won for very exceptional care and devotion—for nursing infectious diseases upon fourteen dauntless women. An English nurse, Miss Florence Cross, who received her training at the Middlesex Hospital, has also earned a *Medaille d'Honneur* while with the French Flag Nursing Corps, which has rendered such fine service to our Allies. It came to her with a diploma personally signed by M. Millerand, the French War Minister, and this refers to the devotion she displayed during an epidemic of diphtheria which she contracted herself almost to the loss of her own life.

The Empire may well thank God it has women of the type of Edith Cavell, who for all time will take her place amid the noble army of martyrs. Less would one speak of the quiet calm of mind which could be grateful to her jailers for ten weeks in which to think, for the true spirit of faith that realized there was something even beyond patriotism, and that would not take a bitter thought to the grave and gate of death, than of the universal tribute of recognition of all these qualities. For this has shown that certain manifestations of cynicism, things that seemed to some a passing of the sense of reverence, a tendency, perhaps, to belittle the ideal and the spiritual, were mere bubbles on the surface. It is good to

realize that as a people we still venerate a great example of duty well fulfilled in life and the Christian courage in death. When the noble memorial that Sir George Frampton is designing as a labor of love to be expressed in the beautiful marbles and metals that the "Shilling Fund" of the Daily Telegraph—one of the most immediately successful that the paper ever had—is providing for his use, it will be one of the highest of the inspirations that will have come out of the suffering and sorrow of all the war.

There are, too, the many acts of self-denial and kindness that never earn any record in writing. No fame and no distinction is to be earned by going to read the paper daily to some elderly folk who have a grandson at the front; it is quite commonplace to take charge of a group of boisterous youngsters in order that their mother may attend an intercessory service; it may be thankless work to act as a woman patrol in the vicinity of a camp on dark and gloomy evenings. "I am trying to do my bit," is the only explanation that you will hear if you comment on what may seem some particularly arduous and irksome task.

These are not yet the days to predict the social and economic results to follow the war. But we do know that many extravagances of dress, and personal luxury and indulgence have been checked, and that the calls to avoid all waste in household expenditure have enjoyed the most intelligent acceptance by women. They have realized with a clearness of vision that a few months before the war would have seemed impossible, that the conservation of our food supplies may have very important bearings as the war goes on. The wise outlay of money that shall maintain the volume of trade that is desirable, and at the same time avoid what is useless and unnecessary, has led them to consider these problems from wholly new points of view.

"The women have been splendid," has been said by more than one observer of their work, whether in nursing or industry, in providing for the

comfort of the men, and in keeping the social organization up to efficiency. Some few have wished there had been a more outwardly marked religious revival as a result of all these weeks and months of strain. But in this direction people do not perhaps look sufficiently below the surface. The attendance at public worship is distinctly better; and there is most certainly a more thoughtful and inquiring feeling as to the deep things that matter. These are points that the more pessimistic will admit. Others, like Rupert Brooke, are satisfied:

Blow! bugles blow! they brought us
for dearth,
Holiness lacked so long, and Love and
Pain;
Honor has come back as a king to
earth,

And paid his subjects with a royal
wage;
And nobleness walks in our ways
again,
And we have come into our heritage.

As yet we do not know the fullness of the uplifting. But there has been a passing of much materialism, a truce to many factions not to be reopened again. Women have "found themselves" as never before, in a world torn by stress and suffering on which they have looked with calm, sturdy perception to discover paths that are to lead them to yet greater service to humanity. They have responded to every call made upon them, and it will not be until we can measure their efforts in the full light of what they have meant in the final reckoning with our enemies that the work can be well and truly appraised.

HILLS OF MEMORY

Hills rising through rose mists at evening time
To kiss pearl-tinted clouds against the sky;
Bare rocks, sun-scorched, that stir soul thoughts sublime;
Pale blooms that only cause the heart to sigh;
A dusty, winding trail, star-lit—and long;
Through canyons echoes of forgotten song.

Here, in the purple gloom of mystic dell
All the memories of my soul awake,
And creep, ghost-like, a-down old trails to dwell
Again in mists of fancy, till dawn break.
Ah, healing balm of mem'ry crowded hills!
You waken that which haunts me, while it thrills.

The empty years stretch on o'er burning plain,
The weary span of life is but half done:
Yet I can bear whate'er there be of pain,
Or e'en the blinding heat of noonday sun.
For when the evening purples toward the west
I turn back to my hills—and there find rest.

SARA E. McDONNALD.

Laguna-by-the-Sea

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

THERE is more than one Laguna on the map of Southern California, I am told; but to us the name stands for that little hamlet among the tawny cliffs twelve miles over the hills from San Juan Capistrano. No railroad has ever penetrated this quiet nook, and it can be approached only by the old Spanish highway along the coast, or by the lovely winding road that comes down through Laguna Canyon from Santa Ana, twenty miles away.

"Dear, dirty little old Laguna," was the way we first heard it spoken of; and in the same breath: "But once you've stayed there, you'll love every stick and stone of it."

We were hunting for a place in which to spend our short vacation, and something in the speaker's tone fired our interest; so one August morning we went speeding down through inland valleys, over the Red Mountain Grade, through glorious wooded Vallecitos Canyon, till we reached El Camino Real, that ancient highway, with its Mission bells on every guide post and its charming names—Pala and Santa Ysabel and San Luis Rey.

At San Luis Rey we might have stepped out of America into some old-world village. The Mission, still beautiful after almost two centuries of varying fortunes, was dimly lighted with tapers and heavy with incense, and a scattering of old men and dark faced women were hearing mass for the Pope, who had died a few days before. A young Mexican woman with the brow of a Madonna knelt near us, and interrupted her prayers occasionally to keep her two shock-headed little boys in order. As they rose to go out, she dipped reverently

in the font of holy water, motioning her chubby lads to follow her example. The youngest, evidently of a thorough nature, ended his devotions by taking another handful of holy water and drinking it.

From San Luis Rey we ran down to Oceanside, and from there along the sea through the ranch of Santa Margarita y Las Flores, over salt marshes where the car went slipping hither and yon, along sandy bluffs where there seemed to be no road at all, finally returning to the main highway near the old village of San Juan Capistrano.

Rocks and coves now began to vary the shore line, and shortly after noon we passed the pretty little colony of Arch Beach, and sped down a long slope to the cove where lies Laguna, hidden in its grove of fine old eucalyptus trees.

The big, weather-beaten hotel rambles about a quiet little courtyard filled with brightly colored flowers and sleek kittens sleeping in the sun. There is not a vestige of the smart beach resort about it, but some graceful bits of furniture catch the eye as one steps into the shady hall and the bedrooms, with their freshly painted floors and pretty grass dug areas full of the wholesome smell of sea winds that blow through them all the day long.

In fact, one feels as if one were almost living on the sea, for at night the phosphorescent breakers thunder up the sands almost to the foot of the veranda, and the surf at changing of the tides makes the solid foundations creek and groan. The first night we waked with almost every large wave and wondered if we could ever get



Upper—A fisherman's cove. Lower—A haunt of the mermaids.

used to the uproar. But after three days we were sleeping so soundly that a night of storm left us entirely unaware of it.

The village, one admits with regret, is little and old and dirty. Each street is on a different level from its sister street above and below, and al-

most every dwelling sits at its own angle. Ash heaps rest lovingly at the foot of fine old palms that a king's garden might covet, and geraniums and honeysuckle and royal bougainvillea clamber over fences from which every other picket is missing. Yet one ceases to see these things after

a day or two. The inhabitants, unfretted by the urgency of civic improvement, have time to cultivate graciousness toward the stranger within their gates, and the perfect courtesy of their welcome more than atones for a certain slackness apparent in their manner of life.

Besides, if one pines for modern thrift, it is only a step to the higher cliffs where the cottages of the summer dwellers are. Here one can find winding drives rolled and oiled to suburban smoothness and trim shingled cottages built in the most approved bungalow style. Everything is up to date and very comfortable in this newer settlement, yet we rarely took this road in our ramblings. It was the sort of scenery that repeats itself at any beach resort along the coast.

We had been warned beforehand that there was nothing to do at Laguna. There are no plunges, no golf links, and the only tennis court in the place seems to have died a natural death. I can imagine a commercial traveler losing his mind with boredom if he had to stay there long. Yet the reading and sewing with which we had planned to fill our idle hours went untouched, and when we said goodbye to the little place we felt as if we had made only a beginning of exploring its charms.

In the first place, there are the cliffs. "The colorings of Palermo," said an artist who had spent years in recording the lights of those dun and flame-colored bluffs and the turquoise sea that beat below. All the vegetation seems to run to vivid colorings as well; the exquisite pink ice plant, with its continual sparkle of tears; the dwarfed mahogany and paler manzanita, clinging boldly to the scarred precipices; and the pungent brown and golden grasses and dozing creeping plants to which we could put no name. Back of the cliffs sunny meadows roll away to the hills, and every now and again the hills close down on the meadows and go shouldering their way to the sea, their frowning head-

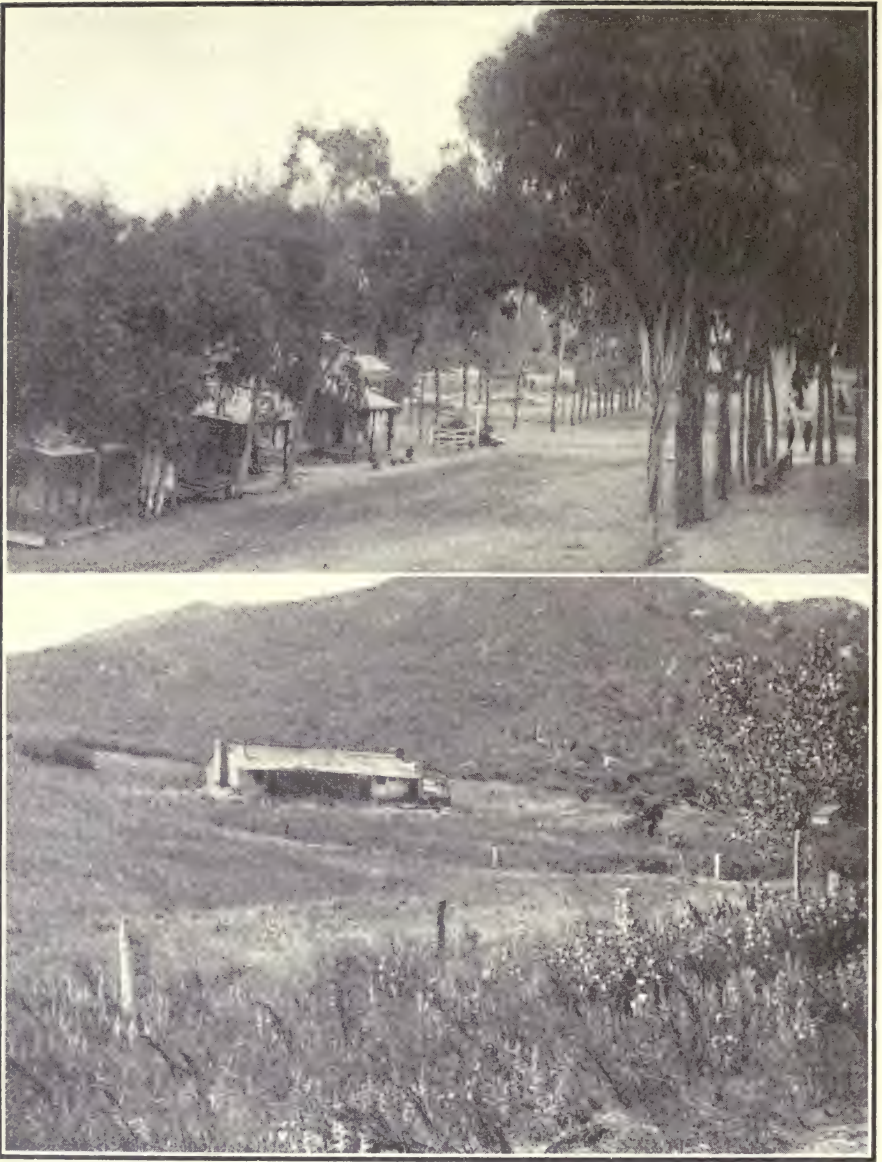
lands forming sheltered little coves, each one of which has its special name. There is Fisherman's Cove, where the boats ride over the breakers in the first gray of dawn to bring in the nets; Coward's Cove, where one can dive off a rocky ledge into water so clear that the sands below are plainly visible; and Nigger Canyon Cove, the farthest and most picturesque of all.

On the reefs flanking the headlands one finds at low tide all sorts of treasures cast up by the sea, anemones and limpets and urchins and pop-eyed crabs and pools radiant with delicate rose and green sea ferns. One finds traces of an ancient and terrible upheaval along these reefs. Some are formed entirely of molten lava which has been worn by the waves into arches and subterranean passages through which the tide ebbs and flows with a thousand melancholy voices. We spent one whole day exploring the longest of these reefs, reaching it by waiting our chance with the waves and climbing through an arch of yellowish rock that had melted and run like syrup, so that one could perfectly trace its slow cooling and hardening after all the centuries.

How Stevenson would have loved that place. Once on the reef we were as alone as if we were the last human beings on earth. Above was the precipice, seamed and worn into a hundred fantastic shapes by the beating surf, and with no foothold for man on its bleak sides. Gulls and black-winged sea birds fluttered in and out of its recesses with plaintive cries, and the waves on the outer reef kept up an incessant thundering in our ears.

Half way across the reef ran a chasm about four feet wide, and as we knelt and peered fearfully into its shadowy depths, we could hear the sea sobbing in and out far below. We listened a moment with half-fearful interest, then by common impulse retreated to the arch again, where we could keep watch that the tide did not slip in unawares and cut us off from our narrow retreat.

Another unfailing source of inter-



Upper—"The village of Laguna is little and old." Lower—Along the wayside.

est during our week was the Aquarium of the Pomona College laboratory. The laboratory stands in a grassy little basin between the village and the higher cliffs, its pillared white portico facing the sea like some old temple of Poseidon. Here the wild things of the hills and the wild things

of the sea found a common meeting place. On one side, hairy black tarantulas crawled sullenly about their glass prisons, while across the aisle long-legged insects of the sea had their dwelling. Two great rattlesnakes buzzed a warning to the meddlesome from their wire-covered box near the

door, and we had the privilege of watching the larger one through the tedious process of shedding his skin, a business which he had accomplished all but the tail, when we bade him a regretful farewell at the week's end.

Across from the rattlesnakes, their sea-brother in guile, a baby devil fish, swam about in a tall jar, watching us out of the same sort of hooded, crafty eye. He came to a sad end before we left. One night he crawled out of his jar, and in the morning a student found him with his back against a table leg, weak, but still game. He did not recover from his night on the cold stone floor, and when we saw his empty house next day we caught ourselves actually feeling a little sad over his mishap.

"You must have been having a dull time," said some one scornfully, "if you had time to get attached to a

devil fish."

But there is the trouble of trying to explain Laguna. It will seem a dull place if one goes there expecting something to do. Yet we do not travel half across the world to Palermo or Amalfi or the northern Riviera with the idea of finding golf and tennis and the artificial amusements with which we have dulled our natural capacity for extracting interest from life. For half a century and more we Americans have been devoted pilgrims to these lovely but sleepy and not too clean historic spots. We rave about their seas and skies, and are not impatient at spending days and weeks amidst their beauty. Right here at home we have as fair a place to rest and dream, and I believe that having gone once, the most of us will not be content until we have gone again to quiet little Laguna-by-the-Sea.

RETROSPECTION

Tower of Jewels, Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

The frosts of polar dawns, sun-smitten through
 And through; turquoise, opal and amethyst;
 All color woven in a wondrous mist
 Of radiance; the sheen of morning dew;
 Old moonlight crystallized and veiled with dreams
 Of all the poets of the centuries;
 Pale starlight gathered from far southern seas;
 The glitter of a thousand singing streams;—
 All these it seemed, and yet 'twas something more,
 Yea more than any miracle of light,
 For here beneath our tranquil evening skies,
 And here beside our golden Western shore
 The soul of the Ideal, uplifting, white,
 Was first made visible to mortal eyes!

HERBERT BASHFORD.

A Mother of Suffrage in the West

By Fred Lockley

ABIGAIL Scott Duniway, "The Mother of Woman Suffrage in Oregon," died in Portland a few months ago at the age of 81 years. She was the sister of the well known Harvey W. Scott, who for many years was editor of *The Oregonian*, one of the oldest and most influential newspapers west of the Rocky Mountains. Mrs. Duniway had a picturesque career. She was born in Pleasant Grove, Illinois, in 1834, and with her parents came to Oregon by ox-team in 1852. She had but five months' schooling, but this did not deter her from securing a position as school teacher when she was 16. At 18 she was married, and moved on a farm. A mortgage, the interest on which was 2 per cent a month, took all the money that the young couple could raise, and finally took the farm also.

Mrs. Duniway went back to teaching. Her husband was injured in a runaway, and was never able to work again. Mrs. Duniway got up at 3 o'clock in the morning, did her washing, got breakfast for her boarders, did the housework, got her children ready for school, and then went to school to put in a strenuous day. After school she got supper for the boarders, and did the housework and the mending. For two years she averaged to work 18 hours a day.

"I wish some of these bridge whist, pink tea, ping-pong anti-women suffragists had to work as I did to keep their heads and the heads of those dependent upon them above water, and they would not have so much time to work against woman suffrage," said Mrs. Duniway. For a while, Mrs. Duniway taught school in Albany,



Abigail Scott Duniway.

Oregon, and then started a millinery store.

She soon found out that a woman in Oregon had no legal existence. She discovered that a woman could work from daylight to dark to accumulate a little property, and then had no say in the disposal of it.

Mrs. Duniway told me, a few months before she died, of the first speech she ever made for woman suffrage. "I was at the depot at Oregon City waiting for the train," said Mrs. Duniway. "A farmer's wife came into the ticket office with two milk pails of wild blackberries. She sold them for enough to buy a ticket to Portland. Friends of hers were visiting in Portland, and had written to her asking her to come and see them.

"Just before the train was due, a German farmer rode up on his horse, got off and tied the animal. He strode into the depot. Walking up to his wife, who was trembling with fright, he said angrily: 'Where is the money for those wild blackberries?' 'I bought a ticket to Portland, so I could go and see my friends,' she said.

"Give it here,' he said.

"She handed the ticket to him. He tore it in two, threw it on the floor, and said: 'Now, get home, and get to work.'

"She started up the road, he on horseback forcing her along, as if she was a cow he had just bought and was driving home. She stumbled along up the rough road, her eyes blinded with tears.

"With a sob in my throat, I turned to the few men in the depot and made my first public speech. 'Men and brethren,' I said, 'the day will come in Oregon when men will not stand supinely by and see a woman abused as you have let this woman be.'

"I resolved never to rest till women were free. I realized that in place of woman being man's equal that most of them were drudges, some of them were dolls, and the rest were fools. I resolved that in spite of the loss of friends, disgrace, contumely and jeers I would never rest till women were able to vote and improve the conditions of society.

"On May 5, 1871, I started a newspaper to work for the freedom of women. I wrote the editorials, so-

lited the subscriptions and advertising during the day and in the evening I delivered lectures. My friends drew their skirts aside when I passed them on the streets, when I started to pray or speak at prayer meeting the minister would announce a hymn and the congregation would drown me out with their voices, which were often more lusty than harmonious. Wherever I arose I would hear some one shout, 'Sing her down.' After forty years of work, the tide turned, and they began calling me 'the Grand Old Woman of Oregon.'"

On July 16, 1898, Mrs. Duniway made an address before the Constitutional Convention of Idaho, and secured a pledge that the question of suffrage should be submitted to the voters at the first election after Idaho received Statehood. Ten years later, when Oregon was celebrating the fortieth anniversary of its admission as a State, Mrs. Duniway made the principal address before the joint convention of the House and Senate of the Oregon Legislature. At the Lewis & Clark Exposition, one day was set apart as Abigail Scott Duniway Day. In January, 1910, she was Oregon's delegate to the Conservation Congress of Governors, held in Washington, D. C., and made a powerful and convincing argument for universal woman suffrage. She had six children, and she loved her home life and believed it to be a woman's highest privilege and duty to be a homemaker and mother.



The Pioneer Belle of Long Ago

By Eleanor Duncan Wood

1

In the dusk of our dim old garret
Hang wrecks of an earlier day—
Hoops that spread like the bay-tree,
Bonnets, faded and gay;
And far in a cobwebby corner
From the sunshine's ribbon broad,
A spinning wheel, on it carven:
"Ann Ward, by the grace of God."

3

They say you could shoot like a hunter,
You had need of that knowledge too,
And you taught to your thronging
babies
The little lore you knew:—
The Horn-Book, that ancient primer,
Where Zaccheus outgrew his tree,
How to tame the mutinous goosequill,
The Creed, and the Rule of Three.

5

And the clothes you wove, and the
blankets
And quilts, 'twas a goodly store,
Though you gave like a queen to the
stranger,
If only his need were sore;
And the wayfarer found a welcome
By the cabin's hearthstone broad;
There are many lessons you teach us,
"Ann Ward, by the grace of God":

2

Long ago, great-grandmother,
You were a belle of renown;
'Mid the gallants and fops you queened
it
In old Alexandria town;
But Love is a potent master;
To the far frontier you came,
And the hands that had toyed with the
lutestrings
Kindled the hearthfire's flame.

4

Though near or afar lurked danger,
Blithe you were as the day,
And along with the endless toiling
There was time for a song alway;
Seeds from your girlhood's garden
By your humble threshold grew,
And wooed by your loving fingers
Burst in riot of bloom anew.

6

Courage to face life's problems
And choose what is best worth while,
To weave in the warp of duty
The golden thread of a smile;
To give ourselves in our giving;
To trust in God and be true.
Hands, that could weave a Nation,
Teach us to work like you!

A Reminiscence of the Old Stage Line

By Bernetta Alphin Atkinson

The author of the Western sketch presented herewith is Mrs. Bernetta Alphin Atkinson of Los Angeles. She was born in Salt Lake City more than forty-nine years ago, when the traditional West of Indian raids and cowboy romance, of adventure and daring and gold, was merging into the civilization brought by rapid transportation and Eastern capital. Her father, John Henry Alphin, was a '49er, and the type of pioneer who loved to speculate in the chances afforded by new mining camps, and the big enterprises of those times and places. Therefore, his field of action shifted from one new mining camp to a still newer, and Mrs. Atkinson, as a child and young woman, had an exceptional experience in the West of earlier days. Her remembrances of the "ghost towns" of Nevada, Utah, Colorado and Montana, when they were booming centers of activities, are intensely interesting. She rehabilitates those ancient Eldorados of the mountains and the deserts with the spirit of their prime, when she tells the little true story of her own experiences in those early days.

NOW is a good time for that Montana story, Aunty," said Jack, as he stretched his six feet one on a rug under the trees where we were picnicking, and looked the personification of comfort in his white flannels and negligé shirt. My eldest niece, Marion, sat near him, playfully tickling his ear with a blade of grass, and smothered a laugh as he kept brushing away an imaginary fly. Marion and Jack had been engaged just long enough to begin to be interested somewhat in matters outside themselves. We had started out early for the canyon with a big touring car full of a family picnic party bound for a day among the hills and a luncheon in the canyon. We had just finished a most satisfying meal, and were distributed on rugs under the shade for an hour's rest before going on through the beautiful scenes of the Santa Ana Canyon of Southern California.

My early life in the mining west had been the basis of a series of stories which had proved very interesting to the young folks, who knew the

West only as a land of plenty and refinement with just the dash of the old



Bernetta A. Atkinson

pioneer spirit to give it charm. My little niece Catherine, ever eager for a story, drew near my side, and laid her golden head in my lap.

"Let me see," I replied; "the last story was about the driving of the golden spike when the Central Pacific Railroad from the West, and the Union Pacific from the East, met in Utah. Soon after the completion of the overland road, father, with the pioneer's longing for new fields, moved his headquarters from the little town of Corinne, at the junction of the roads, to Helena, Montana, then a booming mining camp.

The journey had to be made by stage coach, and reservations for seats for our little family had to be secured weeks ahead. My father had attended to this matter, and then hurried away to his new field of action. As I look back across the years, one of the things which stand out clearly is that journey with its every detail. Perhaps this vivid impression is due to a feeling of fear which I experienced when I heard my mother's friends and neighbors begging her not to go to that wild country, and prophesying that she would never reach it alive; that she and her children would be scalped by Indians or shot down by stage robbers. It was a hazardous trip at best and over a wild and rugged road, five days and nights to make the trip, stopping just long enough at stage stations to eat, change horses and rest for an hour or so.

Father had been careful to secure for mother a comfortable back seat in the big Concord Coach, for she had a six months old baby to hold, and I was at the troublesome age of six years. We were all on the porch waiting when Gilmer and Saulsberry's unwieldy stage swung round the corner and pulled up in front of the house. Amid the weeping and wailing of mother's friends, we were loaded into the coach—the baby was handed to mother last, followed by a large, bright carpet bag, which was my special pride. The driver slammed the door, complaining that he was late, any way. This was

his plan to cut short the leave-takings. He climbed on the box, gathered up the reins, and we were off. There were eight passengers inside, four men, mother and her two children, and two women from the East, who were going to Helena to visit a brother who was some high State official in Montana. Of this we were very frequently reminded with a view toward establishing their own social dignity. They had never traveled by stage before, and from the moment we left Corinne they had been loud in their complaints of the discomfort of the trip.

They felt sure that occupying the front seat would be the death of them, as they never could sit backward while riding without making them ill. The second day out, mother, tired of hearing the continued complaint, gave them her precious back seat, which father had waited so patiently to secure, and which had cost him, besides, a substantial tip. The male passengers looked unapprovingly upon the charge, as my mother had an infant to hold, but the beneficiaries smiled sweetly and accepted. Mother never complained throughout the entire trip.

One of the lady passengers was an old maid well along in the forties, but carefully preserved with a remnant of prettiness. Her vis-a-vis was a large, broad shouldered man of the pioneer Western type. He belonged in Helena—and was returning from a business trip to the East. There seemed to be a mutual attraction between the two from the first day out. He was not the least daunted by her lady-like complaining, but rather seemed to accept it as a token of refinement. He was solicitous concerning her comfort, adjusting her cushions, tucking the robe comfortably about her, and doing many little services in return for which she smirked and giggled like a sixteen year old school girl. All this was highly amusing to the other passengers, who winked and nodded stealthily to each other when they dared. She was the only one who seemed to present a neat and faultless appearance. Her little cork-screw ringlets in a row



Hang Tree, 1868, Helena, Mont.

on each side of her head were always in perfect order, with not a hair out of place, which was a mystery to the rest of the passengers, who were all becoming disheveled and untidy.

The last lap of the journey is very vividly impressed upon my mind. We were jogging along in the night, with the prospect of reaching Helena early in the morning, dozing when we were

able to, when the coach suddenly stopped, the door was jerked open, and a lighted lantern thrust into the faces of the sleepy passengers. A man with a bear skin overcoat and a fur cap drawn tightly over his head, keenly scanned the faces of the passengers, then grabbed one of the men, crying, "Come out of here!"

Thinking we had been held up by

stage robbers, the women all screamed and the men put up their hands obediently. For a moment there was tense excitement; then we learned that the man was Eex Bigler, the sheriff from Helena. He had been out with a posse hunting horse thieves, and remembering that he was expecting a friend from the East on that stage, came over to welcome him. He celebrated the occasion by passing a bottle around among the men, the ladies declining.

We resumed our way just as the first glimmer of dawn began to appear in the East. Presently the stage stopped and the driver gallantly invited us to get out and look at the "Hangman's Tree." We were all glad to scramble out and take the opportunity to limber up a little. We saw an immense pine with one long limb extending across the gulch. We were told that the Vigilantes had been hanging their victims on that tree since 1864. Many of the branches had broken off under their ghastly burdens. The driver remarked that on his last trip two men were hanging on the tree.

The first lynching occurred in 1864, when a gambler was hanged who had killed a Chinese woman called "Gold-dust Mary," for her money. A mob formed, and, as he stood in front of a store, a rope was thrown around his neck, and he was dragged to Dry Gulch, where he met his fate. Since that time it had been a common occurrence to find dead men hanging from the tree in the morning. We felt creepy as we crept back into the stage and resumed our course.

It was a happy time when we pulled up in front of Wells-Fargo Company's place and found father waiting to meet us. As the big Westerner helped his lady carefully out of the stage, a rough man sprang forward and slapped him soundly on the back, saying:

"Pard, we've struck a richer vein than ever. It's the biggest little mine in the State."

Hand-shaking and congratulations from the by-standers followed. We were somewhat surprised to discover that our traveling companion was the

Bonanza King of Helena. That night we were all invited to the wedding, gotten up, even at that short notice, regardless of expense. The bride got out her prettiest dress, her important relative was on hand to give her away, and the groom offered a banquet fit for a king to all his acquaintances. Later, as wealth poured in from the lucky strike, the couple became the acknowledged leaders of the bon-ton in Helena.

Helena was a wide awake mining camp at that time. Judging from the lawlessness prevalent and the activities of the Vigilantes, it might be conjectured that all the inhabitants were of the tough variety. This, however, was not the case. The majority of the citizens of Helena were law-abiding and progressive, many of them educated and refined. The lawless element was there, as it always is in such communities, but it was not in the preponderance.

The town boasted already of an opera house and a stock company, playing to crowded houses. Churches, schools, fraternal lodges and the social cliques and petty rivalries existed the same as to-day. Money was plentiful and expenditure lavish. When a ball was given, usually by the Masonic or Odd Fellow fraternities, the ladies vied with each other in the splendor and cost of their costumes. They often sent to San Francisco, New York and, if a particularly smart affair was to be staged, they might even order their gowns from Worth in Paris. The wealthy class had their children educated in the East or abroad. Pianos and organs were brought in by special wagons before the railroad reached that point.

We spent a year in Helena; then father sold his business there, and a new mining boom being on in Nevada, decided to enter that field. The old Forty-niner was always ready for a new adventure. We accordingly prepared to return to Corrinne, the junction of the Overland railroad.

We were unfortunate in taking passage on the stage when it carried an

unusually heavy shipment of bullion from the mines, and money from the miners to their families in the East. It was immediately after pay-day, and the miners always made a point of sending home their money by Wells-Fargo Express, as the company was responsible for the safe delivery of the sums entrusted to it. A messenger always accompanied the treasure, who was called in those days a "shotgun messenger." He was expected to fight to the death to protect the treasure, and, in case of an attack, was usually killed. I remember hearing of a well known character of Helena who, having met with reverses, and being known as a very fearless man, was offered the position of Wells-Fargo messenger. He shook his head and declined the offer, saying:

"I'm broke and need the money, but I am afraid I might get killed and lose my job."

We had been out but one day and a part of the night when we were aroused by a rough voice, crying: 'Halt!' The driver obeyed very promptly, why should he not, with several rifles pointed at his head? It was the stage robber sure enough. One of the bandits threw open the door of the coach, and, covering us with two revolvers, ordered every one out, and to hold up their hands. No one needed a second invitation. From the light of a lantern they could see the rifles gleaming through the darkness.

One passenger was a Chinaman who had made ten thousand dollars in the laundry business in Helena. He was now returning to the Flowery Kingdom, intending to retire with the proceeds of his industry. At that time the Chinese were not so well posted in American methods, and he was ignorant of the fact that he could send his money by express and collect the amount at the other end of his journey. The Chinese custom was to convert their money and gold dust into currency and sew it into the padding of their blouse.

The bandits evidently were aware of this custom, for, after relieving the

other passengers of their money and valuables, they grabbed John Chinaman by his pig-tail and ordered him to hand over his money. Notwithstanding the critical situation, it was a ludicrous sight, even to a child like myself to see the frightened Oriental, with his hands over his head, dancing and capering around wildly in his terror, and shrieking:

"Me got no money! Me bloke. Me going to Flisco to work!"

For answer to this appeal, the robber drew a bowie knife from his belt and began to carve the padded blouse. The women began to scream, thinking that the Chinaman was about to be murdered, and begged for poor John's life. The robber, however, was only taking this means to make a quick job of his work, and soon found the bills, carefully spread out between the padding of the blouse. Meanwhile the shadowy figures at the side of the road had the driver and messenger covered with their rifles, which glistened weirdly in the darkness, lighted only by the glimmer of the single lantern.

The robber next demanded the U. S. Mail and the express from the driver. At the first move toward the treasure, the messenger promptly fired, but the bandit, anticipating this, fired simultaneously. The poor messenger's ball flew wide of the mark, and he fell dead, shot through the heart.

After looting the stage of all its treasure, the bandits disappeared, first warning the driver to drive on rapidly, and not to look back at the peril of his life. This he did, leaving the dead messenger by the roadside. I am sure no one dared to look back, for the men were thoroughly awed by what they had seen, and the women hysterical.

When we reached the nearest station, about five miles from the scene of the tragedy, arrangements were made to bring in the body of the messenger, and word of the catastrophe was sent to Helena. But so well did the bandits cover up their tracks that

they were never captured, although the sheriff and posse scoured the country in an effort to bring them to justice.

The Chinaman who had been robbed decided to return to Helena, and once more go to his laundry work. He had set his heart on going back to China with a competence, and the last we saw of him he was still crying over his disappointment.

The remainder of our trip was without incident, for which we were grateful, having had enough of excitement and danger. On the day when we pulled into Corrinne, and

heard the whistle of the steam trains, we rejoiced to know that a new era was dawning for the traveler in the far West, that much of the discomfort of journeying over this vast, uninhabited region was being eliminated by modern and efficient means of locomotion.

The following winter we spent in Salt Lake City, and in the spring of '71 father went to the new strike at Pioche, Nevada, leaving us in Salt Lake until he could prepare a suitable place for us to live. Sometime, when we are together again, I will tell you of the stirring days of Pioche."

SENTINEL OF HAWAII

A silent sentinel: Diamond Head!
He stood, as he stands, in primeval soil;
In sand the Book of the Day was read,
Unprinted in type of human toil;—
Koolau commanded life instead.

A silent sentinel: Diamond Head!
A fleet from over the sea drew nigh;
Never a word nor a prayer he said
As Kamehameha passed him by;—
In challenge Koolau raised his head.

A silent sentinel: Diamond Head!
He looked askance, nor welcome gave,
When landed the monarch in gold and red—
Who paused where leapt Oahu's brave
Koolau stands guard o'er those death-spel.

A silent sentinel: Diamond Head!
New England sought his uncharted shore,
Enchained the water, the desert fled,
Nestled a town, embowered o'er;—
Koolau eternal his haus spread.

A silent sentinel: Diamond Head!
Doth proud o'er the sea his solitude keep
While the shores grown fair, to Industry wed,
Breeze-flung alohas waft o'er the deep;—
In pride, Koolau doth rainbows shed.

RUTH WHEELER MANNIX

Diamond Head is a massive pinnacle of rock at the entrance of Honolulu Harbor, the first land sighted between America and Asia. The central mountain range of the island, Oahu, is the Koolau range. Kamehameha was the conquering chief of this island. Missionaries from New England were the first white settlers. Aloha is the Hawaiian word for welcome or greeting. Hau is a native tree of Hawaii.

A Lucky Prospector

By Charles Ellenvail

THAT Western America in general, and the State of California in particular, possesses an abundance of opportunity for those in whom the principles of honest endeavor and untiring diligence are predominant, has been proclaimed again and again by cinematograph, pen and voice.

Recent events have conclusively proved that there is special opportunity for those who have made metallurgy and mineralogy their special line of study; but study alone is not sufficient. It must be accompanied by hard gained experience, forensic foresight, and careful attention to detail; besides a knowledge of the laws and customs of the districts prospected.

The greatest excitement that has stirred the mining community of California for several years now pervades the city of Grass Valley, California.

The cause of this mental disturbance is the location by Mr. L. G. Beloud, a resident of the city, upon a plat of land comprising about ten acres in the immediate vicinity of one of the most famous gold producing mines of the world, "The Empire Mining Company." In fact, the newly acquired claim of this enterprising prospector is immediately at the door of the Empire Mine itself.

A map of the district from the government offices declared the land to belong to the U. S. Government and open to location. Just how it happened that such valuable property—immediately adjoining the famous mines—remained unlocated for so many years seems to be nobody's knowledge; nor can it cease to be a grave question in the mind of the people, why this identical plat was sold

in June, 1915, at a State tax sale held in the Nevada County office. Of course, the person holding redemption papers had no right nor title to the land, for the simple reason that it had never passed from the hands of Uncle Sam, and consequently could not be sold for taxes.

The value of the newly acquired holdings of Mr. Beloud has been variously estimated, but the San Francisco Chronicle proclaim it to be worth at least a million dollars. It would be difficult to obtain information concerning the earnings of the adjoining property extending over a period of years, but it is probably over a hundred million dollars. During a recent law suit between the Empire and the North Star Companies pertaining to apex rights, the former company valued its property at seven million dollars. The ditch of the North Star Company, another very rich concern, passes through Mr. Beloud's land.

Whether the Empire Company intends to dispute Mr. Beloud's right to the land remains to be seen; but the public sympathy is largely in favor of the prospecting David, and adverse to the mining Goliath.

Mr. Beloud is a man of energy and ready enterprise, and these forces have been strained to the utmost during the last few years; as his increasing family demanded that no stone be left unturned to provide a favorable future for them.

Three years ago he spent all that he possessed in a mining venture, when he tried to recover the fine particles of gold escaping from the bank of a large mine operating on the banks of Deer Creek, by the use of apparatus procured from a Western firm,

which was guaranteed to remove five hundred yards of gravel per day. It moved about five, and Mr. Beloud lost his all.

Since that time his efforts to make a strike have been unailing; and when he procured a government map of the district and selected some vacant land for prospecting purposes, he was not aware of the vicinity of his gigantic neighbor, and it was purely a matter of chance that it fell to his hand.

It happened in this way: He had two companions, as portrayed in the accompanying photo, and three tracts of land, that were declared vacant by maps from the government offices, and these were selected for prospecting purposes. After mineral had been discovered upon them, a "hat drawing" was arranged, and the "claim" adjoining the famous mine was won by Mr. Beloud. Mr. Ellenvail drew twenty acres in another section, and Mr. Partridge twenty acres adjoining that of Mr. Ellenvail, all proven mineral land and open to location.

Mr. Beloud made every effort to discover any prior rights, but after communicating with the U. S. Attorney-General at Washington, the U. S. General Land Office, the U. S. District Land Office, and engaging counsel to search Sacramento Land Office records and making maps, he came to the conclusion that plain sailing lay ahead and located the land according to the usual requirements.

* * * *

It was a fine morning in February when Mr. Beloud decided to make the trip to the vacant land as indicated by the U. S. Survey map. In consequence of a thaw during the last few days, the roads were in bad condition, but it was propitious for the purpose of exploration and excavation in search of gold. He harnessed his pony "May," to an old cart, and accompanied by myself and Mr. Partridge, started on his quest.

We arrived at what we considered to be the locality, and the discovery of an old section corner post proved our judgment to be correct. "May"

was unhitched and tethered to a small tree stump that protruded about a foot from the ground. She was made doubly secure, as we did not relish a walk home through the mud.

By survey tape and compass we discovered that an old house was standing directly upon the plat, indicated as vacant upon the map. Outside this dwelling an old woman was cleaning chickens, probably preparatory to sending them to market. The offals, including crops and gizzards, were dropped into a bucket at her feet.

We had hardly taken cognizance of the situation when we heard a stamping from where "May" had been tethered, and upon making for the spot, discovered that, in her struggles to secure feed, and consequent upon the thaw and gravelly nature of the soil, she had drawn the stump, roots and all, from the ground; and there, in the hole left by the stump a ledge of quartz lay. "Bull quartz," pronounced old Partridge, disparagingly.

Beloud said nothing, but raising his prospecting pick, brought down the blunt end upon the rock with a crash, and broke off a piece as large as a sheep's head. A casual examination was sufficient. It was highly charged with sulphurettes that assayed \$400 to the ton. We procured several pieces more of the quartz, and blazing a tree close by, filled up the hole, and having once more secured "May," proceeded with the survey.

Two lads were playing in the vicinity of the old lady, pulling up great tufts of long grass and beating each other about the head with the roots thereof, but seeing that they wore "wide-awake" hats of heavy texture that turned up at the rims, they were not hurting each other.

It was in admonishing the boys to better behavior that she looked up and caught sight of our group, at the moment when Mr. Beloud took from his pocket a location notice, a paper always carried by prospectors.

She watched us suspiciously as we duly filled in the blank spaces of the notice as it was spread on the trunk of



Charles Ellenvail

A. S. Partridge

L. G. Beloud

a large pine. We had just signed, according to law, when she made a move in our direction.

Mr. Partridge had been carrying some stakes under his arm, and he immediately drove one into the ground. I collected a number of rocks and piled them around the stake. Beloud had just nailed his notice of location upon the pine tree, when the old lady reached the spot.

She carried a heavy stick in her hand and gripped it threateningly. She made for the pine tree, read the notice, and then glanced at the stake in its monument of stones.

"What does this mean," she angrily demanded.

"Madam," replied Beloud, "I have just located this land according to the mining laws of the State of California and the United States. Just how it happens that you are living here on government land is a matter for explanation.

The old lady glared. "Mining claim, eh? Mining claim fiddlesticks. This land is mine and has been for many years. See!" She stepped forward, and with one sweep of her hand the location notice disappeared from the tree.

Mr. Beloud was in no wise disturbed. "Madam," he said, "your act in no way invalidates my claim, as my witnesses are here and the ground is located. You will be in no way disturbed in your residence here. You may remain for the rest of your natural life."

During this passage, the two boys had approached close to the party, and during his statement Mr. Beloud had been staring at the head of the boy nearest to him.

"Think as y'll know me nex' time as yer sees me?" asked the boy, saucily.

"Yes, my son, I daresay that I shall, but I was looking at the hat; it's only an old one, but I have a fine one at home made of the same color of material, and I burnt a hole in it, and would like it repaired. Say, kid, I'll give you a dollar for your old hat."

The boy looked incredulous. Very

likely the hat had cost only fifty cents before. The rim was flat and straight then, although now it was worn and curled.

"Show us yer dollar," said the boy, jeeringly.

In a second the dollar was in the boy's hand and the hat very carefully removed from his head by Mr. Beloud, who took great pains to fold it so that the rims turned more inwardly still.

The old woman gradually assumed a pitying expression and attitude. "Dear me! Dear me!" she said. "Where 'as yer 'scaped from."

Mr. Beloud's eyes were snapping open and shut quickly, like a man who was doing some sharp and startling thinking, and he was staring at a dozen chickens which were scratching and pecking among some newly turned up earth.

"Madam," he answered slowly, "we have just escaped from home, where I keep about a dozen cats, and it is difficult to find food for them all, and so if you will let me have the offal that you have in the bucket where you have been cleaning the chickens, I will give you twenty-five cents for it."

The eyes of the old woman gleamed, "Make it fifty cents and it's yours."

"Fifty cents it is," said Beloud, and the stuff was soon wrapped in an old newspaper and deposited in Mr. Partridge's pack-saddle.

As we moved away, the old woman called out: "Come agen soon, there's giblets an' old 'ats 'ere every day," having entirely lost sight of the first issue.

When we were hidden from the house by the trees, we stopped, and myself and companion looked inquiringly at Beloud.

"Well," said Partridge, "that was one way of getting rid of the old woman."

Beloud slowly unfolded the hat and stared into the hollow of the rims. I looked also, and the cause of his odd act became obvious. The earth in the rim showed a light sprinkle of very fine particles of gold.

"And why the chicken rubbish?" I asked, ungrammatically.

"Wait till we get home and see," replied Beloud, and knowing his temperament, I held my peace.

Placer and quartz notices were quickly prepared, and nailed on trees; the ledge was measured and staked fifteen hundred ft. long and three hundred feet at each side, and line posts driven in according to law. "May" was quickly put in, and we drove to town. Beloud went to Nevada City and recorded his claim according to law, and the day's work was done.

"Lordy, Lordy," he exclaimed, "it's like a fairy tale. I've located on land more valuable than the block upon which stands the Flat Iron and other buildings in New York."

"That's true," I gasped, without envy. "You're a millionaire."

"True it is," gurgled Beloud contentedly, "and I gave that old woman my last cent. Lend me a quarter, and I'll buy cigars round."

Amid the general laugh, I produced

the coin, and Beloud went for the cigars.

The chicken crops and gizzards yielded gold to the value of \$7.40. The quartz specimens assayed at \$40 per ton, and that on the surface. Of course the story soon got abroad. Prospectors will tell you that it is almost impossible to keep a secret concerning gold. In the same manner it seems at present impossible to account for the psychological effect upon the people. Folks become possessed of a form of mania that is called "gold fever," and so it was that an era of prosperity opened up for the old lady living upon the land.

Mr. Beloud has secured the old lady's house and garden to her for life; and the last time we visited her she was all smiles and took her married daughter—who was paying her a visit, to assist in conducting the boom in the chicken business—out to show the location notice, and as we all stood by, she pointed to it with pride as the one cause of her abounding prosperity.

FROM THE HOSPITAL

(And one shall be taken, and the other left.)

The ceaseless sound of falling rain,
 The silent halls, the shaded light,
 The restlessness and pain,
 Make early hours seem deep of night—
 And when we meet again,
 Oh, it will be another day—and late.
 It seems so long to wait!

If I could hear the falling rain,
 And feel your head upon my breast,
 And let my fond arms strain
 About you, while in peaceful rest
 We dreamed, and knew not pain—
 Oh, swift the hours would fly until the dawn.
 But you—and dreams—are gone!

SARAH H. KELLY.

England's Landholders After the War

By F. W. H.

WHEN I look at War Bargains in "Country Life," or turn over the racy pages of Corbett's "Rural Rides," I ask myself: What will be the fate of the British land-owner after this war?

When hard times came upon the Irish land-owner he was saved, or partially saved, not by his own exertions, but by the employment on what was considered a very great scale of British capital. The total Irish land stock outstanding is just over 90 millions. But British capital is now being employed at the rate, it seems, of 160 millions a month on war and destruction. And the longer the war goes on the less public credit will remain for any new purposes such as the relief of what used to be called the privileged classes. During this war, British and Irish agriculture has indeed been very prosperous, considering the serious and ever-increasing shortage of labor, due to a ruthless (and must we add an unreflecting?) enlargement of the army, undertaken as it seems in defiance of common sense and without reference to the vital needs of industry, transport, shipping and finance.

During the Napoleonic wars agriculture from the landlord's point of view was far more prosperous than it is to-day. The rent roll of England was probably doubled, that of Scotland was far more than doubled (from \$10,000,000 to \$26,390,000) between 1795 and 1815. Unfortunately for the landlords in most cases their standard of living and their extravagance kept pace with their rents. It was a period of luxury as well as of dissipation and corruption. Grand houses were built, and there was a plentiful demand for good pictures. After 1815 the price

of wheat, which has risen frequently during the war above 100s. a quarter, dropped sharply; and, though it continued to fluctuate wildly, the fluctuations were at a much lower level. Consequently a vast amount of land which it had been profitable to cultivate returned to waste. "The fall in the price of corn at the end of 1815," to quote Spencer Walpole's "History of England," "deprived the farmers of all probability of profit; and farms in every part of the kingdom were thrown out of cultivation." It is estimated by the Board of Agriculture that in one year the rent roll of English landlords fell by one quarter—from 36 to 25 millions, sterling. Farmers, in fact, were ruined in all directions, and when farmers are ruined landlords cannot prosper. Moreover, all over the country pauperism had been increasing fast. In 1775, the total poor rates were only about \$8,500,000. At the end of the wars with Napoleon they were over six millions. In many rural parishes most of the inhabitants were paupers. In some the rates exceeded the rateable value. Consequently while the farmers' rent had risen, their contributions to poor rate had also greatly increased. Thus landlords were thrown into great distress all over the country; but they were able to find two remedies, as they had an overwhelming majority in Parliament. The first remedy was a very high protective tariff for corn, known as the Corn Laws, which lasted down to 1846. This kept the price of corn in ordinary times far above its natural level, and made cheap food impossible. Under the Corn Laws white bread was a luxury which the agricultural laborer could seldom afford. The

Corn Laws undoubtedly accounted in a large measure for a long series of famines in Lancashire, Yorkshire and Scotland, for rick burnings, for Luddite disturbances, and bread riots, which led to the Reform Bill of 1832, then to Poor Law and municipal reforms, and finally to the repeal of the Corn Laws by Sir Robert Peel in 1846. Thus poverty engendered by the Corn Laws produced the political discontent and the political reformation which destroyed them. But the distressed landlords—and they really were distressed by the ruin of so many thousands of farmers in 1816 and 1817—had another remedy, namely, the repeal of the income and property tax, which was levied at a flat rate of 2s. in the pound on all incomes over one thousand dollars a year, with abatements on incomes over \$300 to \$1,000. As soon as the war was over, the House of Commons, overruling the government of the day, insisted upon an immediate repeal of the income tax, and also a reduction of the malt duty. These measures made relief of the taxes on consumption (the principal cause of the pauperism of the poor) a fiscal impossibility. But in spite of these measures a very large number of old landed proprietors disappeared. Many fine estates, especially in the South of England, were sold to successful stock jobbers. Many aristocratic families were forced to economize severely. "Luxuries were disused; and works of art, which a few months before had been regarded as priceless treasures, were disposed of for less than a tenth of their value. Two Claudes, which had been bought three years previously for a thousand guineas each, were sold by auction in April, 1816, for 70 and 80 guineas respectively." But neither can the landlord of to-day look back to the long run of prosperity which his predecessor of a century ago had enjoyed, nor does he possess control of Parliament. No doubt pictures and curios of all sorts can and will be sold at good prices for export to the United States, Holland, Denmark and other countries

which have prospered during the war. But an over-taxed squire cannot hope for a reduction, much less for an abolition of the income tax. Lord Inchcape, one of our shrewdest men of business, has been speculating in the city on the possible need for adding 50 per cent to our present war taxation after the war is over. Upon that assumption I shall not be accused of pessimism if I advise the country gentleman to anticipate an income tax ranging, according to his income, from four or five to perhaps nine or ten shillings in the pound. His rent roll may have improved a little since the war, but unless he can cultivate business habits he is not likely to get back much of the war burden from his tenants when peace lowers prices. The prospect of even a modest corn law is not very good, for the taxation of food is unpopular with the great mass of the voters. If the Socialists get control, they may find Mr. Lloyd George or another Mr. Lloyd George to tax land in earnest. Mr. Lloyd George in an interview with a newspaper man has just declared that after the war, "this country, so far from being impoverished, will be richer in everything that constitutes real and true wealth." I am afraid I am too dense to be able to attach any meaning to this. A man who has a \$25 note and burns it may be spiritually richer after it has gone up the chimney in smoke; he may feel morally stronger; he may want to work harder; but he will not be wealthier. After this war the nation will be taxed to the hilt to pay the interest on a dead weight debt, running up to 2,000 or 3,000 or 4,000 millions.

From all this my first conclusion is: large country houses, and especially places whose upkeep is costly, will be thrown on the market; and it is not likely that there will be enough "War Profiteers" about to buy them at anything but "bargain" prices. Many great estates will probably be broken up and sold to the tenant farmers, who should be in a position to buy at moderate prices.

Pseudo Apostles of the Present Day

Study of Church History in the Light of the Bible Proves Claims
of Church Dignitaries Unfounded

By Pastor Russell

(This is the First of a Series of Three Contributions to the "Overland" from the famous Pastor of The New York City Temple and Brooklyn and London Tabernacles.)

"And thou hast tried them which say they are Apostles and are not, and hast found them liars."—Revelation 2:2.

PART I.

THERE is just one class in the world to-day and for centuries past who have been claiming to be Apostles, and who are not Apostles, according to our text. The Bible shows us unmistakably that God never designed that there should be more than twelve Apostles of the Lamb. Let us refresh your memory on this point: Our Lord Jesus, in response to a question by the Apostle Peter, said to the Twelve: "Verily I say unto you that ye which have followed Me, in the Regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the Throne of His Glory, shall also sit upon Twelve Thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." (Matthew 19:28.) There were to be only Twelve Apostolic Thrones—no more. Again, in Revelation 12:1, we have a picture given of the Church. She is shown as a woman clothed with the sun (the Gospel), having the moon (the Jewish Law, which supports the Church, but is not the source of her light) under her feet, and having on her head a Crown of *Twelve Stars* (her Divinely appointed and inspired teachers). We see

that there were *only Twelve* of these Stars authorized by God, St. Paul taking the place of Judas.

I remind you of another picture of this matter given by our Lord Jesus to John the Revelator, who was one of The Twelve. In Revelation 21:9-27 the glorified Church is shown—see also verses 2-5. The Church is here pictured as coming down out of Heaven to begin her great work for the blessing of the world of mankind. Now note particularly that this glorified Church is shown as having Twelve Foundations, and in these foundations the names of the *Twelve Apostles* of the Lamb. (Verse 14.) There were never any more purposed by the Lord. So we see that it is through some very serious blunder that our Roman Catholic friends have Bishops claiming to be Apostolic Bishops. And it is by a similar blunder that our Church of England friends claim that they have Apostolic Bishops. It is the same with our Greek Catholic friends.

*God's Word Must Be Spoken
Faithfully.*

Jesus says that those who make claims of being Apostles when they are not are lying. You and I are not to follow what the customs of the past centuries have taught us, but what the

Lord Jesus Himself says. He is the Authority. We have a certain amount of sympathy for these gentlemen, who have dropped into certain positions, and who have been taught for centuries that they were Apostles just the same as the original Twelve appointed by our Lord, having the same inspiration and speaking with the same authority. We have sympathy for them in that they are sadly deluded, but this will not hinder any of us, I trust, from remembering what Jesus said and taking the right viewpoint. "Thou hast tried them which say they are Apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars." We are not saying anything uncharitable, for we are to speak the Lord's Word. "He that hath a dream (an imagination), let him tell a dream; but *he that hath My Word, let him speak My Word faithfully.*" (Jeremiah 23:28.) If we hold back for fear of man, then we would be sharing in the sin and wrong.

It may be asked, What is the difference whether they call themselves Apostolic Bishops or not? I answer, There is much difference. While at the present time these men have discarded the great claims once made, or at least do not attempt to speak with the authority of former days, because mankind are becoming more enlightened and their claims would appear more and more absurd, yet they still claim that they are the only ones who have the right to give authority to any to preach. They claim that if they do not ordain a man to preach he has no right to speak in the name of the Lord at all. They claim this right because they are "Apostolic Bishops." They are, however, not pressing this claim before the world and before the Methodists, Baptists, Lutherans and others so loudly as formerly. These others inquire: "Why do you stand aloof from us?" and they do not quite like to tell fully their reasons. They hesitate to say to them, *We are the Church, We are the Apostles, and you have no right to preach unless we ordain you; you are not God's servants.* They do not like to state this, and hence they

are in a somewhat vacillating condition to-day.

We remember that about four years ago the Bishops of the Church of England, the Episcopal Church, held a meeting in Detroit, and there passed resolutions that they would be willing to fraternize with other denominations provided they were orthodox, which meant, provided they were in harmony with the teachings of Episcopalians. Anybody else would be unorthodox, and that would mean that they would refuse to recognize them in any way—they would have no right to preach.

How the People Became Dependent on the Clergy.

These claims of Apostolic Succession in the past got the Church into a great deal of trouble and confusion, from which we have not yet recovered. The great mass of Christian people are still bewildered. Beginning some time before the year 325 A. D., this doctrine had been growing. The bishops were beginning to "lord it over God's heritage," as the Apostle Peter says (1 Peter 5:3), and to manifest the sentiment, "We are higher than you—you are only the common people; we are of a different class altogether." This lording came in very gradually, as such things generally do, and was associated later with the declaration that the people were the "laity," and that the Church was composed of the "clergy"—the priests, Bishops, arch-Bishops, Cardinals and the Pope. All had the general thought that these were Apostles, and had their varying degrees of authority from the Lord.

We are to remember that until a few centuries ago copies of the Bible were very scarce, and a Bible was worth really a fortune, because they had to be printed out by pen by scholars, and these were few. They had to be printed upon fine vellum parchment, as there were at that time no printing presses nor paper. These things were later inventions. One copy of the manuscripts of Scripture, carefully done by hand, would cost from \$500

to \$1,000, because it would require a long time to write out the entire Bible under such circumstances. Hence few had Bibles, and there were very few who could read at that time. In those days education was only for the wealthy and favored class, and even in the British Parliament some could not write their names, and a bill was passed permitting any member of the House of Lords who could not sign his name to make an X instead. Under such conditions, the people were very dependent upon the Church Bishops. When these began to claim that they were Apostolic Bishops, from that time on, instead of reading the Scriptures to the people, they gave them to understand that they were the proper ones to read and interpret the Scriptures, that they had received this authority from the Lord.

Jesus said to the Twelve Apostles that whatsoever they should bind on earth should be bound in Heaven, and that whatsoever they should loose on earth should be loosed in Heaven. Their writings were especially supervised by the Lord and their doctrinal utterances inspired. So you see that these inspired writings of the Apostles in their various Epistles are as authoritative as were the words of Jesus. (Romans 16:25-27; 2 Corinthians 12:7, Galatians 1:11, 12.) The Apostle Paul assures us that "the Word of God is sufficient that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto every good work." Hence we need no further doctrinal utterances and no more writings than the Scriptures supply, and we have no need of any more Apostles than the original Twelve—St. Paul taking Judas' place. Since the advent of printing and since the close of the 1260 symbolic days—1260 years—of Papal persecution, Bibles have been printed in immense quantities and scattered far and wide by the Bible societies, and education has become general. To-day, Bibles are everywhere and are very cheap, so that all can read.

Let us go back again to the year 325 A. D. By that time the Church bish-

ops were claiming that they were Apostolic Bishops, with Apostolic authority. They claimed that they were the living Apostles, whose teachings were the voice of God. But these Apostles did not agree among themselves as did the early Apostles, the real Apostles; for when we read the writings of the Apostles appointed by our Lord we find that they all agree. But by the year 325 A. D. a positive position was taken as to belief. Emperor Constantine of Rome called for a Council of Bishops to be held in the city of Nice, or Nicea, in Bithynia, Asia Minor. The Emperor was apparently a very wise man, according to worldly standards, and he had said to himself: "My pagan supporters are gradually slipping from me, and the Christian religion seems to be coming to the front. I think I can make a good stroke of policy by joining in with the Christians."

Origin of the Nicene Creed.

The Emperor did not become a real Christian; for he was never baptized to his dying day. He professed Christianity for policy' sake. While we cannot judge his heart, and say that he had no motive of sincerity whatever, still the policy idea was surely there, as evidenced all through the matter. In this year, 325 A. D., he sent out a call everywhere to all the Bishops of the churches to come to the city of Nicea for a general convention. He offered to pay all expenses. So about 384 Bishops—far from the entire number—came together, and a conference was held. This was the first Ecumenical Council, aside from the one held at Jerusalem by the Apostles of Jesus themselves. This was claimed to be another meeting of Apostles, and the Emperor, not knowing but that they were fully authorized, made the following proposition to them:

You all claim to be Apostles, but you have different theories, and there are dissensions among you. Evidently there is something wrong. I will suggest what will set you all straight: I propose that at this Council you set

forth your views, what you consider the proper orthodox doctrines. Agree among you as to what these are. Then hereafter, whatever shall be taught by any that differs from these agreed-upon doctrines shall be heterodox—heresy. Further, I propose to join myself to you, to unite with your Church. I want your support, and you need my support. When you get my support, the pagan peoples will flock into your Church by hordes—they will be anxious to get in. I will back up your doctrines and all heretics will have a hard time in the Roman Empire. You make the Creed and declare what is Orthodoxy, and then leave its enforcement to me. I will attend to the heretics in the present life, and you can tell them of their eternal roastings throughout the future.

Thus the Nicene Creed was formulated, the first of the great creeds, and

it was made by these self-appointed "Apostolic Bishops." So between the Emperor and the Bishops a heavy hand was laid upon the people. The Bishops had a strong grasp upon them. Being uneducated, the Church leaders had them largely at their mercy. These Bishops had assured the Emperor that they had full authority from God to decide as to what were the teachings of Scripture, and the Emperor took their word for it. That was the end of Bible study, you see; there was no more use for the Bible. It was all interpreted for them. They were to follow the Nicene Creed. It was not necessary for them to study for themselves the writings of Moses and the Prophets, or what the Jewish Apostles of Jesus said. They had "apostles" inspired of God right with them, and these could teach them all they needed to know.

In the Realm of Bookland

"Filibusters and Financiers," by William O. Scroggs, Ph. D. Professor of Economics and Sociology in the Louisiana State University.

Professor Scroggs has written a very valuable supplement to American history in this account of the activities of William Walker and his associates in the filibustering activities of the mid-nineteenth century. Nothing but scant notice has ever been accorded by historians to Walker's exploits in Central America and consequently one has never been able to form a just appreciation of the Latin-American attitude toward the United States. Walker and his band were Americans, and it was as Americans that Nicaraguans and Costa Ricans came to distrust and fear them. The author in his preface says: "The part played in Walker's career and in Central American politics by American financiers and captains of

industry; the designs of Walker upon Cuba; his utter repudiation of the annexation of his conquests to the United States; the appeals of Central American governments to the leading European powers for deliverance from the filibusters; the thinly veiled machinations of Great Britain, Spain and France against the American adventurers—these are some of the facts hitherto overlooked or ignored, which it is here sought to set forth in their true light."

Cloth, 8vo., frontispiece and maps, \$2.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"The Crimson Gardenia," by Rex Beach.

The initial story, from which the book takes its title, is a spirited bit of adventurous experience into which a young New Yorker finds himself sud-

denly involved during the Mardi Gras carnival at New Orleans. There is something of a "Prisoner of Zenda" flavor in the romantic and breathless way that one complication gives way only to resolve itself into another, and our unwitting Northern youth finds himself called upon to play a strenuous part in behalf of a French maiden in the space of a few brief hours. The two following stories—"Rope's End" and "Inocencio" are tales of Hayti and the Caribbean—stories in which blood flows and passions are loosed in the fierce heat of the tropics.

But the remainder of the volume—in fact, the greater part of it—consists of tales of Alaska, an environment which this author has almost pre-empted for himself since the publication of "The Spoilers." Here Mr. Beach's genius is very much at home, and has free play in depicting a life which he knows thoroughly. In the bleak air of the North the thoughts and deeds of men take on a sharp and startling reality, like objects viewed through a rarified atmosphere. Mr. Beach has done nothing finer than these Alaskan tales.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

Private Gaspard, A Soldier of France,
by Rene Benjamin.

This book won the Academie Goncourt prize for the author.

In France the book has sold in the hundreds of thousands, and deservedly so. There is no book in any language which gives the real atmosphere of war times in a country as does this remarkable piece of writing. This book shows us War as it is felt by the hearts of a people fighting and struggling for its very existence. It is the very atmosphere of France as it is breathed by its soldiers and citizens—by its citizens in their homes and streets, by its soldiers on the march and in the trenches. It is a living, palpitating book, realizing the very spirit of place. Here are met the citizens anxious and fearful on the eve of the terrible event; here are met the same

citizens marching in fear and trembling, fighting gaily, suffering nobly, dying heroically. In the person of the irrepressible Gaspard, the author takes a typical tradesman called to the front, and takes us with him through all his experiences of enlistment, marching and fighting. Gaspard is wounded in his first engagement, but he returns to the front and comes back minus a leg. But the spirit of the man is the spirit of France—gay and brave even in the face of death.

Published by Brentano, New York.

"Behold the Woman," by T. Everett Harre.

In the character of Mary, the powerful Alexandrian courtesan whose beauty was "the glory of Egypt," the author presents the struggle of womanhood in its integrity and nobility with man's age long exploitation, and interprets that eternal struggle which is to-day finding one of its expressions in the feminist movement. It is the absorbing story of a woman's quest of love amid the vices and excesses of an age when wantonness was an art and a woman became eminent through her shame, and of this woman's finding redemption. A novel teeming with the turbulent excitement, intrigue and romance of the most splendid and licentious age of the world. The time is the final conflict between Paganism and Christianity.

Price \$1.35 net. Postage extra. Published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

"Why War?" is the suggestive title of a new book by Frederic C. Howe, shortly to be published by the Scribners. "Wars," says Dr. Howe, "are not made by peoples. Wars are made by irresponsible monarchs, by ruling aristocracies, by foreign ministers, and by diplomats. Wars are made by privileged interests, by financiers, by commercial groups, seeking private profit in foreign lands. Wars are made behind closed doors."

